

The American LEGION

MONTHLY

NOV. 1939

15 CENTS



KARL
DETZER

LEONARD
H. NASON

FREDERICK
PALMER





GOLF
TOMMY ARMOUR

DIVING
AMY LOU OLIVER

BASEBALL
MELVIN OTT

BRONCHO RIDER
PETE KNIGHT

TENNIS
LESTER STOEFFEN

WATER POLO
STUBBY KRUGER



TOMMY ARMOUR says: "I'd walk a mile for a Camel...any day!"

ATHLETES SAY:
**"THEY DON'T
GET
YOUR WIND!"**

*Read below what these famous athletes
say about Camels*

A suggestion: follow the athletes in your search for cigarette mildness.

Tommy Armour, the golf champion, says: "Camels never bother my nerves or shorten my wind—that is convincing evidence that Camels are mild." Mel Ott, heavy-hitting outfielder of the New York Giants, reports: "My experience is that Camels are so mild they never get my wind."

And Stubby Kruger, water polo and swimming star; Amy Lou Oliver, diver; and Lester Stoeffen, tennis star, agree with Pete Knight, the rodeo champion, who says: "Camels—there's a smoke so mild it never cuts your wind, never gets you out of condition."

A mildness that will please you too!

Camels are mild, cool, gentle on the throat. Smoke them all you wish. They don't upset your nerves or tire your taste. And athletes find that Camels do not get their wind.



**YOU'LL LIKE THEIR
MILDNESS TOO!**

LIFE IS MORE WORTH WHILE when you feel fit, "in condition." Think of your nerves...your wind...and turn to Camels. They are made from costlier tobaccos. Athletes say: "They don't get your wind."

SO MILD! YOU CAN SMOKE
ALL YOU WANT!
Camels



COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

- Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

WHO'S *Calling?*

by
A. B. Bernd

It had half a barracks on edge, that mysterious voice in the night, but they finally tracked it to its source

ON THE third night we were almost ready to believe that Clerical Training had acquired a ghost. No other theory could explain the regular recurrence of the melancholy summons that floated into our quarters from the region Harper was pleased to designate grandly "The Great Beyond."

We had paid little attention to it on the first evening. All thirty-two of us—the runt end of the company—had gone to bed. Lights were out. Taps had sounded. We lay there in the room which was the second floor of the wooden barracks; and in muffled tones we swapped the day's conversational left-overs.

Then through a window came a cry for Dinkins. By the moonlight that filtered into the quarters, I saw him jump from his cot, run across the room and stick his head out the window.

"Thought I heard somebody yelling for me," he reported as he turned back toward us. "But there ain't a soul out there. Guess it was up in J Block. But I coulda swore it was my name."

"Me too," agreed a dozen others; and we resumed our interrupted jawings.

JULY, 1935



They rushed to the window. But there was nobody in the street

We had practically forgotten the incident next night when the call was repeated at about the same hour. This time Dinkins waited until he was sure of the name before he raced to the window to investigate.

"Di-i-inkins. Oh, A-a-albert Dinkins!" it had

wailed, in a tone too eerie to be comfortable.

"Hell," the boy reported after a moment. "It must be one of them smart guys on the first floor. Let's go down and clean 'em out."

"What's the use?" asked Harper languidly. "It'll be a heap more fun pouring water down their stovepipe."

"Say, that's a thought," said Dinkins. "Reckon we can get away with it?"

"I wouldn't try it now. But if they start up again, or if they do it tomorrow night, I would."

"Still," Dinkins was not satisfied with his own theory, "that call didn't sound like it came from downstairs. It seemed like it was out in the company street!"

That was why, on the third night, he crouched for half an hour alongside the window, waiting to pop his head out the minute a sound was heard. Nothing happened. Camp Johnston remained as quiet as a rookie at Inspection. Yet scarcely had he given up his vigil and rolled himself in his blankets, when it came again, "A-a-albert! Oh, A-a-albert Dinkins!" (Continued on page 60)

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

JULY, 1935



The American LEGION MONTHLY

VOL. 19, No. 1



Published Monthly by The Legion Publishing Corporation, 455 West 22d Street, Chicago, Illinois

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

EXECUTIVE OFFICES
Indianapolis, Indiana

WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE
307 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Editorial and Advertising Correspondence Should be Addressed
to the New York Offices, All Other Mail to Indianapolis

COVER DESIGN: THE VILLAGE HEARS THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
WHO'S CALLING?

by Harvey Dunn
by A. B. Bernd 1

MURDER IN SUNLIGHT

Illustration by Cyrus L. Baldridge

by Karl Detzer 3

A BREAK FOR THE ARMY

by Frederick Palmer 8

MINDS IN THE MENDING

by Watson B. Miller 10

THE BATTLE OF CAPITOL HILL

by John Thomas Taylor 12

A VAIN THING FOR SAFETY

by Leonard H. Nason 14

AMERICANS WHILE YOU WAIT

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

by Willard Cooper 18

THERE ARE ONLY A FEW OF THEM LEFT
AS THE SERVICE OFFICER SEES IT

Illustration by Forrest C. Crooks

by James S. Hurley 20

by Claude A. Brown 22

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

by Wallgren 24

EDITORIAL: LOOKING TWO WAYS AT THE SAME TIME

25

NEXT STOP—ST. LOUIS

by Philip Von Blon 26

THEM WAS THE BAD OLD DAYS

by Tip Bliss 30

THEY HAD MUD IN SIBERIA TOO

by John J. Noll 32

BURSTS AND DUDS

Conducted by Dan Sowers 35

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

36

NEWS OF VETERAN INTEREST

64

Cartoons by A. B. Butler, Jr.

REGISTER NOW FOR THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION

IN LESS than three months, the Legion host from coast to coast will be on the march to St. Louis for an epochal national convention. Here, between September 23d and 26th, the Legion will determine the policies which will guide it to even greater achievements in these stirring new times. It will be a spectacular convention. The meetings will be in a brand-new Municipal Auditorium, a magnificent building, looking out upon a boulevard and open squares which are to St. Louis what the Place de la Concorde is to Paris. You will want to be a part of the great crowd, to remember it always. See your Post Adjutant now and ask him to make a reservation for you through your Department Adjutant. The fee is \$2. It entitles you to housing preference and admittance to all sorts of entertainment.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY is the official publication of The American Legion, and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1935 by The Legion Publishing Corporation. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879. President, Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., Indianapolis, Ind.; Vice-President, John D. Ewing, Shreveport, La.; Secretary, Frank E. Samuel, Indianapolis, Ind.; Treasurer, Bowman Elder, Indianapolis, Ind. Board of Directors: John D. Ewing, Shreveport, La.; Philip L. Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.; William H. Doyle, Malden, Mass.; Louis Johnson, Clarksburg, W. Va.; Jean R. Kinder, Lincoln, Neb.; Harry C. Jackson, New Britain, Conn.; Phil Conley, Charleston, W. Va.; Edward A. Hayes, Decatur, Ill.; George L. Berry, Pressmen's Home, Tenn.;

A. Stanley Llewellyn, Camden, S. C.; Raymond Fields, Guthrie, Okla.; Frank L. Pinola, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Ed. W. Bolt, San Francisco; Perry Faulkner, Montpelier, Ohio; Jerry Owen, Portland, Ore.; General Manager, James F. Barton; Business Manager, Richard E. Brann; Eastern Advertising Manager, Douglas P. Maxwell; Western Advertising Manager, Frank H. Tyson; Editor, John T. Winterich; Managing Editor, Philip Von Blon; Art Editor, William MacLean; Associate Editors, Alexander Gardiner and John J. Noll.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 Cents, yearly subscription, \$1.50.

In reporting change of address (to Indianapolis office) be sure to include the old address as well as the new

MURDER *in* SUNLIGHT

by
Karl Detzer

*SIX men and a woman,
and all that Sergeant
Moynihan, D. C. I., had to
do was to pin Major Bul-
ger's murder on one of them*


Part One

SERGEANT STEVE MOYNIHAN, D.C. I., insisted from the beginning that this was one of those crimes that couldn't happen. Yet happen it did, directly under his rather long, reddish nose, within the hearing of his large ears, that had heard so much in their time, too, and in circumstances which on the face of them were impossible.

To begin with, the warm rich yellow sun of a bright April noon looked down benignly upon the crime, and murder, in the ripe experience of Sergeant Moynihan, is an affair of the dark, whether the dark be in France or America. What is more, there had been no quarrel, no outcry, no accusations immediately before the killing. In fact, all the persons involved had been polite, and politeness, too, Moynihan was first to point out, is as much a stranger to murder as sunlight.

Had it not been for Corporal George Braun, there would not even have been a suspect handy on whom to go to work. And had it not been for the famous Braun, also, old Sergeant Moynihan, tired to death, would not have been here in the sleepy riverside village of Pontobac in the first place.

For more than two weeks Moynihan had pursued Corporal Braun across three provinces, through a dozen cities. The man was quick on his feet. Not until the morning of the murder was Moynihan sure he would ever turn a key on him. You had to give a crook credit for being as smart as that. Moynihan knew.



Uncombed beard, crafty
face with a shifty eye
... no wonder Major
Bulger had mistrusted
this Foulkes

He was an old and capable hand at this business, and he didn't discount his own smartness, either, so if Corporal Braun could outwit *him*. . .

Braun's rank was honorary. He was not a corporal. He merely had put on the stripes the way Moynihan put on a coat, and wicked and devilish as he was, he showed a certain modesty there, Moynihan thought. The fellow could just as easily have claimed a colonelcy, and upset the authorities even more than he had. He had come overseas with a casual company in October, 1918, and having found the war not at all to his liking, had got no further into it than the concentration camp at La Teste.

So his military record was sketchy. But his criminal record was complete. It began in Bordeaux, where he had produced a package of Confederate notes—from where, nobody knew—and traded them off for good French francs, and thereby almost caused international complications; it continued in Limoges, where he had swindled a retired café owner; it touched lightly in Nevers, Orleans, Blois and Tours, in each of which towns enraged citizens had screamed to the police, but it would come to an end here in Pontobac—Moynihan swore to that much of it, anyway.

The sergeant had arrived at the little Hôtel de Pontobac just in time for a late breakfast. It had rained everywhere he had been the day before, and he was wet and tired; this sun in Pontobac felt good. He was getting too old to chase around this way at night, and he knew it well enough. He took out his spectacles and put them on and peered at the ink-spattered register hanging in the kitchen. He saw nothing in it that might definitely help him catch Corporal Braun. A few names which might mean anything or anybody. He took the glasses off and put them back, as was his habit, out of sight in his pocket. It didn't do to let too many superior officers know all your weaknesses. Might

interfere with a man's growing a Sam Browne belt before he was mustered out.

"Breakfast?" he asked the young girl busy at the fireplace.

Illustrations by J. W. Schlaikjer

He had no compunction in letting food come first. Eating, he could question the waitress. Her name, to his surprise, was neither Yvonne nor Marie. It was Hortense, and her first words reassured him. Oui, certainement, there were all kinds of Americans here in this inn! Three of them, in fact.

"For one," she counted on her fingers, "there is M'sieur le Major."

Moynihan sampled his chicory coffee. It was hot, and no worse than usual. "Major?" he asked.

She repeated, "M'sieur le Major Bulger. A most peculiar man. He has been three weeks with us."

A major. Moynihan drank the rest of the coffee. Of course, a guy as smart as Corporal Braun might have become a major or Jehovah himself by this time, but if she were right about this man's being here three weeks . . . "You're sure of the time?" he demanded.



"But positively. He sells the what you call it, salvage doomp."
"Oh." Moynihan relaxed. "Y' got a salvage dump here, too?"

"But yes! Up beside the railroad. There was the big quartermaster warehouse here once. Six hundred Americans. Beez-ness was good."

"I reckon. Isn't the major I want, then. Who else?" But the girl went on, agreeing:

"Non! You would not come to see the major. He does not have the warm heart. Always he refuses to be reasonable, desires more money than the poor Frenchmen can pay. . . ."

Moynihan cut her short. "Was you to give 'em the world tied up in ribbons, they'd want more."

"But this man drinks his wine with cognac in it! You cannot trust a man like that!"

"Mebbe not," Moynihan agreed. "Who else?"

She lifted a second finger. "There is the lieutenant boy, M'sieur Swanson."

"Another cup of coffee, please," Moynihan said. "Who's Swanson? Little short fellow?"

The girl's answer disappointed him. "Oh, non, non, non!" Apparently the very question was ridiculous. "Big, like most Americans, except not as ugly as most. With yellow hair, the color of butter. And what you call funny, m'sieur. For breakfast he desires the pork."

"What's wrong with that?" Moynihan inquired. He looked at the thick toast she had brought. It was all right about the pork. But yellow hair. And big. He bit a chunk out of the crust and chewed. Had he come to Pontobac on a false tip? Swanson wasn't Braun, either. "What's the lieutenant do here?" he asked.

"Oh, the relief," she fumbled for the word, "relief . . . what you say? . . . to the major."



The sergeant still had his gun at the ready as he knelt down beside the murdered officer

"Major's leaving?"

She nodded. "Tomorrow. Maybe the day next. The lieutenant comes yesterday morning. He must stay," she grimaced, "and he do not like it here."

"Guy I want to see was in Angers yesterday," Moynihan revealed. "Who else is around?"

"Ah!" the waitress touched her lips and leaned forward. "Perhaps it is this beautiful corporal which comes last night? A most beautiful corporal! He gives me the five francs for remembrance."

Moynihan rubbed his left ear, where it was still sore on the edge from the clout Braun gave him just two weeks ago in Orleans and got away. The sergeant had had an active interest in the chase since then. "Beautiful?" he repeated. "I suppose that depends. Sort of small an' . . ."

"But yes! Small, with the dark, beautiful eyes. So very sad eyes. The poor man undoubtedly has suffered grief."

Moynihan clucked sympathetically.

She went on: "He reposes now in bed on the upper floor. Shall I inform him that you wish him?"

It was Moynihan's turn to offer a five-franc note. On second thought he made it ten francs. "That's to forget me by," he explained, and winked at her, and showed her his police card, which she dropped on the table as if it were hot.

"But certainly, m'sieur," she objected, "such a beautiful corporal has done no wrong?"

Moynihan reached for the ten francs. "Give it back, then."

"I shall be silent," she reconsidered.

The sergeant finished his breakfast slowly. There would be

plenty to do later, if he were on the right track, and what the girl said, plus what he knew when he came, made him think that he was. Better take his time now. No one could leave the hotel except through the outside door of this kitchen or through the corridor which led from the courtyard to the street. He had made sure of that before he sat down. He could see the corridor distinctly from this chair, and across the corridor, directly opposite the kitchen, the open door of the bar room. This bar room, which occupied the southeast corner of the building, had no entrance from the street. The arrangement satisfied Moynihan. He'd have saved a lot of work, one time and another, if all inns were as easy to spy upon as this.

The building faced directly upon the river and was shaped like a U, with its two ends touching the quay and enclosing a rather dilapidated courtyard with a dry fountain in the center. The river Loire, which flowed past between low, wide-set banks, was just above tidewater here, and the quay, being some eight or ten feet higher than the water level, offered no escape except by swimming. Thus the courtyard and the doors and windows opening on it were as secure as a jail.

In fact, there were only two doors in the entire building through which a man might escape. On the west and north sides, a tall warehouse without window or door openings was built solidly into the wall of the inn, so that, with the river cutting it off on the south, there remained only the east side of the building to be watched. And what could be pleasanter than watching it here, in the comfort of the kitchen, drinking a small glass of St. Nazaire cognac to settle one's breakfast?

The girl continued to talk.

Usually, she explained, the house was filled to capacity with sea captains and mates, resting here over their grog . . . did m'sieur know this hotel was famous all over France for its grog?

... resting, she repeated, while their ships were tied up to the quays at Nantes, seven kilometers downstream. But now, except for the three Americans, the only persons in the house were one Frenchman and one Britisher, these and the owner, good Papa Rotaud.

Moynihan listened with his eyes on the corridor. A bell on a church somewhere near sounded eleven lugubrious notes. Certainly, Moynihan thought, the poor young man with the sad eyes reposing in bed on the upper floor ought to be putting in an appearance pretty soon.



She was saying: "M'sieur Pierre, the Frenchman who lives here, has been here seven years. Seven years, mon sergent, think of it. Therefore this is a good hotel, n'est-ce-pas? Oh, but it *must* be good, if the richest man in the village sleeps in it seven years! It is M'sieur Pierre who owns the shoe factory. . . ." She paused, listened, and jumping up quickly, smoothed her apron carefully and perked her cap. Moynihan turned slightly in his chair. At least the mention of M'sieur Pierre's shoes had served to stir up the sound of others.

The narrow door at the foot of the stair opened outward into the room.

Moynihan shook off his own comfort and reluctantly stood up. The man stepping down into the kitchen, buttoning an American uniform as he came, wore a major's gold leaves on his shoulder;

his face was red; his hair, of which there was considerable, was as gray as Moynihan's own, and he was at least three inches taller than Corporal Braun.

Moynihan saluted.

"Oh, good morning, sergeant," the officer responded. "Where'd you come from?" His voice was pleasant, with something like a chuckle in it, and his reddish eyes twinkled.

"Good morning, sir," Moynihan answered. "From Angers, sir," he added respectfully, at the same time thinking: "What's this waitress mean, crabbing about this guy? He don't look so bad."

He waited, standing, but the officer did not intend to sit down here.

"Think I'll eat my breakfast in the courtyard," he said. "Sunshine looks so nice out there this morning."

"Oui, oui, m'sieur." The girl ran promptly toward the stove, her wooden soles slapping the stone floor. Moynihan grinned. She evidently knew a good customer when she saw one, whether he had a warm heart or not.

"My double cognac first," the officer reminded her. "Tell me, though, anyone else around this morning?"

The girl paused, on her way across the hall to the bar room, answering politely, "The Englishman, m'sieur, he has already his tea in the bed. M'sieur the lieutenant has eaten his breakfast here and once more has returned to his room."

The major yawned. "Lucky guy, not to have anything to do," he said. "If I weren't trying to clear up this job today," he paused, and going no further with that idea, inquired, "Anybody in to see me yet this morning?"

"Only M'sieur Foulkes."

"The junk dealer?" The major lighted a cigarette. The name seemed to please him for some reason. "I want to see him, too," he said. "If he comes again, be sure to tell me." He gave Moynihan another cheerful nod, and motioned. "Sit down again, sergeant, there's no discipline in this place."

Moynihan saluted again, but he continued to stand. He'd had previous experience with officers who talked about "no discipline," and then snapped you up for believing what they said.

**With a single twist
Pierre hurled the
angry lieutenant
across the room**

Smile or no smile, this might be another of that kind. He waited while the major strolled into the passage between the café and the kitchen and started to the right toward the courtyard. He wore spurs, Moynihan noticed, and he wondered what use they could be to a salvage salesman.

In the doorway to the corridor the officer called loudly so that the waitress could hear, "Toot sweet on that double cognac, girl. No cheating on size, either." He chuckled once more and smiled in Moynihan's direction.

Moynihan sat down. The major's spurs clinked on the stone flagging of the passage and Moynihan heard the metal legs of a chair strike against an iron table as he pulled out the chair. It wasn't such a bad idea, the sergeant thought, eating out there in the warm sun. He picked up his glass. So there was a salvage dump here in Pontobac. What was Corporal Braun, the lazy young devil, planning to do, steal the whole dump?

When Moynihan tried, later, to reconstruct the next ten min-

utes with fidelity, he was more than a little troubled. To begin with, the major had hardly left the kitchen when a newcomer entered the room from the street door. The appearance of this man in itself was unusual, and his actions, in the moment he sidled through the room, might have led any observer to suspect him first in the catastrophe that so soon occurred.

He was a Frenchman past middle age, smaller even than most, and extremely thin, with long hair, black at the sides and white on top, and he wore a long, careless, uncombed beard that brushed his chest like a clothes broom. But it was the only broom in evidence. The fellow's clothes were so nondescript and untidy that they gave the immediate impression that somebody as poor as he had slept in them in the rain for a number of nights, and then flung them off to the trash heap, where their present owner found them.

As the fellow entered the door, sidewise, he was smiling. At sight of the waitress, just returning from the courtyard with cognac bottle and tray, he immediately removed his greenish hard hat, which had a dent in it, and stood holding it with both hands across his middle while he bowed.

"Bon jour, mam'selle," he began politely, and turned and bowed to Sergeant Moynihan, "Bon jour, mon capitaine!"



"Hello," Moynihan answered, interested despite himself.

He held up his half empty glass, pretending to drink, and looked across it curiously at the newcomer. For the man had a face as crafty as a fox. Even the way he held his hat suggested cunning, and his smooth politeness concealed no more than did his rags the impression that here was a rogue with sharp wits. Slowly Moynihan took in each incongruous inch of him. No wonder the major in charge of the salvage dump refused to be reasonable if he had to do business with this *hombre*.

"Ees m'sieur the 'merican major yet out of the bed?" he was asking the girl.

"Yes, at last, the old miser," Hortense replied, and pointed toward the courtyard. "He is having his precious cognac. He expects you, M'sieur Foulkes. Go out."

The man bowed again and walked on run-over heels the length of the kitchen and through the door to the corridor which led to the court. But even as he was disappearing around the corner,

the stair door opened again, flung open this time, and another Frenchman, an older, fat man, descended into the kitchen excitedly.

"Hortense, Hortense!" he cried in French. "Where is that rich corporal that gives you five francs? Where is that creature with the heart of a swine?"

"You mean . . ." the girl faltered. She let the major's toast slip from her fork into the fire, and reddening, looked quickly at Moynihan. "He was in bed . . . at least ten minutes ago . . . ten minutes ago his door was shut."

"It is wide open now!" The man, panting, sank into a chair, and for the first time perceived Moynihan. "Ah, bon jour, bon jour, m'sieur!" he exclaimed, jumping up at once and beginning to speak in English. "You are American, too? You know the corporal?"

"Hope so," Moynihan admitted. "Hope he's the one I'm waiting for."

"You wait for him here and he departs? Without paying his lodging? You saw him depart?"

"Depart?" Moynihan echoed. He restrained an impulse to get up and yell. "Oh, no, not through this room, or that corridor, either."

In spite of his effort to look outwardly calm, he felt alarmed. What had he done? Dozed here over his breakfast like a field clerk at his desk and let Braun slip through his hands again?

"Through that corridor, yes," the Frenchman disputed. "There is no other way." And then he added hopefully, "You are his friend? You will pay?"

"No, on both points," the sergeant answered. "He's not my friend and I wouldn't pay. Not if he was General Pershing. Get that out your head."

He arose deliberately from his chair (Continued on page 38)

A BREAK *for*

ON JULY 1 the sign Men Wanted for the Army in front of the Post Office building will be no empty invitation. The biggest news the Regular Army has had since our entry into the World War is that beginning July 1 its numbers will be increased by 46,250, or more than one-third of its present strength. All the 46,250 will be privates. World War veterans will be eligible, but will have to take their chances with the crowd. There will be no additional generals, colonels or lieutenants, no additional officer personnel unless Congress provides for it after this article is written.

With shining eyes officers welcome the extra work, without extra pay, in putting the rookies through the mill that makes them soldiers. They look forward to a real party after the many years in which all have been as lonesome as the recruiting sergeant who got used to saying:

"You passed okay, son, but you've got to stay on the waiting list until there is a vacancy."

While so much attention was being paid to the Navy's big building program it looked as if the Army had been forgotten. The gobs had the spotlight on the floor and the doughboys a back-seat in the corner behind the throng of navy blue.

Hadn't we 120,000 regular soldiers? Many people said we had enough. Some pacifists held we had far too many. Why should we want more when we weren't at war with anybody and weren't going to war with anybody again? Besides, it was argued, ours is no militaristic nation, and the way to prove it is not is to keep our Army small. If we increased our Army by a few thousands some foreign nations which have millions of soldiers might become alarmed lest we should try to conquer them.

But small is a word relative to the size of the country an army serves. If the United States were no larger than Rhode Island we might get along with a couple of full-sized battalions. It happens that ours is a very large country, as anyone who crosses it either way finds out for himself; and it does not end at the home coast-line.

There is Alaska. We have to maintain garrisons at the vital points of Hawaii, the

Philippines, Puerto Rico, and to protect the Panama Canal for the passage of our naval and merchant ships. The elaborate defenses of the Canal must be fully manned and so must every gun and plane to defend all our harbors on any sea.

After providing for this, and too meagerly in the Canal Zone and Hawaii, the remainder of our soldiers, widely scattered in the vast expanse of the United States proper, were so few that when it looked as though we should have to intervene in the Cuban revolution two years ago we faced difficulties in mobilizing two regiments without weakening our forces in the Canal Zone. We certainly were not prepared to be very militaristic if being militaristic means aggression against powerful foreign nations.

Our once much-heralded National Defense Act had been whittled down to bare bones. The big companies we knew in the World War were down to sixty on paper and often half that number in fact. Our skeleton Army was gradually losing feet and hands in a process of dismemberment which prevented assembling for movement and action.

While all the rest of the world was arming, and while war was becoming more complicated and requiring more personnel which must be more trained and expert, Congress seemed to have become deaf to army appeals. But the Army carried on. It has been used to carrying on for a long time. It is the oldest national institution, having been very busy under George Washington before the Declaration of Independence.

Political upheavals, booms and depressions, drought and plenty—there is the Army—Regulars and National Guard—as the stable servant in the defense of the whole from old Governors



the ARMY *By Frederick Palmer*

Island to the old Presidio, and beyond that from Arctic cold to jungle heat. As long as there is one general, one sergeant and one private, the general takes orders from the President—be he Democrat or Republican—and the sergeant from the general and the private from the sergeant. Everybody who has been in the harness knows that and all who have not been ought to know it.

And everybody knows that the Secretary of War informs Congress as to the Army's needs, and his expert professional adviser is the Chief of Staff, the head of the Regulars, and of the National Guard, too. Congress gets used to the cries for more. Cabinet officers and all government branches are always wanting more money and larger forces. Those army folks always want more soldiers, more officers from generals to corporals—a bigger army staff in Washington—which Congress sees as meaning more pay and promotion for officers.

A great deal depends upon the kind of chief who presents the argument to Congress and how he presents it as well as what the argument is. For the last four years "young Douglas MacArthur," as he has always been called, has been Chief of Staff. He went to France as a major and came home as the youngest

division commander. He was then made the youngest brigadier general of Regulars.

There was some criticism when he was chosen for the headship of the Army, which usually goes to an elder, four or five years short of retirement. But this objection has been overcome. All the elders and youngsters are now for him. His spirit of youth, his speed, fire, and industry kept up the spirit of the Army when it had reason to feel old and grouchy.

He did his job so well that the President kept him on after the expiration of his four-year term last fall, which had never been done before. And, at that, young Douglas MacArthur is not so young in years as he was when he was at the head of his class at West Point and on the Academy baseball nine. He is fifty-five years young.

His division in France was the Rainbow. Its veterans remember him in the trenches, up the Vesle, in the Meuse-Argonne ordeal, and then hot-footing it after the breaking enemy to Sedan in order to get there first in the last drive.

He knew his men and they knew him. Nobody knows better than he that you don't get far with an army composed of all officers and no privates—which is not saying that an army of

privates with no one to tell it where to go would not be a sad mess for the need of the co-ordinate one-two-three discipline of concentrated thrusting power.

And MacArthur told Congress that what he wanted was privates, no increase of officer numbers, pay or promotion. That was a surprise for Congress. We must have a host of privates, 46,250 to be exact, said MacArthur. Who would officer and drill them? MacArthur replied that the officers we had could work over-time.

Where would the 46,250 be housed? Was there room for them in barracks? Were there bunks enough, mess-kits and mess tables enough? MacArthur said he would crowd them in. Give the Army the men; it would look after (*Continued on page 44*)

THEY'RE increasing the Army by 46,250 men, all below the grade of corporal, beginning July first, and is the Army's morale all right! The Regulars have been carrying on through decrease after decrease in the establishment. Below, Major General Dennis Nolan and Colonel Wallace McCammon inspecting the Sixteenth Infantry at Fort Jay, New York.



MINDS *in the* MENDING

By Watson B. Miller

Chairman, National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion

ESPECIALLY during the summer months is it no extraordinary thing for motorists who wish to miss nothing of interest on their travels to turn from the highroad near Lyons, New Jersey, to inspect the estate whose size and well-groomed appearance is noteworthy in a countryside which the progressive abandonment of agriculture for a generation or more has invested with a look of neglect. The main buildings, grouped in the form of a quadrangle, occupy a pleasing situation on the crest of a rise of ground a third of a mile from the road. They are of brick in the Colonial pattern, three or four stories high. Above the center edifice rises a graceful white spire resembling the one on Independence Hall in Philadelphia. In front of this stands a tall flag-pole flying the Stars and Stripes.

The buildings are reached by a drive curving through thirty acres of lawn and newly-set shrubbery. In fact everything about the place seems new and somewhat unfinished. Wherever you turn groups of men are at work. Some are caring for the lawn, others raking seed for a fifteen acre extension of it. Beside the drive a group is laying drainage tile. Another company is clearing the small-growth from a copse of second-stand timber and building a crushed-stone road through it. In the distance an orchard and a nursery are receiving attention. Below, a level stretch is covered with many acres of truck gardens where a closer inspection reveals fields of corn, beans, tomatoes, lettuce, beets—in fact about every variety of table vegetable, and healthier and better attended fields one will not see anywhere. Cows graze in a meadow and yonder rises the comfortable and commodious dairy barn. Everywhere the place is well-manned. In fact to the eye of a practical farmer it is over-manned.

A visitor from the Mississippi Valley took in these details and stopped his car beside a man walking down the drive, smartly attired in a double-breasted blue jacket and white trousers. He wore a blue cap of military cut.

"This is a government institution, I take it," remarked the tourist by way of opening the conversation.

"It is, yes, sir," replied the man with the cap.

"An agricultural experiment station?" pursued the midlander. "I didn't know they had them in this part of the world."

"No, this is a hospital. A hospital for mentally-afflicted war veterans."

The visitor looked alarmed and surprised. "You don't mean to say that this is an insane asylum? And you are one of the guards?"

"Twenty years ago they would

have called it an insane asylum. We call it a hospital. I am a doctor. We have no guards. Those who look after the patients' welfare and safety are physicians, nurses and attendants especially trained in this work."

"Well," reflected the visitor, "Uncle Sam can surely afford plenty of help to take care of his property."

"We are adequately staffed," replied the physician, "but these people you see working aren't hired help, except for an attendant with each group at work along with the others. They are patients and the work is part of their treatment."

The physician might have added that these patients, 900 of them, are seriously and not mildly afflicted. They are psychotics, meaning actually insane, not neurotics, which is the technical term for people who get "nervous breakdowns" and worry a great deal about insanity but rarely develop an actual psychosis. The time was, and it is not so long ago either, when the majority of these 900 veterans would have been perpetually locked up as incurable, to spend the rest of their lives in idleness and in mental torment and darkness. Each would react according to his personality and the type of his affliction. The introverts would grow more moody and depressed, retreating within themselves in flight from the world of realities to a world of illusion until they might lose the power to do such simple things as dressing or feeding themselves. Extroverts would continue their irrational activities until the worst of them ended up as raging maniacs doomed to the straitjacket and padded cell. This is not to say that under the old regime no patient improved or recovered suf-





PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

Beauty and quiet serenity mark the surroundings of the ex-service patients at the Veterans Bureau Neuro-psychiatric Facility at Lyons, New Jersey. There are no barred windows, no straitjackets. On opposite page, an airplane view of the Lyons Facility

ficiently to resume his place in society. Such recoveries, however, were far less numerous than they are in the hospitals of the Veterans Administration, and the lot of those who did not recover formed a subject most unhappy to contemplate.

This is significant. The mentally ill comprise the greatest problem with which the medical service of the Veterans Administration has to deal. Due to the stresses of modern life nervous diseases are increasing among every group and class of society, the incidence among veterans being above the average because of the additional strain imposed by war-time military service. In 1920 of an aggregate of 17,471 patients in ex-service hospitals

only 5,042 were mental cases as compared with 6,411 general and surgical and 6,018 tubercular cases. The latest figures available show 30,445 patients of which 22,226 or 56 percent are mental cases as compared with 12,187 general and 5,032 tubercular cases. The twenty-three neuropsychiatric hospitals under the Veterans Administration are filled to capacity with an overflow of more than 2,700 mental patients in general hospitals. It is estimated that the "load" of mental cases will increase steadily for about eleven years when the peak of 42,000 will be reached.

The situation is serious. It would be alarming except that given the proper plant facilities the Veterans Administration has shown that it knows how to do the rest of the job. The provision of hospital facilities through appropriations by Congress has always been a prime concern of The American Legion. Nor does the Legion's interest end there. Through its National Rehabilitation Committee, which includes a group of consulting psychiatrists, the Legion observes the use to which those (Continued on page 37)

The BATTLE of

By John
Thomas Taylor

Vice-Chairman, National Legislative Committee

ON MARCH 19, 1935, during the debate in the House of Representatives on the so-called "bonus" legislation, Fred M. Vinson, Legionnaire of Kentucky and author of the Vinson-American Legion Bill, made this statement:

"H.R. 3896 has one objective and one objective alone. It provides for the immediate cash payment in full of the Adjusted Service Certificates, the cancelation of interest, and the extension of time within which to make application for the benefits.

"My friend Patman's latest bill, his fifth bill on the subject and his seventh plan, H.R. 1, in this Congress, has two objectives. I am taking the title of the bill; I am taking the subject matter of the bill, and I submit to you there can only be one conclusion, namely, that it has two objectives: One, the immediate payment of the certificates, and, two, controlled expansion of the currency.

"If there were any doubt as to this conclusion, I would turn to page 74 of my friend's Appeal to Veterans. I would read the last sentence of that document, the words of my friend Patman:

"Let us kill two birds with one stone—pay the certificates and restore the power to the Government to issue money and regulate its value."

"Mr. Chairman, I fear this is what the Patman Bill will do—kill two birds with one stone—but the trouble is it is striking at the cause of the soldier and it is striking at the cause of controlled expansion. I fear he has builded better than he knew, and that this measure would kill these two birds with one stone.

"We should be practical. We should recognize the conditions that obtain today, and I say to you in all candor, in all friendliness, that the member of this body who puts controlled expansion or inflation first should vote for H.R. 1. I submit to you in the same breath that if you believe in the payment of the Adjusted Service Certificates, in my judgment, H.R. 3896 is the strongest vehicle to attain that end."

On May 22d the President of the United States appeared before a Joint Meeting of the Senate and the House to deliver in person his message disapproving the Patman Bill, and on May 23d at three o'clock the final vote was cast in the Senate sustaining the



Pease—Newark (N. J.) Evening News

Passing the Buck

President's veto, by a vote of 40 to 54. Congressman Patman's appeal, "Let us kill two birds with one stone," had been carried into effect.

On October 25, 1934, the Miami Convention of The American Legion by a roll call vote of 987 to 183 adopted, upon report of the Convention Legislative Committee, a resolution recommending the immediate cash payment at face value of the Adjusted Service Certificates with cancelation of interest accrued and refund of interest paid, together with a second resolution requesting an extension of time in which applications might be filed for the benefits of this act which would expire January 2, 1935.

For two days a subcommittee, of which Mr. Patman was a member, had worked day and night to draft into proper language what they believed to be the general attitude of The American Legion upon this subject.

You of course understand that Congress had not been in session since June 18, 1934; and on that date all bills pending before it had died with the close of the session; and that the new 74th Congress would not convene until January 3, 1935, so that when our convention adopted this resolution there was no legislation on this subject of any kind or character pending before any legislative body.

Before that Miami committee, Mr. Patman did not discuss any of his previous bills dealing with adjusted compensation. But immediately the resolution was presented, he addressed the convention, as follows:

"A better resolution on this question could not be written than the one presented by this committee . . . These certificates may



Parrish—The Nashville Tennessean

"Dough" Boys' Profit and Loss

CAPITOL HILL

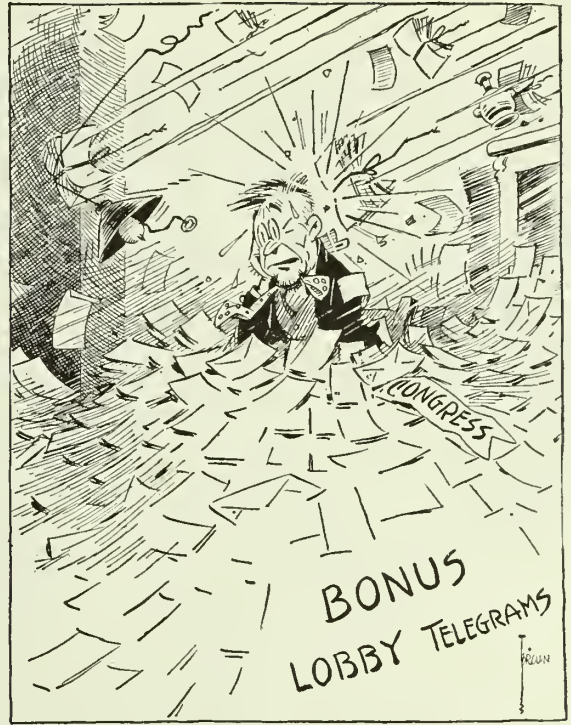
be paid without the expansion of currency or they may be paid with the expansion of currency."

Before this vast convention of delegates, interested solely in the question of "immediate payment," he adroitly injected the unrelated subject of "inflation of the currency," not understood and of no interest whatsoever to the delegates.

Later we find him deliberately stating that by reason of his remarks to the convention the bill which he later introduced on January 3d, H.R. 1, was the one which that convention endorsed. It was the injection of this highly controversial subject which brought about the defeat of this legislation.

The 74th Congress convened on January 3d and immediately the majority members on the Ways and Means Committee were named and appointed. On January 14th the minority members were appointed. By that date, some 21 bills dealing with the question of Adjusted Service Certificates had been introduced and referred to this committee.

Should The American Legion select one of these bills and give it endorsement? This is not the policy which the Legion has followed since its inception, and subsequent developments have proved that the Legion was correct in not taking this position in this instance. The American Legion, through its Legislative Committee, has always prepared bills to carry out the purpose of its resolutions. The Legislative Committee knows exactly the intent of these resolutions. The Legislative Committee knew something else, too—a careful canvass and survey had been made in both the House and the Senate on this legislation and it had been found that the Congress by a large majority favored its immediate passage unless it was in any way tied up with inflation or expansion of the currency, in which event it could not be enacted into law over a veto. This legislative situation was gone into in detail at the meeting of the Department Commanders



Brown—© New York Herald Tribune

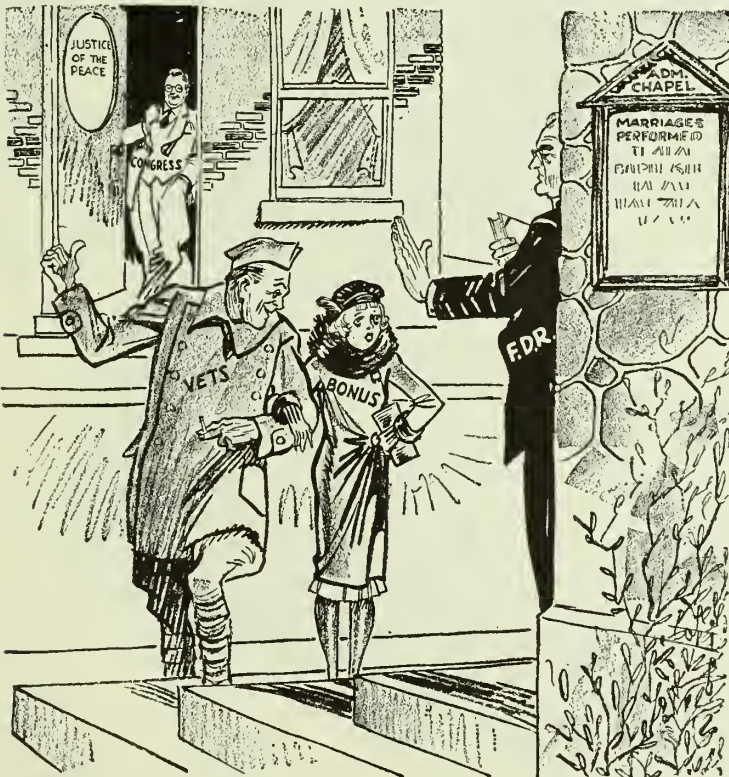
The Thinker

and Adjutants and the National Executive Committee in November, 1934, at which time this subject was made part of our major legislative program.

Anticipating the effort and methods that Representative Patman would use to promote his particular bill, I called upon him early in January to discuss the matter and I was not surprised when he stated that The American Legion should support H.R. 1, the bill which he had introduced. I pointed out to him then that we could not give our approval to any bill which contained within it a specific method of raising the revenue to discharge the obligation, and in particular, the method advocated by Patman which had been so decisively defeated every time it had come up in the Senate for consideration. I told him then that this question of immediate payment of the certificates should stand on its own merits and not be involved with any other issue of a controversial character. Apparently agreeing with our position, he suggested that a bill should be drawn "in plain and simple language to carry out the mandate of the Miami Convention," and displayed great pleasure when he learned that Legionnaire Fred M. Vinson would introduce the bill and carry on the Legion battle.

And on January 14th, the day upon which the Ways and Means Committee came into existence, the Vinson-American Legion Bill became known as H.R. 3896.

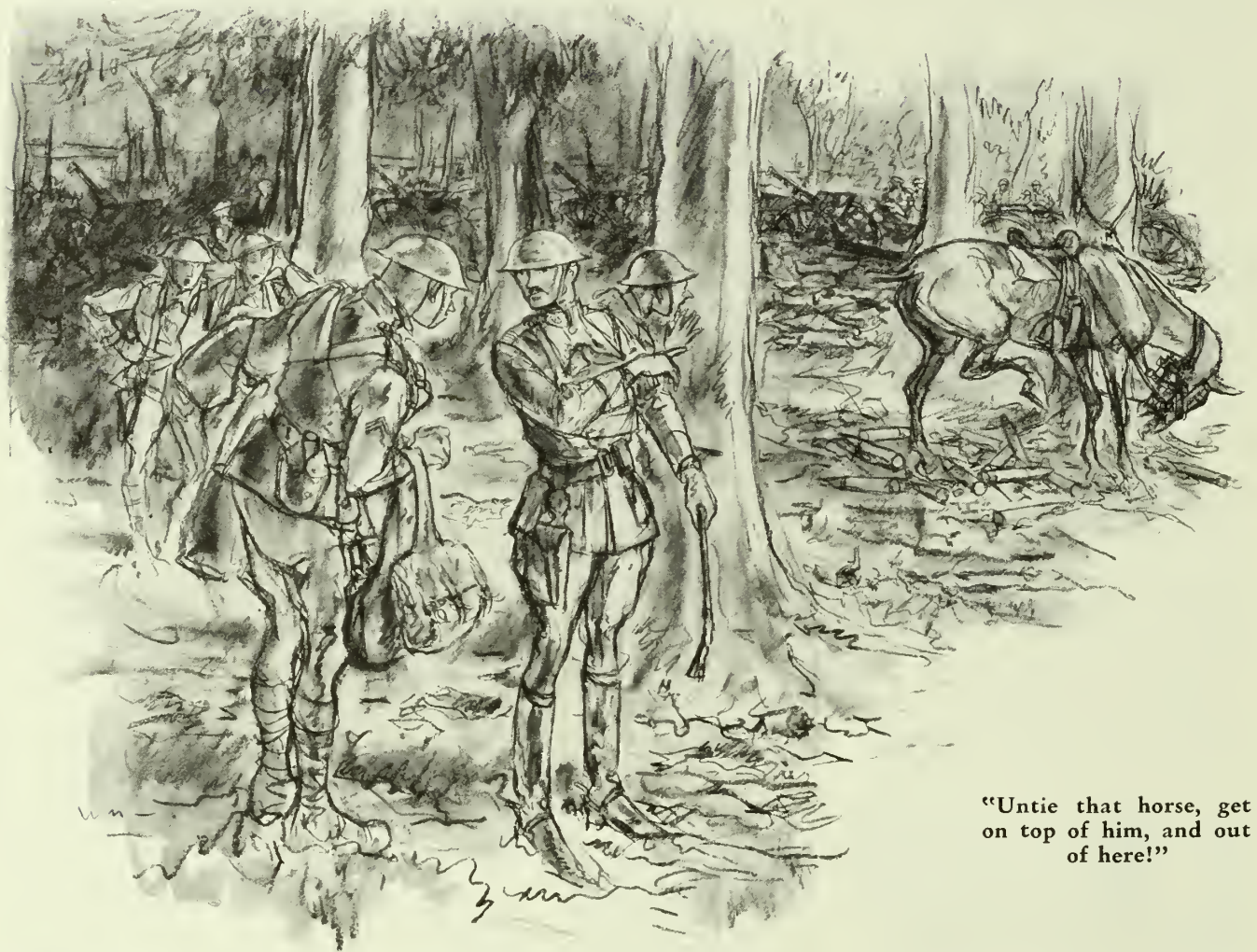
Within forty-eight hours, Mr. Patman attacked the Legion for introducing its own measure and from then until the "two birds were killed with the one stone" he denounced relentlessly, in the press, on the floor of the House and over the radio, The American Legion and its national officers. And in particular, he leveled his vituperation at our National Commander, (Continued on page 54)



Doyle—New York Post

"You're entirely too young"

A VAIN THING



"Untie that horse, get on top of him, and out of here!"

YES, lady, I have ridden a horse in battle. No, lady, I didn't care for it. That's right, lady, I have never been top-side of a horse since. Yes, lady, if you will give me a little glass of tongue lubricant, and because your husband was in the war but won't talk about it, I will tell you all.

Now once upon a time I was in hospital recovering from a wound. You see, lady, they had to fix things back in the hospital areas so that a soldier would not have too great a desire to prolong his convalescence. In other words, they had to make the rest areas so uncomfortable that the front would seem pleasant by comparison. You don't need to let your imagination dwell on it. What the heck, if they didn't, they very soon wouldn't have any army left. So when they began to double time me around the block by the hour, and put me out to sleep on the stairs because they needed my bunk for a wounded man, I went away from there back to my outfit.

I was with a battery of field artillery that used to be cavalry. I knew where they were, because the personnel officer had written to everyone in hospital and told 'em the outfit was at Mandres, near Toul, and not to break no rules, but if it was convenient, the outfit would welcome back anyone that got to it, and not ask for authority for travel. It was such a nice friendly letter that I forgot the feeling of welcome might not extend down to the battery officers. I got to my battery about four o'clock on a rainy afternoon, and reported at once to the kitchen for a handout.

And did I get one! Lady, I never saw such chow! They had slum made out of real honest-to-god beef, with potatoes, onions, and real peas in it, ginger bread and margarine, and condensed, or "hard" milk, and sugar for the coffee.

"Gee," said I to the cook, "yuh been livin' like this long? I see I wasted my time in that hospital!"

"Well," said he, mixing himself a little grog with the lemon extract, "ye see this is a little unusual. This is the last meal for a lot o' youse guys. We're goin' over the top at daybreak!"

"The hell you preach! Artillery don't go over the top!"

"Huh! Sargint, I been up there three nights, buryin' ammunition, an' me a cook, an' this battery goes into position in front of our own barbed wire! Cheese, ain't I been out there, with the flares goin' up in front o' me, an' the machine guns clatterin' an' me afraid to swing the pick for fear I'd bury it in the nose of a shell we'd put down the night before an' all go soarin' together?"

"Hmmm!" said I. "Well, I'm just back from hospital and unassigned. I'll attach myself to the wagon train until things get a little calmer."

"Yuh want to step fast," advised the cook, "because we're puttin' out early."

So with that we slid to the picket line. And who should I run into around the first horse but an officer named Openshirt. That was what we called him, because it sounded like his name.

"Oh," he says, "so you're back!"

for SAFETY

SERGEANT NASON, the man on horseback who would have given his stripes to be afoot—and darn near did—brings back in this bit of personal history the confusion out of which came victory at St. Mihiel

*By Leonard
H. Nason*

"Yes, sir."

The last time I saw him, I'd taken a horse that had Openshirt's Saumur saddle on it, and loaned the horse to another officer. Openshirt had taken the horse away from said officer, the horse had fallen down, supposedly dead, and Openshirt had had to carry his saddle back to the outfit, some four miles, on his own back, only to find the horse had revived and come home alone across country. Openshirt went looking for me to kill me, but the Boche beat him to it.

"We're going over the top at daybreak," says he. "Stick around. I'll have use for you. Liaison sergeant with the infantry. Report to the stable sergeant for a horse."

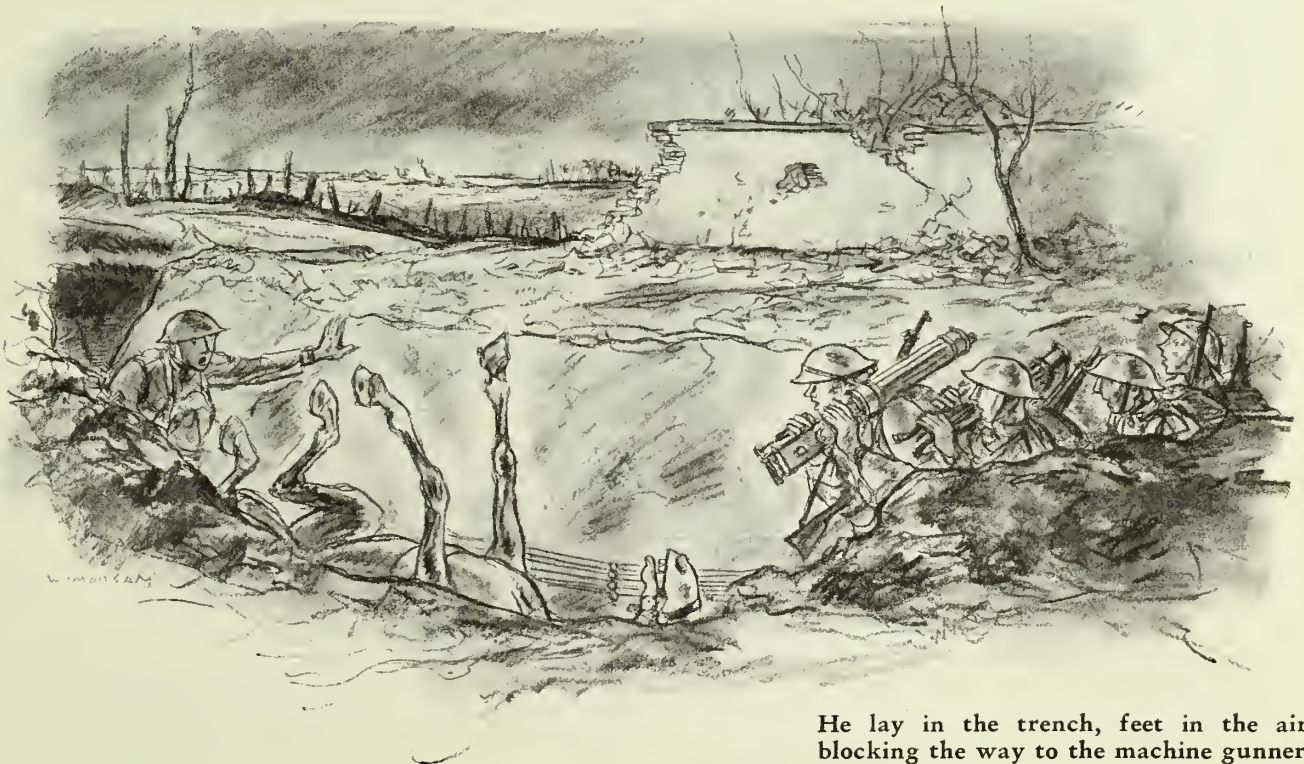
Lady, did that slum give me indigestion!

I got a horse, complete with saddle. I'll never learn. I left hospital with nothing but a toothbrush and a razor, but I went to the supply sergeant and drew myself a complete outfit, messkit, shelter half, blankets, and saddle bags. I made up a roll and packed it on the saddle. Nah, nah, I'd been over the top before, and if a guy has the bad luck to be alive by night, he feels pretty cold and hungry. Can't always find a stiff to get blankets off of. I tried to find some extra chow, too, because the arrangements for eating during combat are awful haphazard. However, there wasn't any. In between I kicked myself for ever leaving

hospital. By the time I'd finished, the battery had fed, and was forming column to move out.

It was black night by the time we got to what they call the "forward area." It was raining soup and stones to splash it. I'd found out by inquiry here and there that the attack was to be a drive on Metz, and that the whole American Army was to take part in it, acting as a unit, under its own command, for the first time. It appeared, also, that our particular part was to be a massacre. Guys that had seen the country we were to cross were vivid about it. It was flat as a table for miles, and the Boches were on top of a mountain. The battery was way out in No Man's Land, to give the utmost support to the advancing infantry for as long as they lasted. As long as who lasted? Well, either one. The odds were on us going up first, because we'd make a better target. And me on a horse, lady, don't forget that. Well, the first thing I did, when the order came to halt, was to get off that goat, and tie him to a tree. Then I took off the saddle bags, and went astray on the first excuse I could think up. Some weary soldier of course would steal the horse, and whatever form of death I had to meet in the morning, I'd meet it on foot and have some chance of ducking it. Whoever stole the horse could steal the saddle, too, this time.

How do soldiers behave their last night on earth? Well, lady, I don't really know, because I haven't passed mine yet, but that gang that was with me buried ammunition, dug foxholes, fell into the mud, got tangled up in old wire, like to drown in a brook, swore, cursed, and finally went to sleep on the ground just as they were. Then along comes the whole A. E. F. and starts walking



He lay in the trench, feet in the air,
blocking the way to the machine gunners

all over them. These were doughboys, coming up to go into position for the jump-off, and they had no more idea of where they were than a Chinaman in the middle of Jersey City.

"Hey, Jack," they'd say, "yuh know where Mandrees is at?"

"Over there, or over there, or up that way, I don't know, but get t'ell off my kneecap!"

Thinks I, "At least *one* of these mud-crushers will see that horse of mine, and make off with him."

I slept fairly well in spite of the fact that several times I could hear someone calling, "Sergeant Nason! Oh, Sergeant Nason!" Probably someone looking for me. In fact one guy did wake me up—it was black as a mess sergeant's heart—and say, "Seen anything o' that son of a Nason around here?"

"Yeh, he's over that way!" said I. "There's some kind of a house over there."

"Is there?" says he, and he was off at the gallop. If there was a house over there he'd want to get in it, see?

Well, lady, that's what it was like just before the battle. I read in a book somewhere that that night the biggest preliminary bombardment in history was put over, that the ground quivered, that people fifty miles away trembled in their beds at the roar of it. Maybe so. I spent that night seventy-five yards from the German lines, and never heard a thing but the rain hammering on my helmet, and now and again someone digging with a pick away over in the dark. Why didn't the Germans shoot at us? Well, in the first place we were behind a little kind of a hillock and in the second place on a night like that, a man that's been in the war four years—or four weeks—stays under cover. He should get all wet layin' out in the mud to shoot some guy he can shoot just as well when the weather is finer! Don't believe all the things you read in books, lady. Soldiers is human like everybody else. So Germans were snug in their rugs, or perhaps they heard that there barrage that was heard round the world, and realized that maybe things wouldn't be healthy there come daylight, so they just got up and stopped the night somewhere else.

Well, all of a sudden I heard a whistle blow, and the good old Irish brogue of our first sergeant yelling, "Hutside! Git up, git up, git up! Hutside tuh shovel snow! Git up, before I kick yuh inside out!" It had stopped raining by then, but it was getting noisier. There was some faint machine-gun fire, and a confused murmur like a lot of guys yelling.

"Oh, Sergeant Nason! You cross-dashed thing of infamy. I've been looking for you all night!"

Ah! O captain, my captain. It was Openshirt. Lady, he was mad!

"Did you tie that horse to that tree?"

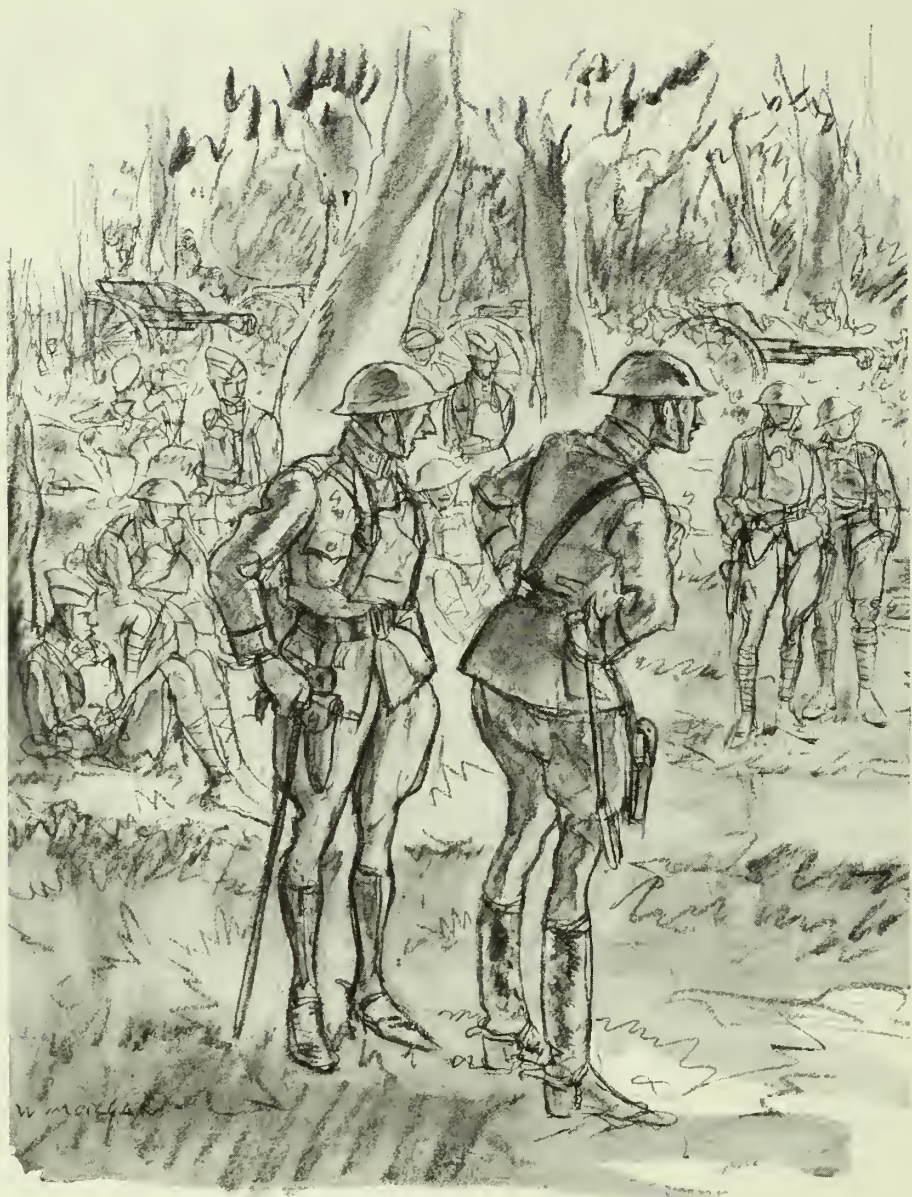
He pointed, where in the half light of dawn was a horse tied to a tree, and surrounded at a safe distance by a bunch of soldiers like vultures. The horse gave a little prance, the way horses will, and that ring of vultures ducked like they'd been pulled out of sight.

"I don't remember, sir!"

"Well, you damned well go and untie him, and get on top of him, and out of here!"

"Yes, sir!"

It was my horse and nobody



had stole him. When I got near him, I saw what the excitement was. Some poor dithering idiot had buried a pile of three-inch shells under that tree, expecting he could find 'em again by the tree, but he found the horse instead and stayed away. Why? Because the horse had pawed out all the shells, and they were lying around under his feet, and he was kicking them and prancing on them, and any second might step on the detonator with an iron-shod hoof, and off would go said shell, and the other thirty or forty would follow suit, just to be in the party, and most all that part of France would go heavenward in the uproar.

Lady, talk about going over the top! The first sergeant had been getting the men up, not to get on the guns, but to devise ways and means of getting that horse away from that ammunition. The gas guard had seen him at the first streak of day, had called Openshirt, and Openshirt had decided it must be my horse. There are only about fifty men with a firing battery, lady, but when they're all talking about one guy's ancestors, they make a lot of noise.

How the heck did I know where they'd buried ammunition? I didn't even know why they had to bury it. As a matter of fact, it was so the Boche on the mountain wouldn't see it in the daytime. Well, anyway, if I didn't get that horse out of there, the battery would be missing from the roll, and whether he kicked a shell and blew me up, or the battery strung me to a tree with my own picket rope, didn't make any difference. I walked over and untied that goat and led him gingerly away. Then I got on him as quickly as I could in case of necessity for instant flight.

*Illustration
by
Wallace Morgan*



"Get off that horse before I drag you off!"

"Get off that horse, you ding-danged fool!" screeches Openshirt. "All the Boches between here and Metz can see you! You'll give the battery away!"

"Get off that horse, you ding-danged fool!" yelled the battery like the chorus in an opera. So I got off.

"Sergeant," said Openshirt between his teeth, walking over to me like a lion getting ready to spring, "you won't forget, I hope, that you and I had some kind of catch-as-catch-can about a horse up on the Marne. You think a horse is expendable, like tent pegs. It's not! You're going to perform whatever duty you perform from now on mounted, understand? If the horse dies we'll issue you a new one, but you present the corpse as evidence first! If you lose that horse I'll try you by general court martial, so help me hannah! Did you hear that?"

"Yes, sir!"

He turned to the first sergeant and a lieutenant and a couple of stretcher bearers that happened to be present.

"You heard it?" he asks. "You heard the order, lieutenant? You heard it, and you?" Yeah, they all heard it.

"Now take that horse down to that wash house and put him under cover. I'll send for you later!"

He looked at his wrist watch. "Time to go!" he mutters. Then he turns to me again. "Don't you get wounded this time, either! If you do anything, I'd advise you to get killed!"

"Ready?" yells the executive over by the guns.

"Ready!" replied all the section chiefs.

He just waved his hand.

"Nummer one onnaway!" yelled the chief of the first section. Blam!

So that's the way we started the battle of Saint Meeheel. Everybody got down behind the gun shield after that, and I got out of there. We'd opened fire, and any time now the Germans might start tossing back some of the roses we were throwing at them.

I might explain now what this battle was about. I *will* have a little more revive, lady, if you don't mind, with not quite so much water this time. I'm very susceptible to colds and don't want to get a wet stomach. The battle, lady, was about a little triangular piece of ground that was called the "Saint Mihiel hernia." It kind of dangled from the straight line that marked the German front right across France. The French had tried twice to cut it off, and each time decided that the krauts could have it if they wanted it that badly. Then it was handed to the Yanks to try their hand at.

The stories of what had happened to the French in that sector hadn't lost anything in the telling, so when the assault began we were all prepared to die for dear old Rutgers, but had been so busy with the rain and the mud and getting the table set and me with my horse that we hadn't had time to give the matter much thought.

But away go the doughboys, fixed bayonets and all, and away goes the rolling barrage, and up go the rockets from the German lines, and I began to think maybe there was some purpose to my having passed fifteen months at toothbrush drill and Butts Manual after all. Being as I was now observing death and destruction from the side window of a wash house so near the German lines I could spit in their eyes. (Continued on page 46)

AMERICANS

By
Willard Cooper

WE'LL call her Rosa, because thousands of women named Rosa have had the same experience. We'll call her Rosa Macaroni, not to make a joke, but because I doubt if Macaroni is an Italian family name. She was born, we'll say, in Naples, and she lives now, we'll say, in Pawtucket, and we'll say these things because Naples is in Italy and Pawtucket is in Rhode Island. Rosa's story is typical. It has been duplicated by hundreds of Italians who came to America, and by hundreds of people from other foreign countries, too.

Rosa and her husband, Joe (né Giuseppe) came to America about 25 years ago, a year after they had got married at the ripe old ages of seventeen and eighteen, and just a few weeks after their first child had been born. At that time the bambino was called Giuseppe after his father. He's still called after his father. Joe, senior, is Big Joe. Joe, junior, four inches taller than his dad, is Little Joe, of course.

Fifteen years ago, Rosa and Joe were living in Pawtucket in a wooden three-decker surrounded by other wooden three-deckers, all intensely occupied by Italian-American families. Except that their particular warren was of wood and not of stone or brick, except that they had left a temperate climate behind and had taken up with a climate which can be savage on occasion, except that their wine was poorer and their meat better and more frequent, they might as well have stayed in Naples.

They had left a land of olives and sunshine for a land of apples and rain, but they still talked Italian, thought in Italian, associated with Italians. The America of Americans had few contacts with them. It was almost as far from the Macaronis, there in Pawtucket, as it had been in Naples, thousands of miles away. Such familiarity as they had attained with America had not been altogether reassuring, either. Rosa particularly was rather more in terror of America than grateful to it.

It wasn't their country. They didn't know how to get into it. Physically, they had left their native kingdom and had settled in a democratic republic. But spiritually, they hadn't been permitted to settle in the United States. Nobody had welcomed them. Nobody had shown them around.

They had begun to wonder if it would be the country of their children. They rather hoped so, and they feared so. For they were beginning not quite to understand their children. Little Joe, who had been born in Italy, interlarded his English with the most incomprehensible slang. Little Rosa, the second child, was American by birth and spoke almost no Italian but prided herself on the precision of her English. Giovanni, in the second grade, was forgetting his Italian as Little Rosa had done before him. Antonio, Angelo and Mario hadn't gone to school yet; they talked Italian, all but Mario, who didn't talk at all, being only 14 months old.

Strangers in a strange land, Big Joe and Mama Rosa were strangers to their own first born. Time would come when they might not be able to talk with the fluency they loved to any of their children.

And it wasn't just a matter of

language. Not even Old World family discipline applied. This was Mama's particular affliction. Her husband had more American contacts than she had; he was hardened to strangenesses. But Rosa felt that America was just a great encompassing fog that crept closer and closer, year after year, hiding Italy and Italian ways, opening up no new visions of its own. It was hiding her even from her children.

One day Rosa was buying some olive oil when she met her old friend Marina. Marina was worried about Pasquale, her oldest boy. He had got a job in far-off Buffalo and he had written home in English. Marina thought maybe Signor Orlando, the grocer, could translate the letter when he got time.

Presently Signor Orlando got time and read the letter and it turned out to be a very pleasant letter. Pasquale had got a raise in pay, he liked his boss, he was going to learn to play golf, and he knew a girl by the utterly un-Italian name of Bertha. Just to baffle everybody, he signed himself "Paddy," with a note that everybody in Buffalo called him Paddy, now.

Marina was grateful to Signor Orlando. She hated to bother him. With true Latin gallantry, Signor Orlando said it was no bother, it was a pleasure, and it was no great trick to learn to read the English. He even asked Marina why she didn't learn the English herself.

Marina and Rosa shrugged at the preposterousness of the idea. Learn English, indeed! But Signor Orlando insisted it wasn't so hard as many people

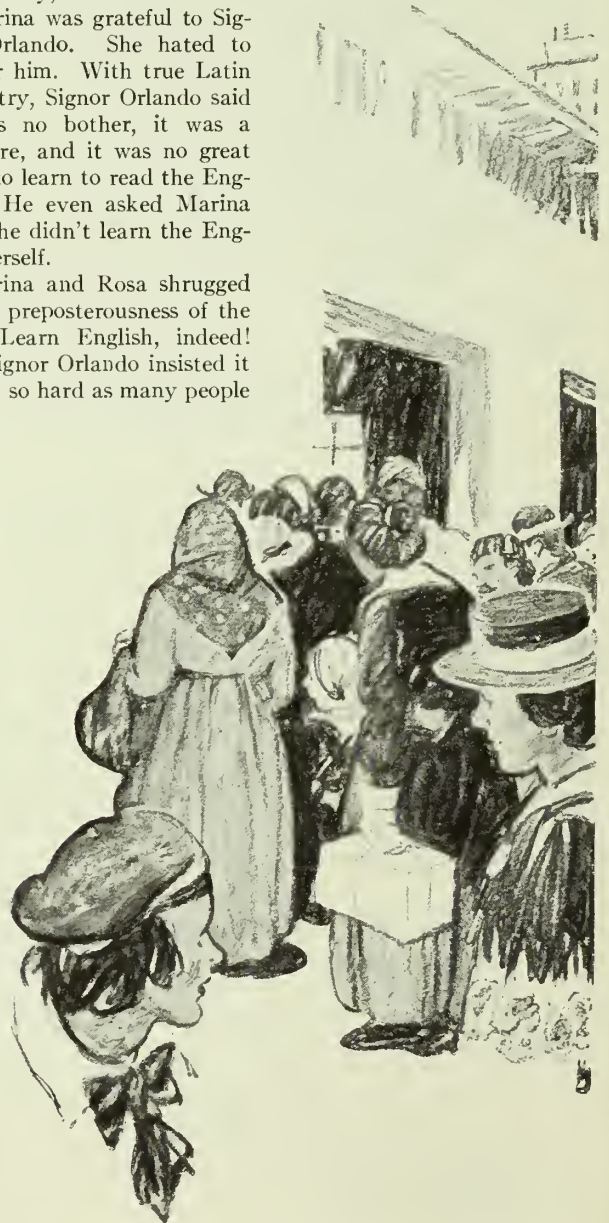


Illustration by
Forrest C. Crooks

WHILE YOU WAIT

claimed. Signor Orlando, speaking with all the superiority of an educated gentleman who had attended night school, suggested that there were many schools. Secretly, Marina and Rosa were terrorized at the idea of a school—not at the idea of study, but because that going to school would somehow make them ridiculous. They had the dignity of their race—a dignity which is highly personal and which one may offend only at his peril.

"You don't have to go to a regular school, as I did," said Signor Orlando. "It isn't the kind of school Pasquale went to, either. It's just a kind of club.

"Tell you what you do: I'll get my boy Pete to bring around a lady he knows. She's an Italian lady named like Williams; one of those old Yankee names her husband has. Her husband belongs to the same American Legion post with my Pete (proudly). She belongs to the Auxiliary . . . you know, wives and mothers and sisters of the American soldiers. She's getting Italian ladies into a kind of club where they learn English and how to read it, and learn about American history."

So one day a soft-voiced bilinguist lady appeared at Marina's house. Rosa was there, and Signoras Orlotti and Casablanca. Speaking perfect Neapolitan Italian, the strange lady sat down a while and all three talked about their families. It turned out that the lady's name wasn't Williams, or some name like that, but O'Rourke, or was it Erickson? Anyway, her husband had been a looney in the war. They had three children. They owned their own home (Continued on page 42)

THEY had left their native kingdom and settled here. They were in America but not of America—until the Legion's Americanization work showed them the way



There are ONLY *a* FEW *of them* LEFT

By James S. Hurley

THE more timid souls in Cordele, Georgia, on that March night back in 1917 thought that a band of unfriendly aliens had suddenly descended on the town. Like every other community in the nation at that time, Cordele was in the grip of mass excitement.

Diplomatic relations with Germany had been severed on February 3d. Ambassador Gerard and his staff had been held in Berlin as hostages to guarantee the safe return to Germany of Count von Bernstorff and the good treatment here of interned members of German crews. War had been expected momentarily for the past two weeks or more.

Small wonder then, that the less bold residents of Cordele had certain misgivings when, in the pleasant hour before dusk, they saw a band of more than sixty men, most of them husky, strapping chaps, swing out of the railroad station and down the main street. There was military training in their carriage and there was a precision in their marching that bespoke acquaintance with the fundamentals of close order drill.

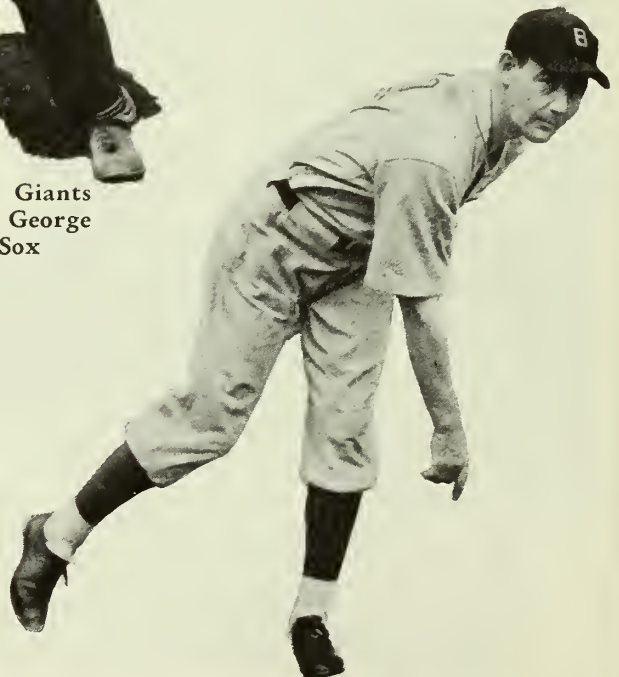
Even the presence of the sheriff and his deputies failed to comfort milquetoast Cordelans. But to the younger generation of that quiet south-central Georgia town it was a treat. Even though the marching men didn't wear uniforms they were national heroes—they were members of the New York Yankees and the Boston Braves ball teams who were in Cordele to play a game on the morrow as part of their exhibition program in working their way up North to their respective home parks.

The two months that had gone before were momentous ones for baseball as they had been for the entire nation. When contracts for the 1917 season had been sent out early in the year they were promptly returned by a group of players. This mass action smacked of a players' strike and such it was generally believed to be, although concerted action was denied.

When international events so shaped themselves that war with



Glenn Myatt, New York Giants catcher, and at right, George Pipgras, Boston Red Sox



Germany seemed inevitable and the man power of the nation was about to be called upon, many of baseball's leading figures said that the game was doomed. "War may hit baseball so hard that the ball parks will have to be used for military training camps for troops. An opportunity may confront players to rally to their country's service as ardently as they do in a close game on the diamond," said one important owner.

But the incipient "strike" proved to be only a feeble sputter and the teams of the National and American Leagues went to their Southern training camps as usual though mounting events seemed to be heading the country straight for armed conflict. And in the South most of them readied themselves both for baseball and for war, thanks largely to the intense patriotism of Colonel Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston, part owner of the New York Yankees, and Harry

WHEN America got into the war, professional baseball players were among those present. And despite the fact that baseball is and always will be a young man's game, there are still five of these ex-service men in the majors who are regularly taking a cut at the ball—not to mention numerous coaches and trainers

H. Frazee, president of the Boston American Leaguers.

On February 25th the New York Yankees began their spring training at Macon, Georgia, under Manager "Wild Bill" Donovan who had made baseball history pitching for Detroit. Colonel Huston, who with Colonel Jacob Ruppert had bought the team only a few months before, also went along with the team.

On February 27th Major Dorey of the Regular Army at Governors Island received this message from Macon: "Sergeant Gibson, on recruiting duty here, says he has an efficient force which will readily permit him to give two hours or so each day to drilling our baseball club and he is anxious to do the work for us. If you can have him made available to drill us, it will quickly start the movement here and will make it easier to get commencement at other camps. —T. L. Huston."

An answer on March 2d said that a drillmaster would be assigned to the Yankees and on March 4th came another telegram appointing Sergeant Gibson, the Macon recruiting chief, to the job. Similar assignments were made to the Athletics at Jacksonville and to the Washington Senators at Augusta. The Boston, Cleveland and Chicago clubs completed arrangements for drilling and the Department of the South was to assign drill sergeants to the Detroit and St. Louis clubs.

On March 7th baseball undertook military drill in its country's interest for the first time, the primary step in as brilliant a story of service as that written by any other group in the nation. Under Sergeant Gibson the Yankees devoted an hour to Mars that morning before they gave a thought to baseball. Naturally the initial effort was not unattended by comic results as forty-five men including players, club officials, scouts, trainers and newspapermen began to assimilate the elementary evolutions in the school of the soldier. Southpaws, it seemed, wanted to salute with the left hand, something Drillmaster Gibson arrested with a smile.

What baseball's martial minded lacked in proficiency at the start they made up in enthusiasm. Colonel Huston's



Bing Miller, now with the Red Sox, and at right, Manager Jimmy Dykes of the White Sox, surprise team of the American League. Dykes is a member of Russel C. Gross Post of the Legion in Philadelphia



Harold Ruel, Chicago White Sox

spirit had been transferred to his squad. Even the correspondents for the New York newspapers assigned to cover the baseball camp heartily fell in with the idea.

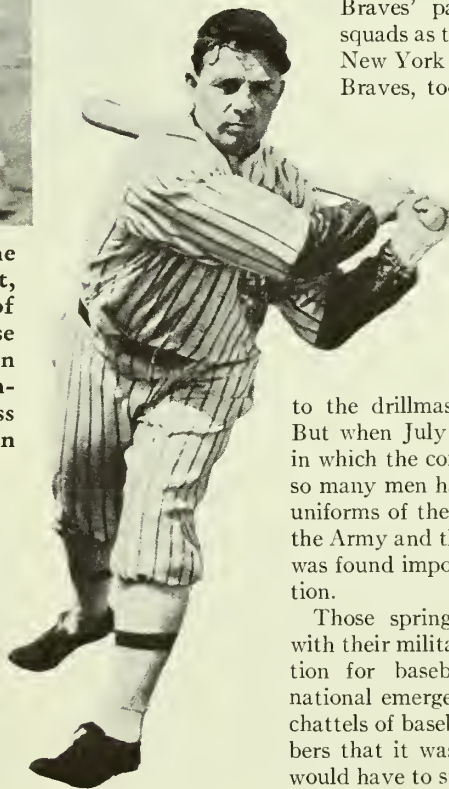
Military drill took an hour each morning and Sergeant Gibson's charges soon became proficient, their curriculum soon being broadened to include extended-order drill. On March 26th the Yankees were joined at Macon by the Boston Braves who had been training in Florida for the baseball season. They had had no military training, but promptly hastened to join the Yankees

at it. To make up for lost time on the Braves' part all formations of the squads as they worked their way up to New York were military ones and the Braves, too, soon got a good knowledge of things military.

Similar activities had been engaged in at other baseball training camps. Weeks before, Ban Johnson, president of the American League, had announced a prize of \$500 for the best drilled team in his league and \$100 in gold

to the drillmaster of the winning team. But when July rolled around—the month in which the competition was to be held—so many men had quit the gray and white uniforms of the diamond for the khaki of the Army and the blue of the Navy that it was found impossible to stage the elimination.

Those spring training camps of 1917 with their military routine laid the foundation for baseball's contribution in the national emergency. Players ceased to be chattels of baseball magnates in such numbers that it was feared the major leagues would have to stop (Continued on page 60)



As the SERVICE OFFICER *Sees it*

by
Claude A. Brown

ARE you the American Legion Service Officer?" asked a poorly dressed and undernourished World War veteran.

"Yes," said the Service Officer. "What can I do for you?"

"I've been drawing disability allowance and they cut me off." He produced a bundle of letters. "I'm trying to service connect my claim."

The Service Officer inspected the correspondence from the Veterans Administration, then checked his office letter file.

"John Henry Smith, C-435,876," he announced, removing the folder. "We've had considerable correspondence about you during the last eight years. Before we proceed, however, it will be necessary for you to give The American Legion power of attorney to represent you."

"I can't afford to hire an attorney."

"There is no charge for our services," the S.O. explained. "Power of attorney means that you select some organization, such as The American Legion, recognized by the Government, to assist you. A representative of the organization you select will work on your claim, studying your case folder at the Veterans Administration, appear before the rating board in the regional office or before the Appeal Board in Washington, and do everything possible to get results."

"Well, if you agree to get results, I'll sign up."

"We do not guarantee results. You must realize that it isn't an easy matter to prove service connection at this time for disabilities that must be shown to have existed fifteen years ago."

"I've been to another service officer, but he believes everything the Veterans Administration tells him, and he won't fight 'em."

"Since service officers have access to your case folder, they have considerable information about your case," the S.O. explained. "We do not obtain service connection by bawling out the rating board, or pleading for sympathy, or presenting petitions from neighbors. We get results by having the facts in the file that indicate the benefit sought is justified. Unfortunately many of the cases we work on fail to meet with the requirements of the law. But give us credit for being honest and sincere, even when we are unable to get what you want."

"If you take my case, can my Congressman or any lawyers work on it too?"



"There is no charge," the service officer explained. "We'll do everything possible to get results"

"You are supposed to have only one legal representative, but you may change to anyone else at any time. If you want The American Legion to represent you, please sign this form."

The veteran signed the power of attorney.

"Now what disabilities do you have that you believe are the result of your military service?"

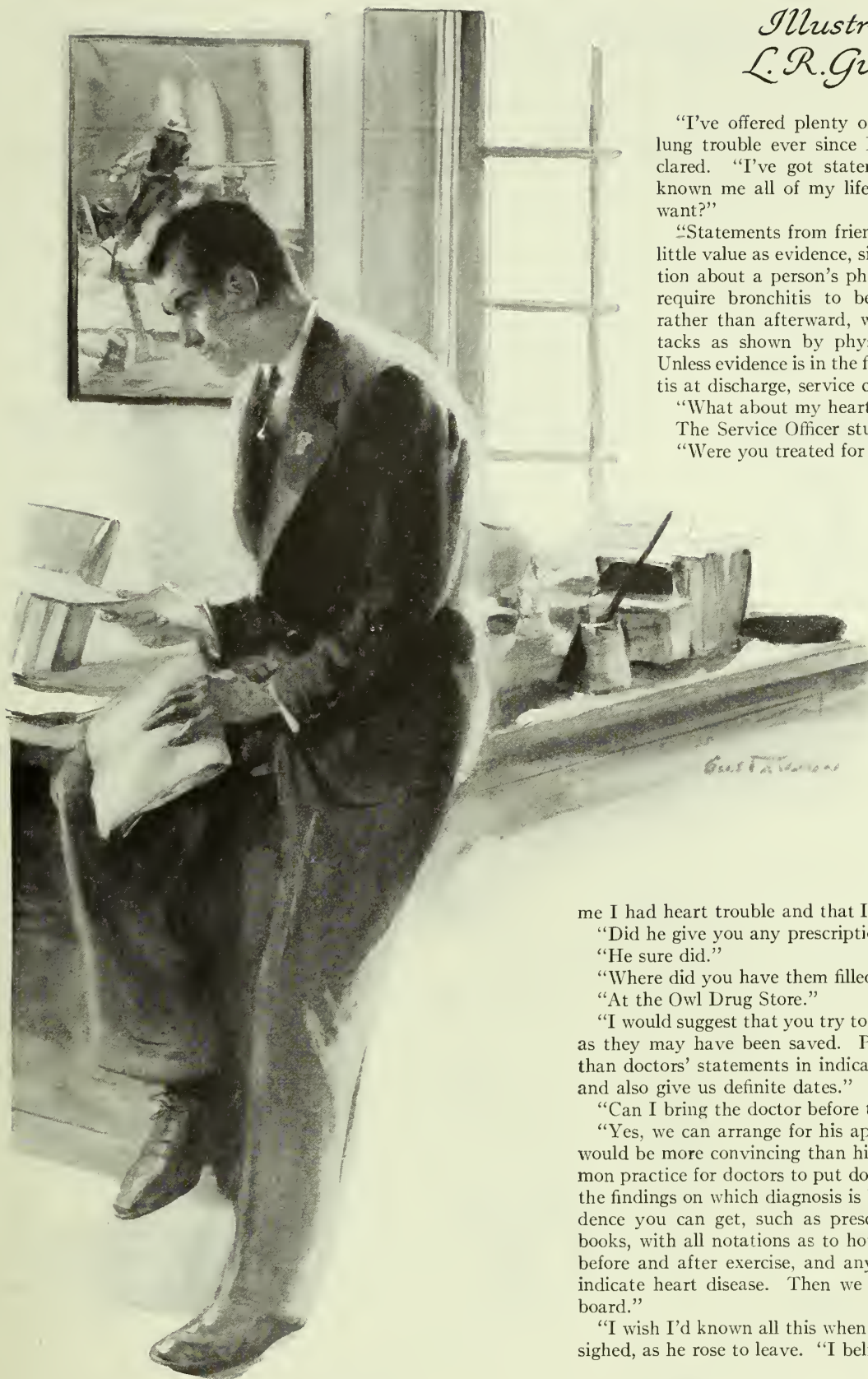
"I'm all knocked out, and have been since discharge."

"What are some of the things wrong with you?"

"I've got pains in my chest, and heart trouble, and flat feet, and bronchitis."

"When you were awarded disability allowance in the amount of \$18 a month for fifty percent disabilities, the award was for flat

*Illustration by
L. R. Gustavson*



"I've offered plenty of evidence to prove I've had lung trouble ever since I got back," the veteran declared. "I've got statements from people who have known me all of my life. What more proof do they want?"

"Statements from friends and relatives usually have little value as evidence, since they reveal little information about a person's physical condition. Regulations require bronchitis to be chronic prior to discharge rather than afterward, with a history of frequent attacks as shown by physical examinations of record. Unless evidence is in the file to indicate chronic bronchitis at discharge, service connection will be difficult."

"What about my heart trouble?"

The Service Officer studied the case history notes.

"Were you treated for your heart in service?"

"Yes, I was marked 'quarters' for more than a month because of my heart."

"There is a notation of 'functional cardio-vascular disorder' at discharge. That means that you had a temporary heart condition at that time. If we can show that you had an organic heart trouble within one year after discharge, there is a chance we can establish service connection."

"I went to Doctor Jones within three or four months after my discharge, and he told

me I had heart trouble and that I was not to work hard."

"Did he give you any prescriptions?"

"He sure did."

"Where did you have them filled?"

"At the Owl Drug Store."

"I would suggest that you try to get copies of the prescriptions, as they may have been saved. Prescriptions often mean more than doctors' statements in indicating the nature of disabilities, and also give us definite dates."

"Can I bring the doctor before the rating board?"

"Yes, we can arrange for his appearance. It is likely that he would be more convincing than his statement, since it is a common practice for doctors to put down their diagnosis rather than the findings on which diagnosis is based. Bring us all of the evidence you can get, such as prescriptions, dates from doctors' books, with all notations as to how fast your heart was beating before and after exercise, and any other symptoms that might indicate heart disease. Then we will present your case to the board."

"I wish I'd known all this when I filed my claim," the veteran sighed, as he rose to leave. "I believe I can connect up now."

feet, third degree; mitral insufficiency, moderate, or organic, heart trouble, and chronic bronchitis, moderate. When you enlisted on August 7, 1917, a notation was made of weak feet. No aggravation was shown during service, and even if aggravation could be shown, the difference ordinarily is less than ten percent.

"Your bronchitis must be shown in service, with two or more attacks, and with a history of bronchitis following discharge. Treatment was given for twelve days for influenza, but your medical record does not indicate chronic bronchitis developed prior to discharge."

AN overseas veteran exhibited an army discharge showing extensive front-line service.

"I've never asked the Government for anything, as I've been able to care for myself," he declared. "Now I'm up against it and want to file a claim."

"You've never applied for compensation?"

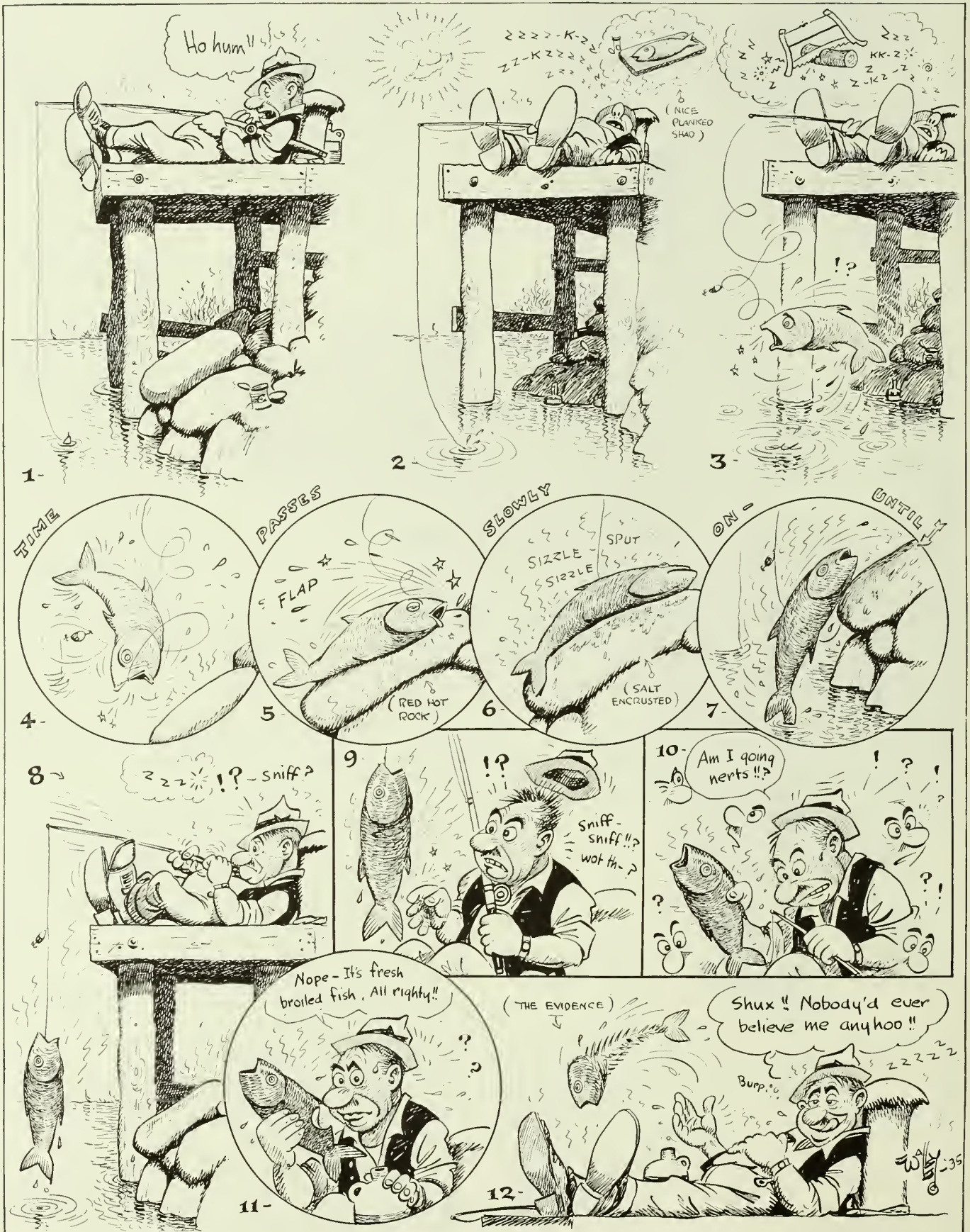
"No."

"We'll make application on this Form P1 and attach copy of your discharge," the S.O. explained. "You should submit all essential facts as to when and where you sustained injuries, or received treatment for diseases in (Continued on page 50)

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

All Things Come to Him Who Waits

By Wallgren



LOOKING TWO WAYS AT ONCE

A CHAIN is no stronger than its weakest link. But if the weakest link happens to be near one end of the chain, it is often possible to couple on ahead of it and let the sound links do the work.

Looking at the thing that way, it is accurate to say of The American Legion that it is far stronger than its weakest posts. But there is little cause for self-congratulation in that. For the situation comes to this:

Whatever prestige The American Legion possesses, whatever influence for good it is able to wield, derives first and last from the individual post. What *your* post means to *your* community is what the national organization of The American Legion means to that community. America is but a composite of communities; national opinion is but a composite of community opinion. More important yet, if your post is up and doing, if it is an alert and active element in your town's life, if it is famous for getting behind worthwhile projects and helping to push them (or pushing them all by itself) to a successful and triumphant conclusion, your community is not only willing but eager to excuse the Legion for whatever elements in its program it happens not to agree with. To that extent—and it is a pretty wide extent—the local post is actually stronger than the national organization itself.

The financial interests regard the bonus issue as so much poison; the radicals shudder at the Legion's Americanism activities; the pacifists wax impacific over the Legion's campaign for an adequate national defense; industrial leaders shed tears of wrath at the prospect of a profitless war. Your town reflects these opinions just as accurately as the country at large reflects them.

That is where the local post comes into the picture. That is where the local post not only comes into the picture but has an opportunity to dominate it by securing and holding the good-will of the citizens with whom its membership rubs shoulders every day in the year.

It is not a new story—it is not a new story, at any rate, in The American Legion. The American Republic has been in existence for one hundred and fifty-nine years come this July Fourth; the Legion has been in existence a little over seventeen years. The Legion, that is, is not quite one-ninth the age of the United States itself. Yet in that brief span of existence, the leaders among the

more than eleven thousand posts of The American Legion have set a standard for community betterment that cannot be matched today and has never been matched in the span of national existence that has gone before.

No, it is not a new story. Here is a post that bought a pulmotor for its local paid fire department, here is a post that supplied the fire department, a post that dug a swimming pool in its local park and then dug holes for tree-planting and supplied the trees, a post that equipped a room in the local hospital, a post that gave its town a community birthday party and awarded a prize to the oldest inhabitant, a post that found and supplied the funds to keep the local schools open, a post that virtually ruined the local weed crop by supplying free seeds to householders, a post that erected street signs and set up waste receptacles throughout its town, a post that maintained an effective quarantine during a smallpox scare, a post that conducted a garden contest for the whole community, a post that helped maintain order and supply food and lodging to the thousands of the hopeful who flocked to its town during a reputed oil boom, a post that supplied and hauled seventy-five yards of gravel to build a park road, a post that took charge of the town library when officials ordered it closed for lack of funds.

No new story? Of course not. Old, old stories—almost as old as the Legion itself. For the little schedule of activities just listed is summarized from The American Legion Weekly, the distinguished (if we do say it) predecessor of this present magazine, for 1922. That was a long time ago. The country was just beginning to recover from the disastrous post-war depression (remember it?) of 1921. The Legion had done some pretty creditable work during those hard times in getting jobs for out-of-work ex-service men. Things were in a smelly mess in the Veterans Bureau.

No, those were not the good old days. But The American Legion was up and doing, and thousands of communities across the land had reason to be grateful for its existence. And were grateful. And still are. For the record of community service within The American Legion still goes on being written. Very little national hullabaloo about it these days. Very little fuss and feathers. But it is all piling up on the credit side a quantity of respect, esteem, and good will that will stand the Legion in good stead as long as the Legion endures.

• NEXT STOP • ST. LOUIS



CHARLES TREETS

THE National Executive Committee, which met at Indianapolis in the first week of May, looked to two American cities—Washington and St. Louis.

For two days as it considered a dozen or more reports of major Legion activities and made important decisions, the committee kept its eyes on Washington, where National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., had gone to lead in person the battle for the bill calling for the immediate payment of adjusted compensation certificates.

Commander Belgrano had sped to Washington on the eve of the meeting, after greeting the newly-arrived committeemen from all the States at a banquet which celebrated the success of the Legion's third annual aerial membership roundup. Then, for two days, with the aid of telephone and telegraph and one of the newest agencies which science has devised for making distance meaningless, the Commander kept as closely in touch with that meeting as if he had actually been present in the National Committee's chamber on the fourth floor of the Legion's National Headquarters building.

At the end of the first day of the meeting, in a special session held at night for the first time in the history of the National Executive Committee, Commander Belgrano addressed the committee by long distance telephone. An amplifier—a comparatively new device in modern telephony—vibrated with Mr. Belgrano's confident message from the front line of battle. A half-hundred committeemen heard the Legion's Commander as his voice filled the chamber, loudly, distinctly. They heard him describe last-minute strategy—the steps being taken to line up support for a measure which promised to enrol support sufficient to pass even over the President's veto. They heard further assurance from John Thomas Taylor, vice-chairman of the

St. Louis's Municipal Auditorium, brand new and big enough for even the biggest Legion crowd, will be the convention's center of everything. It looks out upon open squares, ideal for Legion promenading, and is close by the main hotels and shopping districts

National Legislative Committee. Whatever needed to be done was being done, as told in Mr. Taylor's article in this issue.

Immediately after the National Commander's address, the National Executive Committeeman from each State and other department officers present in the night meeting wrote telegrams to the United States Senators in Washington, urging them to stand firm for the Legion-sponsored bill. The committee passed by unanimous vote a resolution expressing wholehearted support of the efforts of National Commander Belgrano and the National Legislative Committee. This resolution was wired to Mr. Belgrano in Washington.

While its thoughts turned constantly to Washington, the National Executive Committee also looked to St. Louis where between September 23d and 26th the Legion will hold its seventeenth national convention. As one of the two meetings held during the year between national conventions, the May meeting of the committee saw the development of many major problems which will come up for settlement at St. Louis.

The committee, studying intently the legislative activities, saw also a record of great gains in every other field of Legion endeavor—rehabilitation, Americanism, child welfare, national defense, law and order, foreign relations. It reviewed the accomplishment of the National Finance Committee in checking up the efficiency of the administration of all branches of the Legion's national organization. It learned



that the American Legion Endowment Fund has come through the depression with resources preserved surprisingly well. It approved the recommendation of the Official Source Records Committee that steps be taken to preserve the Legion's financial rights in connection with the sale of books which have up to this time yielded substantial revenue needed in rehabilitation work.

As the governing body between national conventions, the committee took an important step to insure proper hotel accommodations and other housing during the St. Louis convention. Warned by experiences in other years and informed that a checkup of rooms available in St. Louis showed a number below advance estimates, the committee passed a resolution urging the St. Louis convention committee to make more rooms available. At the same time, it heard St. Louis's representatives describe frankly the great efforts being made to provide accommodations for everybody. The convention at St. Louis is considered certain to be the second largest the Legion has yet held, if not the largest.

While scrutinizing the St. Louis advance arrangements, the committee had plenty of blandishments from Cleveland, Los Angeles, Atlantic City and Denver, all bidding for the 1936 national convention. Each of these cities sent a sizable delegation to Indianapolis to impress upon the National Executive Committee its own desire to entertain the Legion next year and its suitability because of location and number of hotel rooms available. New York City served notice that it would like to be host to The American Legion in some later year. The fight for the 1936 national convention is bound to be one of the liveliest seen at St. Louis in September.

The National Executive Committee considered the proposal



that The National Legionnaire be distributed to all members without an increase in national dues. After much discussion, it directed that a subcommittee of its own members study the proposal and submit recommendations to the full committee at the meeting which will be held in St. Louis just before the national convention.

The National Legionnaire is now published as a monthly newspaper by the publicity division of National Headquarters in Indianapolis, but it is sent only to department

officers, members of national committees and other Legion officials in key positions.

The decision to refer the proposal to a subcommittee for study and recommendations was reached after the question had been submitted to and considered by the Board of Directors of the Legion Publishing Corporation.

The Legion at San Diego

WHEN the California Pacific International Exposition opened in San Diego on May 29th, San Diego Post of The American Legion got set for many months of entertaining Legionnaires from the rest of the country. For San Diego Post's clubhouse is a palace of Spanish Renaissance architecture, a show-place in 1400-acre Balboa Park in which the exposition is being held. The building, erected in 1915 for the Panama-California Exposition to celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal, was dedicated to the Legion by the city in 1921. It is surrounded by other palatial buildings, in a setting of beautiful tropical landscaping.

Harry Foster, Commander of San Diego Post, is purchasing



Michigan's messengers to the third annual American Legion membership roundup at Indianapolis on May 1st—seven pursuit planes from Selfridge Field. At left, Legionnaire David S. Ingalls of Cleveland, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a leader of the Ohio fleet of twenty planes. At right, Brigadier General F. M. Andrews, chief of the Army Air Forces GHQ at Langley Field, Virginia, who spoke at the roundup banquet.

The roundup added 57,113 members for 1935





The clubhouse of San Diego Post of The American Legion, at the right with the Legion emblem suspended over the entrance, will welcome thousands of Legionnaires during San Diego's California Pacific International Exposition

agent for the exposition. Busy with this job, he will also direct arrangements for special Legion events, including November 11th, which will be observed as American Legion Day. On that day 20,000 California Legionnaires are expected to take over the exposition. There will be dancing in the streets, music and, as they say in this city only twenty miles from Mexico, "mucho fiesta." National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., is to visit the exposition during the summer. The San Diego Legionnaires are also preparing for another big day when President Roosevelt appears in San Diego. Legion drum corps and bands from all over the State will turn out on special occasions all during the summer.

The exposition will remind the rest of the country of the stirring days when, fifty years after Columbus discovered America, Balboa commissioned Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo to explore the western coast. Cabrillo sailed into the bay which is now inclosed by San Diego, named it after the patron saint of Spanish mariners. The main significance of the exposition, however, is in calling attention to the new importance of the Pacific as a world arena of history and commerce.

Spokesman for 8,000,000

A TALL Frenchman, addressing the National Executive Committee at its May meeting, brought greetings of eight million service men in eleven countries and told how World War veterans have helped put down war scares in many European nations. He was Jean Desbons, President of Fidac, an

attorney who practices in the Court of Appeals of Paris. He was no stranger to the United States or The American Legion. As the leader of French veterans, he brought greetings to the Legion's San Antonio national convention in 1928. The year before, he was chairman of the reception committee for The American Legion's national convention held in Paris.

Interested spectator while Legion speakers debated on many subjects, M. Desbons spoke briefly in French. Away from the meeting, however, he had no difficulty in using English as he explained to Reverend Father Robert J. White, American Vice-President of Fidac, and other Legion leaders the very great service Fidac is attempting to render today by conferring with representatives of German veterans' societies, by its other continuous efforts to prevent another war.

When he spoke of war, he did not speak academically. He had volunteered for service in the French infantry August 2, 1914, was wounded in battle, captured by the enemy and escaped the same day under fire. Later he lived through adventures that sound fictional, traveling in disguise through the enemy lines, at one time endeavoring to blow up the Kaiser's secret GHQ. For thirteen years he headed the French association of former prisoners of war.

From the Indianapolis meeting, M. Desbons journeyed to Louisville and saw Omaha win the Kentucky Derby. He almost won on that, he said before sailing. Owner of a string of thirty horses himself, he had reckoned Omaha could repeat the victory of



Leader of 8,000,000 World War veterans, Jean Desbons of Paris brought greetings to the May meeting of the National Executive Committee



his daddy, Gallant Fox, in 1930. But a pretty woman in his party liked another horse better and he changed his own bet to please her.

Planes and Cards

THE third annual aerial membership roundup, completed on May 1st, the day before the National Executive Committee assembled, was the

most successful aerial roundup yet held, from the standpoint of the number of planes taking part, number of cards forwarded by the Departments and freedom from mishaps. Exactly 57,113 membership cards came in, 8,000 more than last year. Illinois led in numbers, with 7,744, making its enrolment 63,354 and giving it first place in enrolment. New York sent 6,705 cards, to make a total of 61,799. Pennsylvania, third of the big three, with 54,405 members, sent 3,594, its biggest membership drive having been reported in an earlier month. Ohio made a great record by sending 5,008 cards, giving it a membership of 39,276, or 91.51 percent of its quota for the year. Ohio, solidly behind Cleveland's efforts to win the 1936 national convention, sent a big delegation in a fleet of twenty planes. Legionnaire David S. Ingalls of Cleveland, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Navy, came in his own plane. Michigan Legionnaires were escorted by seven pursuit planes from Selfridge Field. Tennessee's delegation had a National Guard squadron of six ships. Brigadier General F. M. Andrews, chief of the Army Air Forces GHQ at Langley Field, Virginia, flew in while the card-laden planes were arriving from every direction. He was the principal speaker at the dinner tendered by National Commander Belgrano to all those who took part in the roundup.

The weather gods of the Middle West might have been kinder to the roundup, but luckily intermittent rains which prevailed during the day did not ground any of the Legion planes. With all planes safely in, storm clouds thickened and all Indiana was drenched and swept by winds which in one sector of the State produced a little tornado.

Typical of the Legion messengers bearing cards was Les Albert, Adjutant of the Department of Idaho. He started by United

Airlines plane from Portland, Oregon, where he got the cards from Washington and Oregon. He picked up Idaho's cards at Boise, Utah's at Salt Lake City, Wyoming's at Cheyenne. At Grand Island, Nebraska, he was joined by Fred Winter, Commander of the Nebraska Department, carrying his Department's cards.

Iowa's cards were picked up at Des Moines. In Chicago, Mr. Albert, with his bulky burden, transferred to an American Airlines plane. He arrived in Indianapolis in the midst of the roundup. Department Adjutant Milt Phillips of Oklahoma and other Oklahoma Legionnaires started with Texas cards at Dallas, picked up Oklahoma's cards at Oklahoma City, and were joined at Kansas City by William Kitchen, Commander of the Missouri Department, with Missouri's cards. Arch Clossen, Commander of the California Department, flew in from Los Angeles by American Airlines, after picking up Arizona's cards at Phoenix and the Arkansas cards at Little Rock.



Legionnaires and Lettuce

SINCE the professors began making the United States vitamin conscious, the town of Kent, Washington, has been doing all it could to glorify American lettuce. Little Willy, already thoroughly sold on the idea of eating even spinach as a duty—so that he can grow into a Babe Ruth—won't forget to eat lettuce also, if the Legionnaires of Kent have their way. And he'll eat green peas too, if he'll listen to what Kent Post of the Legion tells him.

Everybody in Kent Post—almost everybody in the Post's town of 2,500, for that matter—is an evangel of the gospel of green vegetables, according to Legionnaire C. M. Miller, who sends word of his outfit's part in staging this year, as in other years, the Kent Lettuce Festival. The general chairman of the festival is Post Commander Lineham Kean. All other committees for the festival are headed by Legionnaires.

The photograph on this page shows Kent Auxiliaries as they were about to mail to President Roosevelt a huge plywood postcard inviting him to attend the festival. That event is expected to surpass even last year's. Legion Posts from a wide section of Washington and Oregon will take part in it.

"The parade last year was an extravaganza," writes Mr. Miller. "It was four miles long and was made up of elaborate floats. Try doubling up a four-mile parade in a town of 2,500 and see what kind of a traffic jam you have at the start and finish."

"The White River Valley, of which Kent is the hub, is between Seattle and Tacoma. We have no extreme cold, no high winds and no dust storms. A light snow comes about once in seven or eight years. We ship 1,200 carloads of lettuce, peas and cauliflower during a sixty-day packing season."

St. Louis Says Register Now

THE 1935 American Legion Convention Corporation in St. Louis issued, closely following the meeting of the National Executive Committee, an appeal to all Legionnaires who expect to attend the convention. Register now with your

(Continued on page 59)



Opal Sorenson and June Miller of the Auxiliary unit of Kent (Washington) Post send a postcard to President Roosevelt

Them WAS the BAD



The M. P.'s all immersed in their little books trying to find out about mon-ocles

"**A**H, THOSE were the days," sighed the fattish bald-headed man. "Oh, to be transported back fifteen years to dear old la belle France. Happy, carefree days—" "Listen," interrupted the stalwart, handsome youth (me) with a profile that has frequently been compared to John Barrymore or Wallace Beery or somebody. "Happy, carefree days, me foot! We won't mention the unpleasantnesses connected with daisy-pushing, but take the saluting business, for instance—"

"By the way," said the fat man, "are you or aren't you supposed to salute a British sergeant major? I heard both."

"I don't know," the living counterpart of Lord Byron admitted. "But it doesn't matter, because nobody ever saw a British sergeant major whose chin you couldn't walk right under without his ever noticing you. But I've seen strong, healthy citizens worn right down to a shadow trying to remember when to salute and when not to. Suppose you're sitting peacefully in an orderly room and an officer comes in. Well, Article Somenumbers says that if the wind is from the east you rise and highball, whereas if the date falls within one lunar month of the Ides of March you merely rise respectfully, but, on the other hand, if there is an overwhelming majority of Liberal members in the Chamber of Deputies, only your fanny remains at attention."

"Listen—" said Baldy.

"And whom to salute," went on the good looking chap, giving careful attention to the "whom" part. "Bo Hurley was the only man in the A.E.F. who could recognize a Portuguese shavetail or a Lithuanian jigadier brindle at sight. His right arm acquired such a graceful, sweeping up-and-down motion that I understand the French Navy offered him a fat salary to pump down air to people in sunken submarines, or maybe it was entombed coal miners. "Listen—"

"But listen—"

"It hung on a long time," the modern Adonis corrected him.

"Even after the war. Why, Jack Kinney and I were discharged together at Camp Upton (and some time when I'm not talking for publication I'll tell you what I think of that place) and we got our red chevrons sewed on and went to Broadway. Along the street trotted a shiny new loogie and Jack absent-mindedly saluted him, the loogie returning the highball on a gold-barred platter. We went along about half a block, and then I said:

"'What did you want to do that for? That's all kaput now.'

"'Sweet grief!' Jack yelled. 'I forgot!' So he turned and went legging it up the line, me following, and caught the loot by the elbow. 'Sir,' says Jack, his face very red and exhibiting his chevron, 'I take that one back. I didn't mean it.' He must have been a pretty decent loot, because he just grinned and said, 'Apology accepted.'

"'Well,' Jack said, 'I guess that squares me. I guess I can look the world in the face again now.' 'You could,' I told him, 'if you hadn't called him sir. There aren't any sirs no more, no more, there aren't any sirs no more.'

"'Good grief!' Jack shouted. 'Did I do that?' And he was off up the street like a shot again. We caught a glimpse of the loogie going into a movie, but he'd disappeared by the time we got there, so Jack bought a ticket and went in. But he told me it was pretty dark in there and the place was infested with officers and he couldn't very well go around telling them all that in his opinion they were no more sirs than he was, so he had to confess defeat.

"Jack went back to Boston, grew a mustache, three chins and a high-powered advertising business, but his wife tells me that around the anniversary of that night each year he groans something dreadful in his sleep."

"Still," objected the fattish one, "it was times like those that developed character, rugged individual honesty—"

"Didn't you ever do anything in the slicker-selling line?"

"Oh, a trifle—a mere trifle here and



His right arm acquired a graceful, sweeping up-and-down motion

OLD DAYS

By Tip Bliss

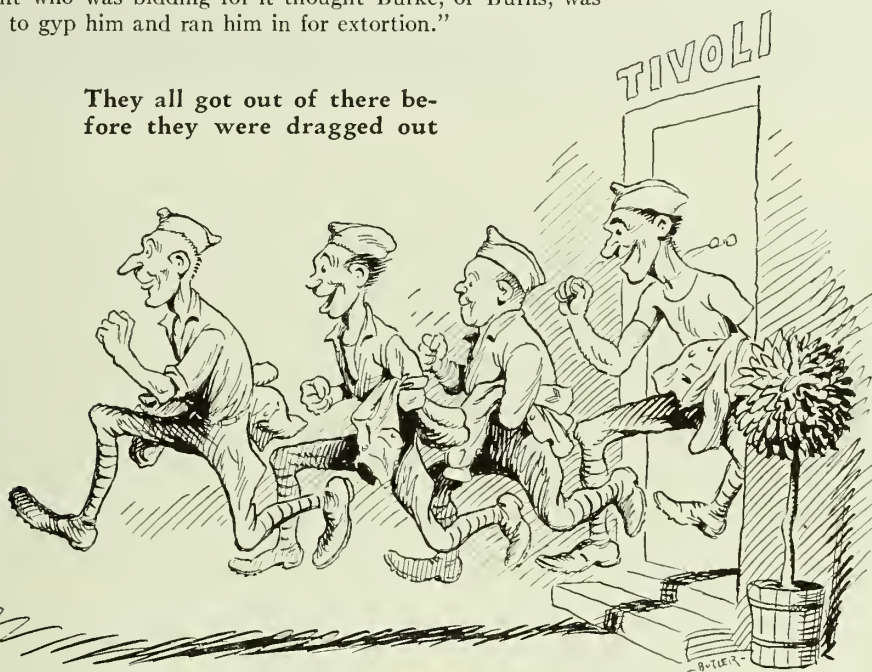
AN A. E. F. Alumnus Thinks Back, Harks Back, Talks Back

there," the other admitted hastily and with becoming modesty. "But only when it appeared obvious that payday was to be indefinitely delayed, and then only as a matter of reprisal, as you might say. But—"

"I knew a fellow in just your situation," said the narrator. "His name was George Burke, or Burns—I forget which. He was out on detached service and he had one of those little books that's supposed to be good for pay at any Q.M. office. Well, he was in Bar-le-Duc and broke, of course, so he went around to the Q.M., but something was wrong. Only eighteen indorsements instead of nineteen, or they were made out in purple typewriter ink instead of black.

"So this Burns, or Burke, saw a truckload of slickers and started selling them off—as a matter of reprisal, to be sure. First he sold them to the French civilians and then to the soldados and finally to members of the Quartermaster staff itself. All was well until he ran out of slickers and started selling the truck. And he wouldn't have been pinched at all except that the M.P. sergeant who was bidding for it thought Burke, or Burns, was trying to gyp him and ran him in for extortion."

They all got out of there before they were dragged out



"An isolated instance," the fattish man protested. "This fellow Barnes, or Barrows, must originally have had low criminal instincts—"

"Listen," broke in our dashing hero. "You remember Carey?"

The fat man's face turned a pale green, but he refused to commit himself.

"You know St. Aignan—St. Agony?"

A darker shade of olive overspread the other's countenance as he stammered a reluctant affirmative.

"Well, Carey and I were down in some little wide place in the road near St. Agony—I forget what they called it. We'd slept in casual bunks that night, and, believe me, we had plenty of visitors. Cooties from every department in France, not counting those who spoke only Plattdeutsch and Walloon patois. So we started shirt-reading, with side bets of half a franc for each one we cracked.

"Well, Carey had me nailed to the mast. I thought I was pretty crumby, but he was popping three to my one. I wound up something like eighteen francs in the hole, paid up like a little man, and Carey went out and came back at two a.x. all vinned up like Martha's Vineyard. And it wasn't till those eighteen francs were safely in the French Treasury, or wherever it is that good little francs go when they die, that I discovered he'd crooked me all along by making those cracking noises by clapping his tongue against the roof of his mouth. Personally, I don't believe he ever even had dandruff. Rugged individual honesty! The lowdown chiseler!"

"I must remember that trick in case we have another war," the bald person murmured, making a note on the back of the menu. "But the thrill of those days, boy, the thrills! The martial parades—"

"Listen, I never took part in but one parade unless you count those things where we dog-trotted under full pack up the sides of 'hills' that made the Alps look like golf tees. But this one was different. We'd hit Paris again then.

"Bo Hurley—that same saluting beagle—and Dan Dennis and I were going along the Boulevard des Italiens trying to think up some nonsense that would irritate the War Department. Danny,

you know, is about the size of a Swiss canton—not one of the biggest nor one of the smallest, but a good average Swiss canton—and Bo looks something like an exclamation point on a typewritten manuscript. And I am as Heaven made me. Maybe we looked funny enough anyway, but we decided to improve on nature, so we went into an optician's store and bought three monacles, adjusted them, and proceeded on our way. That was about at the corner of Rue Taitbout.

"We hadn't gone half a block before an M.P. was on our tail. 'You can't wear monacles,' sezze. 'Who can't wear monacles?' sezwe. 'You can't, nor nobody can't,' sez the M.P., and fishes out a little black book with a lot of rules and regulations in it, including many words. But it seemed there was nothing under the index letter M applying to monacles. As far as I can figure, it was the only thing the lads who write those books ever omitted since

John Paul Jones sank the *Hesperus*."

"John Paul Jones didn't sink the *Hesperus*," the fattish creature demurred. "Dewey did. I know, because I had an uncle who—"

"Prove it. Well, anyway, the M.P. trotted along behind studying away at his little book for something that applied to monacles until another M.P. hove in sight. 'Halt,' commanded the second M.P. 'You can't wear monacles.' This time we merely scorned him, but Danny Dennis, being the biggest one of us, scorned him the most. 'They can't wear monacles,' said the second M.P. to the first M.P. 'I know they can't,' the first M.P. replied, 'but I just can't seem to find it.' 'Try

under Eyeglass,' said the second M.P. So they both turned to the index letter I and went to (Continued on page 53)

Cartoons by
A.B. Butler, Jr.

They **MUD** in Siberia,



This tug-of-war formation is of men of the 27th Infantry who are assisting to advance their supply wagons through bottomless mud in Siberia. The picture was taken in the late summer of 1918 while the regiment was on a hike to positions near Kharbarovsk

WITH the passing of the years—and aren't they flying by?—old service memories are beginning to dim, except when they are revived at an outfit reunion, a Legion meeting or convention or in these columns. For those of us who were in the A. E. F., dough-boy French is rapidly disappearing, the names of mademoiselles and of villages in which we billeted are growing hazy, and dates, except those of scraps, are hard to recall.

Eventually all we will be able to remember is that phrase, born out of the deepest sarcasm—"Sunny France." And since that brings to mind only discomfort—incessant, so we thought, then, rain, wading in ankle-deep mud and water, uncomfortable nights under pup-tents in the fields or woods, we will probably be glad to forget that.

When we belly-ache about "sunny France," we should stop to consider the fellows who had even tougher going in North Russia and in Siberia. While mention of those isolated sectors in which some of our comrades saw duty usually conjures up ideas of perpetual far-below-zero cold and snow and ice, we learn that sometimes even in those climes the ground compared well with the consistency of French soil at its worst. Want an example? Give the picture on this page a once-over. That grouping rather brings to mind the "Song of the Volga Boatmen," sung by the ex-proletariat of Russia while towing boats along its rivers.

Let us learn something of the experiences of our soldiers in the A. E. F. in Siberia from a letter received from Legionnaire Fred Parfrey of Waverly, New York. Ex-Wolfhound Parfrey speaks:

"I have just discovered some old service pictures and am sending them to you with the thought that readers of the Monthly might be interested in them. One of the prints shows a monastery somewhere in eastern Siberia, the area in which American troops served.

"My outfit was the 27th Infantry Regiment which was sent from Manila in the Philippines, late in the summer of 1918, to Vladivostok, from where it advanced to guard the Trans-Siberian railroad with regimental headquarters established at Kharbarovsk, about five hundred miles inland. The second picture shows

a unit of our regiment on a famous six-day hike made during the late summer of 1918.

"I think it was the Japanese who said that we would not be able to get through to our destination. But that old backwoodsman, Colonel Morrow (I think it was), who had the say-so at that time, replied in a few well-chosen words that America would pave the way, and we did. With the use of straw, brush or what have you, to make impassable roads passable, we *did* get through—but what price glory? as you will notice from the picture.

"This depicts only one of the many trials and tribulations that confronted the regiment on that particular hike. Here you see one of the companies pulling its supply wagons through the swamp after having placed straw and brush before the wheels to keep the wagons from sinking into the mire. You will also notice that some of the soldiers have their shoes off. Blistered feet were plentiful. Dysentery added to their misery. The rain evidently waited for that hike to start, as it rained continuously after the second day out.

"I don't think I can ever erase from my memory those days of bridge-building, road-making and mule-hauling in Siberia. Just how or why we went there and what our plans were I never knew. But I do know we went through a dense, roadless forest about a week after the contending Bolshevik and 'White' armies that traveled by railroad and, quite naturally, burned their bridges behind them.



too

A type of architecture which some World War veterans learned to know. This is a monastery in eastern Siberia where American soldiers joined Allied warriors in guarding railroads and war supplies



"Although the going was tough most of the time, I am sure that the American Army left a good impression on the people of Siberia—and especially on the Japanese representatives in that we did carry through.

"I haven't heard of any reunion organization of the old 27th Infantry, U. S. Army, and I think there should be one. If any of the veterans are

interested in such an organization I would be glad to act as temporary chairman. They may write to me at Waverly, New York."

OUR records show that as long ago as 1922 an effort was made to form an organization of veterans of the 27th and 31st Infantry Regiments, both of which saw service in Siberia. A reunion of "Siberian Snowdogs" was held in Omaha, Nebraska, in conjunction with the Legion national convention in 1925. During the past several months announcements have appeared in the Outfit Notices column of the Monthly of a reunion of

hounds" or "Snowdogs" staging a reunion in St. Louis at the time of the Legion national convention next September?

In an effort to answer partly the oft-repeated question even of Siberian veterans themselves as to the reason for serving in that far-off part of the world, we quote the following from "The Great Events of the Great War:"

"Tentatively, hesitantly, the Ally governments began to reach out the hand of interference within Russia. Wherever any Russians themselves rallied and declared a preference for order rather than disorder, for law and justice rather than dull prejudice and red injustice, there the Allies lent aid to the new parties opposing Bolshevism. The first definite step of this sort was taken in April, 1918, when the

United States and Japan landed forces at Vladivostok, the chief Siberian port on the Pacific, to protect from Bolshevik seizure or destruction the large Ally supplies which had been sent there for democratic Russia. The Bolsheviks, it should be remembered had repudiated all the debts of the former government, so certainly they had no claim upon the supplies those debts had purchased."

This policing, in which Polish, Italian, French, British, Canadian, Servian and Czech troops participated, was extended to the guarding of the Trans-Siberian railroad. Our American forces,

totaling about 8,000 men, including the 27th and 31st Infantry Regiments, 148th Ordnance Depot Company, Field Hospital No. 4, Ambulance Company No. 4, Engineer and Q. M. C. units, were commanded by General William S. Graves, who received his orders direct from Washington. Our troops were finally withdrawn from Siberia in April, 1920.



Say ah! A bunch of rookies just arrived from the States stand medical inspection before assignment to the 33d Infantry at Culebra in the Canal Zone. The screen-enclosed barracks porch indicates the tropical climate in which these troops did their stuff

NOW from our visit up near the Arctic Circle, suppose we drop down to a spot near the Equator on the opposite side of the world and take a look at soldier activities there during the World War period. Even though they were basking in the bright sunlight of the tropics instead of serving in "sunny" France or in frozen Siberia, they were as much in the war as the rest of them.

Our narrator in this instance is Louis J. Gilbert of 260 Gregory Avenue, Passaic, New Jersey, who, though a veteran of the 33d Infantry, speaks for all the lads and gals of the various and sundry outfits that were assigned to guarding Uncle Sam's canal down in the sweltering sector of the Canal Zone. Of the several pictures Gilbert sent us, we liked best the amusingly reminiscent one of a

Siberian veterans in Fresno, California, August 20th, at the time of the Department convention of the Legion, and in the same column, Sergeant Herbert E. Smith of *The Recruiting News*, U. S. Army, Governors Island, New York, has been suggesting the organization of a "Wolfhound Society." How about the "Wolf-

newly-arrived group of recruits being given the once-over—one of whom is obligingly saying "Ahhhh" for the medical officer. For atmosphere, we have a background of a screen-enclosed barracks which housed our tropical troops. All right, Gilbert, you're elected to talk:

"Any of you ever forget those first thrills of service? Training. Preparations for departure. Entrainment. Destination unknown. Rumors. One fellow who knew you were headed for France. Another sure that Italy was the goal. A third equally positive you would land in Siberia. More rumors after embarking on the transport.

"Well, my ship landed me in the Canal Zone, where I became part of the 33d Infantry. The picture I am enclosing will revive old memories to ex-Canal Zoners. Francis A. Francis, ex-sergeant in Company B, 29th Infantry, stationed at Culebra in the Zone, took this snapshot of recruits arriving for eventual assignment to the 33d Infantry. This regiment took over the posts of the 5th and 29th Regiments of Infantry, permitting those regiments to return to the States to act as instructors.

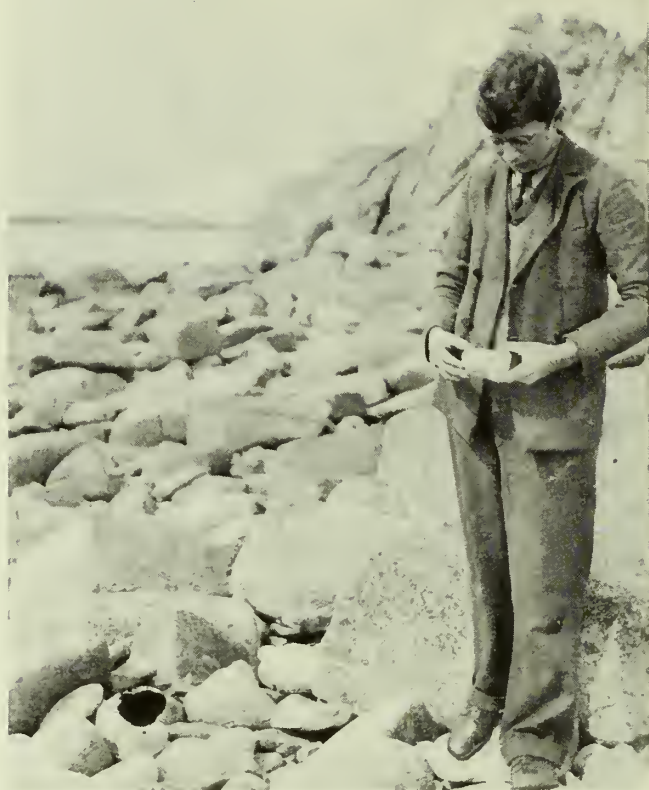
"While we saw no actual fighting, still we fellows who served in the Zone have many memories in common. So at the Legion national convention in Chicago in 1933, we men of the 33d Infantry staged a reunion. From that meeting developed the U. S. Army Canal Zone Veterans Association which invites to membership all men who served with the 12th Cavalry, 1st Separate Mountain Artillery, Engineers and Signal Corps at Corozal, all Coast Artillery Corpsmen who served at Forts Amador, Sherman, Grant, de Lesseps and Randolph; men of the Aviation Corps at France Field; the 5th, 29th and 33d Infantry Regiments at Gatun, Empire and Gaillard; the Puerto Rican Regiment of Infantry, and Medical and Quartermaster Corpsmen at all the foregoing posts.

"Our second reunion at Miami last year was successful and now we are pointing to a real reunion in St. Louis when the Legion national convention is in session there next September 23d to 26th. I hold the position of president of the Association, while Albert F. Goodwin of Gloversville, New York, is secretary. We want to hear from all the Canal Zoners and want to see them in St. Louis.

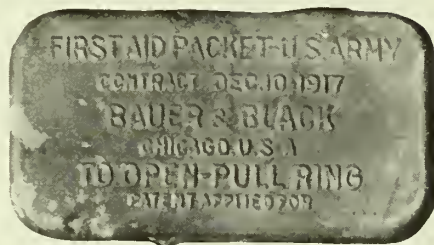
"The national historian of our organization, Christian L. Christensen of New York City, has the distinction of having been in 1913 a member of the German Naval Reserves after having had four years of voluntary service in the Imperial German Navy. His German serial number was 260 P. A. First Division, First Company, Kiel. By October, 1918, however, he had had forty-four months' service at Fort Sherman, Canal Zone, in our own Army, when he made a journey on the old U. S. Army Transport *Kilpatrick* back to the States. He had served as acting mess sergeant and cook of the 16th Artillery Band, Coast Artillery Corps, at Fort Sherman."

CONTRARY to the ill-famed condiment can which somehow slipped into required equipment lists and served no purpose except to get a man in bad at inspections provided he had discarded his, the first-aid packet was a real friend in need. It was small, compact, easy to carry and more than earned its keep when a fellow stopped a fragment of shell.

Even so, we didn't realize the value of the small metal container which held two gauze bandages, 4x84 inches, 2 gauze compresses, 3½x3½, two safety pins and printed directions for use. In a history of the Medical Department of our Army we ran across this statement concerning one of our earlier wars: "There were comparatively few wounded in the Spanish-American War—1898. The first-aid packet protected most of these from infection and wound infections were not a major problem." Consider how proportionately greater its use was in the World War.



On the rocky shores of one of the Scilly Isles off the southwestern coast of England, a young man found an American Army first-aid packet in 1934. How did this packet, shown alongside, get there after sixteen years, and whose was it?



Now through Glenn B. Meagher of Chicago, Illinois, we learn of one of these packets which has had an unusual experience. Just who it belonged to or what became of the soldier who had it issued to him will probably never be known. From the contract date shown on the top of the packet, which is reproduced, it can be assumed that it was one of tens of thousands produced early in 1918 and was issued to one of the two million men and women who eventually comprised the A. E. F.

The other picture shows George F. Smith, Jr., a young man resident of St. Agnes Island, one of the Scilly Isles which lie in the Atlantic about twenty-five miles off Lands End, the southwesternmost point of England. This group of forty small islands is the first land sighted by eastbound ocean passengers to Southampton, Plymouth or to northern European ports, and so was greeted enthusiastically by thousands of

our A. E. F.-bound soldiers.

Here on St. Agnes Island, as the picture shows, young Smith picked up the American first-aid packet last year—sixteen years after our big troop movement overseas. Just what is the story behind this packet's travels? Did some doughboy drop it and was it washed into the sea? Was it perhaps on the person of some soldier cast into the sea when the *Moldavia* was torpedoed off the south coast of England? Perhaps it (Continued on page 61)



Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



DEPARTMENT Child Welfare Chairman Orland K. Armstrong, of Missouri, returning from a recent Southern trip, tells

about two Pullman porters, having runs on rival roads, greeting each other at the Decatur, Alabama, station.

"Boy, we suttin'ly did do some runnin' to-day!"

"Hush up man! Yo' pokey ole train could'n' git up enough speed to get away from the devil if he was chasin' it down hill!"

"Maybe not. But we ain't never run so slow dat a ox team come up behind us an' gnawed de paint off'n de rear platform!"

B. L. BASSHAM of the Coast Guard writes from Honolulu that after eight months' residence there his seven-year-old daughter confided to him one day that she knew three radio stations there. As there are only two, he asked her to name them, and she replied:

"KGU, KGMB and YMCA."

HANS J. WALLER, Service Officer of McColley Post, Huntington Park, California, writes that his four-year-old boy was intently studying a picture of his grandfather in uniform with an overseas cap. All at once the youngster asked his mother:

"Where is my grandfather?"

"In heaven, dear."

A puzzled look came over the lad's face and he asked:

"What's he doing there with an American Legion cap on?"

AN AGGING wife attended a lecture on "The Face with a Smile Always Wins." She was very much impressed and decided to change her sour temperament and try experiment with a smile. The next morning when her husband came down for breakfast she greeted him with a beaming smile.

In utter amazement he collapsed.

"Great guns!" he exclaimed faintly. "Now she's got lockjaw!"



COMRADE Bill Reilly of the Leavenworth Reilly's tells about an old pal from the open spaces that was dining with a very swank family. At the

end of the meal the butler placed an enormous silver finger bowl at his place, and the man from the plains pushed it

away. The attentive butler moved it back into place, and it was pushed away again without being used. Again the butler replaced it, and with a look of superior contempt, the guest pushed the finger bowl away for the third time exclaiming:

"Hell, mister, I washed my hands this morning!"

PAST Department Commander Ferre C. Watkins, of Illinois, relates that when he was starting out in the legal profession he asked an old man who had served on many juries what most influenced his decisions—the lawyers, the witnesses or the judge.

"I always make up my mind this way," the old timer replied. "I'm an ordinary man with a reasoning mind, and I don't let nothing the lawyer says, nor what the witness tells, no, not even what the judge says, influence me. No, sir! I just take a good squint at the prisoner and say to myself, 'If he didn't do something, why is he here?' Then I bring 'em all in guilty."



THE sawmill foreman was in a rage, and he had his chief sawyer on the carpet. "You're fired!" he finally shouted.

"What's the matter—isn't my work all right?"

"Sure your work is all right!"

"Well, then, why fire me when I'm delivering the goods?"

"It's your drinking—you're liable to kill somebody!"

"Oh, if that's it I can quit drinking; in fact I've quit more'n a thousand times in the last ten years."

ACCORDING to Admiral Don Eagle, of the Great Navy of Nebraska, two men after much imbibing were seated in a restaurant and trying exceedingly hard to keep within the bounds of recognized forms of good social practice. Suddenly one leaned over to the other and in a confidential whisper said:

"Don't look now, but that fellow going out the farther door is wearing your overcoat."

FRANK E. DALTON of New York tells about the applicant for a job who was being questioned by the personnel director.

"Do you really think you are fit for hard labor?"

"Sure!" was the reply. "In fact, several of the best judges in the country have thought so."



LITTLE Willie had been listening to his elders discuss the nudist fad. At the theater, pointing to a bald-headed man, he asked:

"Mother, is that man

over there a nudist?"

"Yes, dear, but only a beginner."

THE newlyweds were taking their honeymoon in the wilds of darkest Africa. Writing home, the bride said: "It is lonesome out here, but we did hear some laughing hyenas last night."

Reading the letter, her mother remarked: "Isn't it grand for the young couple to have such friendly neighbors?"

MRS. John A. Jimerson, of Auburn, Nebraska, describes a philosophical little girl whose father was a horse breeder. A baby had just arrived in the family next door, and the little girl was taken to see it. She looked at the baby, then at its mother, and observed;

"Now, if Mrs. Bumpsy were a horse, the baby would be a colt, wouldn't it?"

THE Arctic explorer was delivering his lecture, and remarked that the polar bear has nature's best winter coat.

"That may be true," whispered one woman. "But the moths have mine."

OUT in Hollywood a couple were at the desk of the marriage license clerk.

"Have you been married before, and if so to whom?" the official asked.

"What's the big idea?" asked the movie star. "A memory test?"

ACCORDING to Colonel J. C. Willing, a tipsy man was on his hands and knees making a search around the base of a lamp post one night.

"What are you looking for?" asked a passer-by.

"I dropped my ring."

"Where did you drop it?"

"Across the street!"

"Across the street? Well, why don't you look for it over there?"

"Because there isn't any light over there."



"HENRY, what breed ob chickens am considered de best-est?"

"Lawsy, man, all kinds ob 'em hab dar merits," he replied.

"De white ones am de easiest to find, but de black ones am de easiest to hide."

THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Adjusted Service Certificate Maneuvers, Contacting the Rank and File, the Legion's Stand on Isms Draw Comments of Editors

LEGISLATION for immediate cash payment of adjusted service certificates has been maneuvered into the exact position opponents of payment desired to see it in.

It was predicted in *The Legionnaire* weeks ago that the strategy of the opposition would be to advance the "new money" plan ahead of the conservative Legion-Vinson Bill so the President would have better ground on which to base a veto and so the inflation opponents in the Senate would sustain such a veto.

It must be conceded that probably a two-thirds majority of the Senate want to see the debt to the veterans settled, but it is doubtful if that majority will vote to pay the debt with so-called inflated currency.

The fact that several opponents of any kind of payment legislation voted for the Patman Bill in preference to the Legion-Vinson Bill and then voted against the Patman Bill appears to be all the proof needed that the present situation is exactly what the Administration wanted.—*Arkansas Legionnaire*.

CONTACTING THE RANK AND FILE

JUST about every so often you can read in the columns of the press the quoted statement of some politico who declares that the reason The American Legion is not backing his particular legislative measure is because "the leaders of the Legion are not in touch with the rank and file of the organization."

Or, the statement may be that "the rank and file can't get to the national officers, who are running the Legion according to their own ideas, without regard to the members back in the posts."

Of course, the whole idea is sour, and a piece of political mumbo-jumbo that most recognize for just what it is. It appears a pity that some of these politicians do not wake up to the sorry plight in which they place themselves.

The National Commander—and that means Commander Belgrano the same as the National Commanders who have preceded him—spends the major portion of his time in traveling about the United States, speaking at Legion meetings and banquets and everywhere he goes talking to and gathering information from department, district and post officers, and from the lay Legionnaire himself. If there is any one person, who through personal contact knows what the rank and file Legionnaire wants, that person is National Commander Frank N. Belgrano.—*Legion News, Detroit, Michigan*.

THE LEGION STAND ON ISMS

THE American Legion's position in combatting the "isms" of the present era was made clear by National Vice-Commander Milo Warner of Toledo, in a radio address.

"The American Legion, which is truly representative of America—not of any creed or class, but of all America—recognizes and accepts the present challenge of changed conditions," he said.

"We feel that certain changes and adjustments are being made and must be made.

"What changes are found necessary in that structure can be determined upon those principles and by our own American citizens.

We of The American Legion have a firm conviction that the vast number of our citizens of the United States consider that our country is fully able to determine wisely its own destiny without the uninvited aid of foreign groups and foreign policies.

"We can settle our own problems and make our own adjustments with reasonable fairness to all groups. We need no Communists, no Fascists, no Nazis to tell us what to do. The great majority of our economic, social and political leaders recognize that new adjustments may be made and shall be made in our United States with substantial and eventually approximate fairness to all.

"That is the attitude of The American Legion which says in the preamble to its constitution that it is organized among other purposes 'to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses.'"—*Ohio Legion News*.

CALIFORNIA'S JAPANESE POST

IF YOU happened to be one of the lucky Legionnaires who attended the initiation and installation ceremonies of the new Commodore Perry Post (Japanese) last Tuesday night, you no doubt came away with a mixture of feelings.

More than one thousand Japanese, Commander Karl K. Iwanaga informed us, served in the armed forces of the United States during the World War. In Los Angeles we have more than 100 of these comrades.

The hall at 204½ East First Street was crowded long before the time for the meeting. Nearly every post of the Seventeenth District was represented.

These Japanese boys are just veterans like the rest of us. They went through the same hardships, were served the same chow and wore the same uniform and they speak the language of the veteran just like all the gang.

They took the obligation and they are now Legionnaires and unless we are mistaken they are going to show a lot of our posts how the program of the organization should be carried out.

Diplomats, politicians, and financiers may find much to argue and rave about but when men who fought together in a common service meet as members of the same organization we feel that no end of good is going to result and that the basis for a better understanding has been established.—*American Legion Weekly Bulletin, Los Angeles, California*.

THE PUBLIC AND THE LEGION

WE OFTEN feel that the general public does not understand the Legion, its aims and ideals.

Several posts this year have arranged public programs and have explained the Legion's viewpoint. Everywhere that that has occurred the public has been sympathetic.

If the public does not understand, we have none to blame but ourselves. We suggest that every post which has not already done so, immediately lay plans for a public meeting of some kind so that we can explain the real meaning of Legionism.—*New Jersey Legionnaire*.

Minds in the Mending

(Continued from page 11)

facilities are put, and by constant contact with Veterans Administration officials in all parts of the country helps to work out improvements. As Chairman of this committee it is a pleasure to report that Veterans Administration hospitals are recognized throughout the world for the conspicuous part they have played and are playing in the progress of the art of mental healing, to the end that a new spirit of hopefulness characterizes the plight of the insane.

In dealing with this problem, the National Rehabilitation Committee of the Legion works in close contact with the American Medical Association, particularly its executive committee. This body has helpfully supported the Legion in its fight to obtain adequate and model hospital facilities for the treatment of insane veterans. Two members of the American Medical Association, nominated by its president, serve as members of the advisory staff of the National Rehabilitation Committee.

ABOUT the institution at Lyons, New Jersey, which is typical of the government hospitals, there is no earmark to identify it as an insane asylum, judged by the old and familiar standards. On the 380 acres of grounds one does not see a wall or fence, excepting farm fences, or a guard. In the buildings one does not see a barred window, though steel window frames and ornamental grilles answer the purpose of bars. The rooms are light and cheerful, with curtained windows, rugs on the floors and easy furniture about as in a hotel. They contain the recreational facilities usually found in a good club. In the entire place there is not a strong-room or straitjacket, though violent patients have been delivered in straitjackets which were at once removed. Patients are brought out of their periods of acute disturbance by an elaborate system of electro- and hydrotherapy and in stubborn cases by the use of sedative drugs. Soothing baths and light treatments are sometimes hours in duration. Whereas restraint and confinement achieve the immediate end of preventing a patient from harming himself or others they are in the long run destructive to one of the fundamental things it is necessary to build up to restore an insane person to something approaching normal life—a sense of self-esteem.

The normal man is a rational, gregarious, social, producing, self-respecting individual. When through an aberration of the mind he becomes irrational he tends also to become solitary, self-centered, non-social and non-producing. Morbidly aware of a difference between himself and other men he loses that sense of poise we call self-respect. Most insane persons are unhappy. Those who are able to escape entirely into a dream-world and imagine

themselves to be Napoleon Bonaparte, for instance, form a small proportion of the whole. They feel the weight of the social stigma put upon them during the Dark Ages when it was said that the insane were possessed of the devil. Bodily ailments form a fruitful topic of every-day conversation, mental ailments rarely. A man will relate with pride the fight a member of his family is making to recover from double pneumonia but an unbalanced mind in the household becomes the cause of all kinds of concealment and embarrassment. Yet even this is beginning to pass, and it is a useful thing. Advanced modes of treatment encourage this change of attitude. To see a man going about a normal piece of work in a normal way gives one a feeling different from that if he were to see the same man behind the bars of a madhouse. This feeling is communicated to the patient. It helps the doctors to help him to recover the self-respect which is a prerequisite to any material improvement of a mental disorder.

The changed environment surrounding the patient, as exemplified by the Veterans Administration hospitals, has a large part in the new order of treatment of the insane. For equipment and service these hospitals have no superiors. A survey by the American College of Surgeons places them on a par with the best sanitariums in the country. In simple language this treatment is largely a matter of the re-education of the patient according to his individual needs. In the past there has been too much emphasis on classification and diagnosis. Today's approach is not primarily a study of the brain but of the personality. This calls for larger hospital personnels, and the government institutions have them. In the veterans' hospitals is one doctor to about a hundred patients, one nurse to thirty patients, one attendant to from six to ten patients. The average in state hospitals is about one physician to 200 patients.

THE key to modern treatment of the insane is to find work for them to do through which they may gradually burgeon their way back to normal or something approaching it. "All so-called normal persons," writes Dr. Delmar Goode, a psychiatrist of the Veterans Administration staff, "have a definite aim in life and occupation is the method of attaining it. Remove the objective towards which we strive and the incentive to interest ourselves in occupation is removed. How restless and irritable we become when there is no occupation, nothing to busy ourselves constructively. A human being is normally constructive, and if he is unable to continue so he becomes abnormal. If this is true of a normal person, how much more true it is of him whose mind is already affected.

"Nothing is more depressing than to visit a ward in a neuropsychiatric hospital and find physically able patients sitting about deteriorating—nothing to do day after day but to sit and look at others doing the same thing. How long would any so-called normal person remain normal if he had to stay there and do the same thing?"

Dr. Goode believes that 95 percent of the mental patients in hospitals can be helped through occupational therapy, as this work-treatment is called. With the seriously deteriorated infinite skill and understanding and no end of patience and perseverance are required. Habit-training classes of the most elementary order are necessary in the beginning. But an experiment in which Dr. Goode participated in the Veterans Administration hospital at American Lake, Washington, shows what can be accomplished along this line.

A special ward of 25 desperate cases was made up. Not one of these men could answer a question coherently. Not one had the least regard for his personal appearance. Half had to be fed with a spoon. Ten were unable to co-ordinate sufficiently to dress themselves. One refused to speak and twice had attempted suicide. The exclusive occupation of one was unraveling his clothing. One refused to walk except to meals. One held his hands clasped so firmly together that the skin was worn from his fingers. One was an "assaultive" who refused to permit anyone to touch him.

PHYSICIANS, nurses, attendants and therapeutic assistants for this group were selected with care and given special instructions. The first week an attempt was made to teach each patient to get out of bed by himself, brush his teeth, wash his face, comb his hair himself, and eat breakfast at a table. Those who could not use a knife or fork were taught to use them as a child would be. A fork would be placed in his hand, and held there by an attendant, moved to pick up food from a plate and carry it to the man's mouth. This would be repeated meal after meal and day after day until it became a habit and the patient could do it without the guiding hand of the attendant holding his own. And thus through every detail of dressing and undressing, folding clothing and so on.

At first results were discouraging but after a month the entire class, excepting two, had relearned the arts of personal toilet and of eating more or less normally and were at "work." This work consisted of kindergarten exercises such as sand-papering blocks, cutting out pictures, winding balls of yarn. The man who unravelled his clothing was given a piece of burlap to work on. (Continued on page 38)

Minds in the Mending

(Continued from page 37)

After a month progress became more rapid and the simple mechanical habits learned were turned toward more adult employments. At the end of three months ten patients were graduated to the regular classes in occupational therapy—cabinet work, weaving, making American Legion poppies and so on—and thus absorbed into the regular regenerative stream of hospital activities which had completely baffled them before. Over a period of eighteen months, one after one, fifteen others were graduated. All the promoted patients gained in weight, became more cheerful, made friends and began to play games and take an interest in the world about them. The star pupil was the man who had tried to kill himself and had refused to speak a word for nearly a year. Only three—the man who would walk only to meals, the man who would not be touched and one other—made no progress.

This experiment is a landmark in the treatment of the insane: twenty-five out of twenty-eight “hopelessly” ill World War veterans rehabilitated in greater or

less degree. Twenty years ago these men would have been doomed. Now it is possible that some of them may recover sufficiently to reclaim their places in the world outside.

Medical officers of the Veterans Administration are wary of the word “recovered,” however. Notwithstanding what others may say the claims they make for their hospitals are modest. Of more than 42,000 patients discharged in the past five years only 1,349 are listed as “recovered.” The others are merely “improved.” These government hospitals are pointing the way toward the abolition of the lunatic asylum in favor of scientifically humanitarian institutions which are at once hospitals, schools, workshops, playgrounds and homes. This means that the primary interest is not to build up an impressive record of discharges but by the development of normal habits of living and thinking evolve for each patient an adjusted attitude toward life. If he can carry this adjustment into the outside world and make it work, well and good. If not, well and

good also. With their spacious grounds and diversified activities the hospitals afford a world in which he can live and do things that bring a sense of pleasure and accomplishment which is a seven-league stride ahead of the old existence of idleness, desolation and defeat.

The American Legion may be proud of its significant contribution toward this unheralded work which one psychiatrist has called “the greatest attempt at national altruism in the world.” Naturally it costs money, a good deal of money, and will continue to do so. It is worth it. The good these hospitals do far transcends the restoration of some thousands of World War veterans, worthwhile as that is. They are doing as much as any group of institutions in the world to alter the whole picture of this great and growing problem. They are pioneers in one of the salient advances in the social and scientific betterment of the mentally ill that has been made since the French Revolution when Philippe Pinel struck the chains from the insane in the dungeons of Salpêtrière.

Murder in Sunlight

(Continued from page 7)

and still concealing his alarm, turned to the kitchen door and closed and locked it.

“You’re the owner of this joint?” he asked.

“Oui, oui! I am poor Rotaud!”

“Then close that outside passage door and lock it, too,” Moynihan ordered, and handed him the first key. “I’m from the police. I know the man is a thief. Happens I’ve been hunting him.”

“Thief? A thief before this, too? Papa Joffre save us!”

“Non!” the girl interrupted, “he cannot be! You lie about him! He is too beautiful!” Excitedly she set the coffee pitcher down on the floor.

Rotaud snapped his fingers.

“Be still, be still!” he cried. “Pick up that pitcher. Beautiful!” He ran out into the corridor and with Moynihan’s aid pushed shut the two grilled doors that led to the street. A padlock and chain, hanging to one of them, rattled in the innkeeper’s nervous fingers, the lock snapped shut and he turned. “Voilà! If he has not yet departed. . . .”

“You’re sure he was not in his room?”

“Not when I looked. You, Hortense . . . you go. . . .”

She had disappeared.

“Ah, the lazy vache!” Rotaud cried. “Always when I want she is gone. Come, I myself. . . .”

He ran breathlessly toward the stairway at the rear of the kitchen, the door of which still stood open.

“We’ll search the whole upper floor,” he said, and then hesitated and turned hopefully, “But truly, m’sieur, the handsome young man would not try to escape without paying a poor innkeeper? I am wrong to suspect him. Suspicion, it is not a Christian virtue.”

“Y’ ain’t dealing with Christians,” Moynihan answered. “Go ’long. I’ll watch these doors.”

He heard the man’s feet moving swiftly up the stair, and himself turned back to the table. His small glass of St. Nazaire cognac stood where he had left it. He picked it up, without taking his eyes from the passage.

As small a barrier as a padlock could not be expected to deter Corporal Braun, were the corporal cornered and anxious to escape; glass in one hand, Moynihan felt with the other for his automatic pistol in its concealed holster. Let Braun try to clout him on the ear this time!

He set down the thick glass, sputtered a moment through his damp lips and shook his head violently to rid it of the burn of the liquor. Then he started slowly toward the corridor, wondering what really could have happened. Had Braun been watching when he arrived? Recognized him and departed? But the fellow couldn’t have left the hotel. It was impossible.

He’d been a fool, he realized, to use such slow tactics. As soon as he arrived he ought to have grabbed Braun, if he were here.

He had reached a point about halfway between the table and the door when he heard suddenly a single, high-pitched scream. It lifted without warning, full throated, loud, a mixture of agony and terror and rage. The sergeant’s feet halted. Involuntarily he stood exactly as he was. The scream persisted. Where was it coming from, upstairs or down? It wavered slightly, as if a sob had fought its way through it, and then, suddenly as it had started, it ceased.

For a second, perhaps two seconds, Moynihan hung motionless, balancing awkwardly on his taut legs. Gulls from the quay already were making a terrific clamor, screaming in answer to the wail. Then Moynihan found himself running from the room.

In the doorway he crashed full into the nondescript Foulkes. The man was lunging like a frightened animal toward the kitchen, his mouth and eyes wide open, but no more sound escaping from the one than from the other.

“Hey!” Moynihan yelled. “What the . . .”

He pushed the fellow aside and ran ahead. He turned to the right and plunged forward, dragging his pistol from its holster.

The corridor was dark, darker even than the kitchen, which had the benefit of three windows looking out upon the street. But at the end of the passage, toward the courtyard, the door was large and square, and

the rectangle of sunlight that it framed was as yellow as the famous wines of the Gironde.

As Moynihan ran out into the court, the glare struck him sharply across the eyes. For an instant it blinded him. Then he blinked, and at once saw the whole courtyard clearly. . . .

But chiefly the sergeant saw the body of Major Bulger, lying on his side on the moist black earth, just north of the fountain, where small wisps of grass were pushing upward in celebration of the spring. Between the shoulders of Bulger's neat tightly fitted uniform the handle of a bayonet stood up. The blade was buried deeply in the body. Bulger lay quite still.

Moynihan dropped to one knee on the ground. It needed only an instant to tell him that the man was dead.

"Hell," he muttered. "Can you beat it?"

He got a little unsteadily to his feet. He'd have a sweet time explaining to headquarters how this had happened . . . a D. C. I. sergeant mooning over a glass of cognac right inside the building and an officer murdered . . . in broad daylight, in broad sunlight, in the courtyard. He looked quickly about.

The ragged Foulkes had returned to the hall doorway. He was wringing his thin hands and weeping noisily.

In an opposite doorway, across the court, one which evidently led to a second stair, another American was peering out. Moynihan's eyes lighted.

"Hey, you! Come here!" he bellowed.

It was a short, dark fellow with fat cheeks, and a small mustache, like a shoe-blackening brush with worn, upturned corners. His uniform was new. He wore an overseas cap at an impudent military angle, tipped forward over his left eye, and on his sleeve was sewed corporal's stripes.

"Come here, Braun!" he yelled.

The other made no move, either to escape or come forward. He eyed Moynihan, then the body with the bayonet in it, then Moynihan again.

The sergeant yelled, "I tell you, come along out!"

Braun came forward carefully one pace into the sunlight. He was unarmed.

"What y' yellin' at me for, old timer?" he asked. "Sorry about what happened in Orleans. . . ."

"Sorry?" Moynihan blazed. "You'll be sorrier for this! Come here! Don't try to run, either!"

The youth stepped forward uncertainly, as if his feet were asleep. But he did not look at Moynihan now, only at the dead man on the ground.

"Say, I didn't do this!" he protested.

"Tell that to the judge," Moynihan answered, and then, turning, he yelled to Rotaud, "You two yaps back there, can you shut up?"

In the other doorway Rotaud and Foulkes were each trying to shout louder than the other. The girl had slumped down to the paving stones with her fat legs sticking out of a tangle of petticoats.

(Continued on page 40)



I'd have sold out for a nickel

My best customer caught me unshaved

WHY take a chance when tempted to skip a shave now and then! One man after another has come to grief by failing to keep clean shaven. The truth of this statement is proved by thousands of real life experiences locked in our files.

The Gillette "Blue Blade"—product of unequalled manufacturing facilities—invites frequent, close shaves. It is especially made for tender faces—sensitive skin. You get no pull—no burn or irritation—because this blade is automatically ground, honed and stropped to perfection by equipment developed and installed at a cost of millions of dollars. The Gillette "Blue Blade" is tempered electrically by

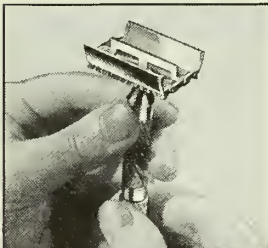
the only furnaces in the world that can deliver steel of absolutely standard, uniform hardness. In these furnaces the temperature is automatically controlled in strict accordance with the requirements of the metal.

A visit to the Gillette factory would convince you that a better blade than this cannot be produced. Extra care is apparent even in the wrapping. Four binders of wax anchor the blade in its envelope. The super-keen edges cannot be damaged in shipment. For real shaving comfort, get the benefit of matchless manufacturing skill and equipment. Try the Gillette "Blue Blade" on our money-back guarantee of complete satisfaction.

Reputable merchants give you what you ask for. In stores where substitution is practised—INSIST ON

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

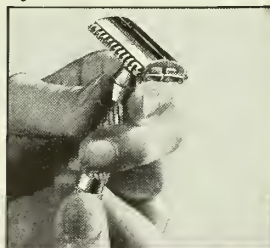
NOW 5 for 25¢ • 10 for 49¢



A TWIST... IT'S OPEN!

**The ARISTOCRAT
—New Gillette
One Piece Razor**

The Aristocrat is all one piece, no loose parts. Heavily plated with 24-Karat gold and guaranteed a lifetime. Price \$4 complete in smart leather case with 10 Gillette "Blue Blades."



A TWIST... IT'S CLOSED!

Max Baer, heavyweight fighter, stars every Monday night in Gillette radio drama "Lucky Smith". WEA and associated N. B. C. stations.

Murder in Sunlight

(Continued from page 39)

"I say, Rotaud!" the sergeant bellowed. The owner ran forward.

"Pick that gal up and take her away," Moynihan bade. He poked his gun into Braun's side. "And *you* hold still. Stay where you're at, and quiet," he directed, but he kept one hand on his prisoner's collar.

The sun blinded him again. Blinking, his eyes swept the parapet, the moist earth, the dry fountain, lifted to the walls of the inn. An elderly man with a bald head was peering out of a window in the southwest corner of the upper floor, rubbing his own left eye vigorously. For an instant another head appeared at a window on the north, but it ducked back in at once, only to pop up again almost immediately in the doorway through which Braun too had come.

MOYNIHAN recognized it. "Hair yellow as butter," the waitress had said. "You're Lieutenant Swanson?" he demanded.

"Yes, I am. . . ."

"You're sent down here to relieve him?" the sergeant pointed toward the body.

"I . . . yes . . ." the younger man gulped.

Moynihan pulled Braun forward. "Take this gun, lieutenant. Keep an eye on this guy a minute."

Moynihan put on his spectacles, examined the ground. It was still slightly soft from yesterday's rain, in spite of the sun. But there were no footprints.

It seemed indecent the body should lie here under the hot, bright sun. Moynihan stood up. "Lieutenant," he called, "if you'll give a hand, we'll carry the officer in somewhere. You, too, Braun."

Neither of the two men moved.

Moynihan repeated, "Come, give a hand! You, lieutenant, take his feet, sir. No, don't turn him over. Want him left just the way he is . . . leave the knife be, Braun! If you'll get between his feet, sir? That's it, by the ankles. You, Braun, take the shoulders. Lift."

Swanson returned the gun and bent down. Moynihan held it so that it covered Braun. The man was heavy, from the way they walked with the body. Lifted so, face down, the major's spurs, sticking up into the air, looked more useless than ever. The procession turned to the right into the bar room.

"Have to put him here on the floor," Moynihan said. "Go sit on that bench," he directed Braun. "Lieutenant, you're in charge of that fellow."

Swanson wiped his hands on the seams of his breeches. His face was pale.

"I say, what's the idea, sergeant?" he objected. "Why you ordering your superior officer around?"

Moynihan remembered. "Why, I'll have to tell you who I am, sir," he agreed. "Here's my card. D. C. I., secret police."

The lieutenant glanced dubiously at the card, then handed it back.

"Okay," he muttered. "You think this guy . . . ?" he looked uncertainly at Braun.

"I think a lot about him," Moynihan said. "Want him to sit right where's he at, tight. See that nobody leaves, sir. The doors are locked. If anybody tries to get out, you've authority to stop him." He added, "That means everybody."

Moynihan turned back. "Here, take my gun again, sir," he said to the lieutenant. "You might need it. I'll be only a minute, sir."

But in the corridor he met the owner of the red face and bald head he had seen a minute before at the upper window. The man, a tall, thin, sandy-haired fellow, carried his trousers on his arm and his long shirt tails hung almost to his knees.

"What's this?" he demanded. "I ask you now, what's this?"

Moynihan looked closely at him. The fellow had a beautiful whisky nose. "Nothing but a murder," he answered. "Who're you?"

"I'm Captain Campbell. Who murdered the gentlemun?"

Moynihan asked, "You're the Englishman that's staying here?"

"I'm not. I'm a Scot. Who murdered the gentlemun?"

"Go put on your pants and sit in the café and I'll try and find out," Moynihan answered and crossed again thoughtfully to the spot where the body had fallen.

There must be footprints, somewhere. He readjusted his glasses. He found the marks his own shoes had made, and Corporal Braun's, which he identified by the hobnails. And Lieutenant Swanson's, with deep heel marks. Those other marks there must be the major's own. They were not distinct. But that's all the prints there were. No sign of any belonging to Foulkes . . . just the major's own.

Moynihan got up from the ground and went over to the round iron table, painted green. There was no sign of any struggle. Two chairs were drawn slightly back, as if Foulkes, too, had sat down.

Moynihan searched the court a third time, again uselessly. But there had to be other footprints, didn't there? Certainly Major Bulger didn't stick that bayonet into his own back.

The sergeant returned to the café. The group was exactly as he had left it, except that Hortense the waitress had regained enough consciousness to sit up and begin to sob again.

"Guests are all here?" the sergeant asked Rotaud.

The landlord looked around the room, then his eyes popped open. "But no," he cried. "Where is M'sieur Pierre? Saints spare me, where is he? M'sieur Pierre! Someone has slain him, also?"

"That's right," Moynihan said. "Another Frenchman. What's his room?"

"Number 10, upstairs, the corner room, right above the kitchen, mon sergent, the northeast corner—oh, mon Dieu. . . ."

"Keep an eye on 'em all again, sir," Moynihan bade the lieutenant.

He ran to the stair off the kitchen and mounted quickly to the upper floor. The door to Number 10 was directly opposite the top step. It was closed. He pushed the door open. In the dim light through the shutters he made out a huge bed and the figure of a man upon it. He jerked at the covers. The man stirred slightly.

"Pierre?" the sergeant called. That was the name, was it? "Pierre!" he repeated.

The man rolled over and opened his eyes. Then he sat up.

"Been asleep?" Moynihan asked.

The man shivered. "Who are you?" he demanded. He spoke in French.

"Police," Moynihan replied. "Been a murder downstairs."

"Murder?"

"You're a heavy sleeper."

"I sleep heavily always," the man cried. "Murder!"

"Major Bulger was killed. Here, get into your clothes and stop your shivering. Come down."

"The Major Bulger? Murdered?" Even in the dimness of the shuttered room Moynihan saw the man's lips tremble. "You tell me . . . my friend the major? . . . Oh, sacred name! I come at once!"

HE followed Pierre to the kitchen. There, ignoring Braun, the sergeant went directly to Foulkes.

"You were in the courtyard when Major Bulger was killed," he said. There was no accusation in his voice, but the Frenchman cringed.

"Moi?" he cried.

"Oh, come, come," Moynihan said, "you know you were speaking with him."

"Oh, m'sieur!" The man dropped his hat. "I swear by my mother's sacred memory, I 'ad left the yard!" He picked up his hat, dropped it a second time, and clutched his beard wildly. "I was coming 'ere to the bar, to find Hortense, find why she brings not the breakfast."

"You wasn't in the yard when he hol-lered?"

"I was 'ere . . . no, no, there, in that passage. My back, it ees already to the sunlight. I turn. From where I stand I can not see, only can I 'ear. It was so 'orrible a sound, m'sieur, I. . . ."

"We heard it, too," Moynihan said. "Where was Bulger when you left him?"

"He ees walking, walking. He ees impatient. He 'as not yet his breakfast."

The sergeant shifted his attention to Rotaud. The innkeeper's hands were shaking. Moynihan passed him by.

"Where were you, M'sieur Pierre?" he asked.

Here in the kitchen he had better opportunity to observe the shoe manufacturer. He was a kindly-looking man, somewhat past middle age, with gray curling hair and rather too large a nose. There was a certain dignity about him.

"Why, I was, as you observed, in bed," Pierre replied.

"His hollering didn't wake you?"

"You saw it had not. I heard nothing, m'sieur."

The sergeant turned back to Rotaud. "And you?" he asked.

The landlord wiped his eyes. "But you know where I was," he protested. "I had departed for the upper floor. At your suggestion, m'sieur! I am in that creature's room," he indicated Braun, "even under the bed I search for him, when, zut! I hear that most 'orrible. . ."

"Leave that out. Was Braun in his room?"

"Non, non, the room is empty!"

Moynihan looked hard at Corporal Braun, who avoided his eyes.

"Room just as empty as it'd been a moment before?" the sergeant asked.

"Entirely," the landlord said.

"And you, Captain Campbell?" Moynihan continued.

The big sea captain scratched his bald head.

"I am abed," he answered earnestly.

"I huv drunk my tea and I am dreamin' dreams again. I hear ut, and I go to the window to see what's taking place."

"What was?"

"Nothing. Exactly nothing, I tell you. He was there on the naked earth, his face down—and that filthy knife in him. By the time I got to the window he had ceased screaming."

"Who else was in the courtyard?"

"Exactly no one else. He wus alone. Just him and the gulls."

Moynihan took time to sum this up. Then he rose and paced backward and forward in front of the others. He saw Corporal Braun's head move left and right as his little eyes followed him.

"Well, Braun, what you got to say?" the sergeant finally asked.

"I was waitin' for that, you damned D-I!"

Moynihan ignored the threat. "You're very patient," he said. "But you might as well speak up now, considering your record. You had Room 16. About ten minutes before the major was killed, you was not in your room. You was not there the moment he *was* killed, if Papa Rotaud knows what he's talking about. Where was you, then?"

"Several places."

"Probably. That's an American bayonet sticking in Major Bulger's back. Is it yours?"

Braun grimaced. "Try to prove it, big boy. I never carry a bayonet."

"But you know how to use one. Tell me. . ."

"Tell you to (Continued on page 42)

"I'D RATHER FACE A THOUSAND SPIKES THAN ANOTHER BLOW-OUT"

says MICKEY COCHRANE, *Manager of the Detroit Tigers*



You need this new life-saving tire now!

"I'VE had plenty of close shaves behind the plate," says MICKEY COCHRANE, "but the scares I've had were tame compared to what I went through when I had a blow-out. My car was traveling about 45 miles per hour when blow-out occurred. I grabbed at the wheel with all my might, but it was no use. The car dove right off the road. Trees, poles and fences were straight ahead. I don't understand now what kept my car from turning over. That's why you'll see me driving on Goodrich Silvertowns."

Here's why *your* car should be equipped with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns. Smaller wheels that speed faster than ever generate blistering heat *inside* the tire. Unless that internal heat is resisted, the rubber, slowly but surely, pulls away from the fabric. Then what happens? A blister forms which, unknown to you, grows bigger and bigger—until BANG! The tire rips wide open! A blow-out! And altogether too often, human lives are snuffed out—people are injured—cars are wrecked.

A secret compound

Built into every new Goodrich Silvertown—and *only* in Silvertowns—is the remarkable Life-Saver Golden Ply. This specially treated compound resists heat—keeps rubber and fabric from pulling apart. That's why this blow-out that might have come simply never gets a start.

But that's not all. Go to your Goodrich dealer. Press the palm of your hand down hard on the sure-footed, deep-grooved Silvertown tread. Feel those big, husky cleats grip. Then you'll realize why Goodrich Silvertowns give you such positive protection against dangerous side-slipping "tailspins."

For safety's sake—for months of extra mileage—put these new Goodrich Silvertowns with the Life-Saver Golden Ply on all four wheels—quick! Remember, Silvertowns cost not a penny more than other standard tires.

Copyright, 1935, The B. F. Goodrich Co.

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS—
THE LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY
RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS
THESE BLOW-OUTS

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 511, The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.

The **NEW Goodrich Safety Silvertown** WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

Murder in Sunlight

(Continued from page 41)

go to hell and nothing more, sergeant!" "Okay, have it your way. Braun, you're under arrest."

The corporal lifted his wrists obediently for the handcuffs. Moynihan had snapped them shut before Hortense cried:

"But no, no, I tell you! It was not the corporal killed him! I swear it was not!"

Moynihan shrugged. "Sorry, young lady. And I gave you ten francs!"

"It was not! I know where he was! Know what he was doing when the scream starts . . . saints help us, such a scream!"

"What was he doing, then?"

"He was kissing me. In the back upstairs hall! I go up the court stairway to find him. . . ."

Moynihan interrupted. "Where'd you find him?"

She faltered. "I . . . I find him," she repeated.

"Where?" Moynihan asked again.

Braun himself answered. "I might as well tell you, sergeant. I was lookin' over the place, see? When the gal located me I was lookin' for a souvenir or two."

"Just a souvenir hound," Moynihan said quietly. "Go on."

"Not much else to say. Except I'd just slipped out my own door, when I hear somebody else. I'm on the east side, see? And I hear somebody out o' sight in the

other hall." He paused. "It's a funny layout up there," he tried to explain. "There's three halls, see? Two on the sides, and one in front . . . or back, maybe they call it. I'm on the side. Well, this other guy's on the back. I sneaked a look around the corner at him. He was comin' out his own door, headed the other direction from me. I saw him plain."

"Yeah," Moynihan said, "I reckon."

"Give me a chance to talk," Braun growled. He jerked an elbow toward Lieutenant Swanson. "It was that baby," he charged.

"The lieutenant?" Moynihan's voice was skeptical. "Where'd he go?"

Braun shrugged. "When I looked around again, he wasn't in sight."

Moynihan glanced at the lieutenant. The young American's face was purple and he was sweating heavily.

The lieutenant stood up quickly and unsteadily.

"Listen, you . . ." he took a step toward Braun.

But the corporal had not finished.

"That ain't all," he said, looking Swanson in the eye. "I'm willin' to tell the whole thing. I've been all through your room. Don't matter now what I wanted. I saw you had a Springfield rifle, though." He paused significantly and waved his

hand toward the body of Major Bulger. "That bayonet is a Springfield, ain't it?"

Swanson's head jerked around. He looked for some ten seconds at the body. Then he swung again angrily on Braun. He took three quick steps in his direction. "You dirty rat. . . ."

Moynihan came forward rapidly, but not fast enough. Swanson would have had Braun by the throat had it not been for Pierre. The old Frenchman, being nearer, was between the two. He caught Swanson by the arm, and with a single twist amazing in its strength, hurled him, big as he was, across the room.

"Do not strike the boy!" he cried. Swanson went into a heap in the corner. He lay a moment, motionless, then came up to his knees.

Moynihan watched his immature face, still purple, staring indignantly at the man who had thrown him. Then he heard a small chirping sound at his own elbow. He turned in time to observe the expression on Foulkes's pinched face.

The junk dealer had laughed. But immediately he sobered and his features once more took on their crafty look.

"I guess," Moynihan decided slowly, "we better talk a little bit more about this murder."

(To be concluded)

Americans While You Wait

(Continued from page 19)

and their own automobile. She was going around trying to explain a little what America was about. As a member of The American Legion Auxiliary there in Pawtucket, this was her duty. If Rosa and Marina were interested, she'd like them to call in a few other friends, maybe six or eight, for some afternoon next week in one of their homes. If Rosa and Marina were interested, and the other ladies, maybe they could start a club to talk over things like English idioms and the wherefores of the Battle of Bull Run.

Of course Rosa and Marina were interested. Today, Marina can read Paddy's letters from Buffalo with ease. When Little Joe comes home to Rosa at night, she understands him when he says he's going to have chow over at McCarthy's. Rosa isn't homesick any more. She isn't baffled by her children. And her children, who occasionally had exhibited just a bit of shame at their mother's ignorance of English, don't do it any more. Rosa isn't even very discouraged now when one of the children talks back, demonstrating Americanism in one of its less desirable phases.

Fifteen years ago, as things stood in Rhode Island and almost anywhere, life

was rather hopeless to the Rosas of the United States. But there have been changes. Even twenty years ago there was a woman in Rhode Island who understood the Rosas. Her name was Mrs. Althea M. Jencks. Mrs. Jencks knew that Rosa would be terrified at American manners, American words, American faces, money, baseball, automobiles and even sanitation, and meat twice a day. She understood that the Rosas of America wanted companionship and understanding, as a means to security.

That was in the early days of the Legion, but the Legion was beginning to find itself, was looking for new duties, was undertaking to fulfill the promise of its origin. Mrs. Jencks knew the purposes of the Legion, and she looked to the Legion to help her in the problem of Americanizing adult aliens.

At that time, Howard Kelley was Commander of the Pawtucket Post of the Legion. He learned of the problems confronting Mrs. Jencks and those she sought to help. He told the Auxiliary. The Auxiliary undertook the job, and I wonder if many better jobs have been done anywhere.

Mrs. Jencks knew that it was easier to talk to a few strange women than to many, that it was easier to work with women of

the same race and tongue than to work with women of many races and tongues. She got Auxiliary members to go around among alien women in the industrial section north of Providence, forming small clubs of them, teaching them the English language and American history. Pawtucket Post Auxiliary became in effect a committee of the whole to find meeting places for Americanism classes. Presently, dozens of women—Italian, French, Polish, of most European races—were meeting in small groups. The problem got to be wider than the Auxiliary had anticipated. As each class was formed, there came opportunities for more classes. Patently, a full-time Americanization worker was needed.

At that time, Rhode Island as a State wouldn't provide for such a teacher. So Pawtucket Post and the Auxiliary raised the money and hired a full-time Americanism teacher.

But the Auxiliary members did not stop working. Each of them, it is safe to say, had some connection with the great body of alien population along the Blackstone valley. Each of them tried to form a nucleus for an Americanism class. Once the nucleus was formed, the Americanism

teacher was notified and the process of Americanism began.

I can't say that the idea spread like wild-fire, because it didn't. It spread slowly, from home to home, overcoming ignorance, superstition, skepticism, cynicism, alien patriotism and fear. It spread until the American Legion Auxiliary units of other cities in Rhode Island were confronted by the need for hiring their own Americanism instructors.

And it even spread until, at the beginning of this decade, the State of Rhode Island took over responsibility. Today, the State Department of Education has a supervisor of Americanization. It gives assistance to Americanism teachers all up and down the State. These teachers as a rule are hired by cities and towns. And there are volunteer teachers, also members of the Auxiliary, a great many of them, aided now and then by a Rosa, or perhaps an Olga, who once attended an Auxiliary Americanism class.

Long ago, the Auxiliary got help from other women's organizations. The work was of a magnitude which no one patriotic order could undertake in full. Today, most of the women's organizations of Rhode Island are keenly interested in the Americanization of alien women.

And not just the alien women profit. For these women have contributions which they make to America. Native-born Rhode Islanders are discovering, in return for what they have given their foreign-born friends, many exotic benefits. Accordingly, there's an annual exhibition in Providence, given by foreign-born women who have become good Americans.

The women have been inoculated with Americanism without loss of pride in the good things of their native countries. At the exhibitions there will be club women, attended by chauffeurs, and beshawled friends from Southern Europe, as well as golden-haired women from Northern Europe.

What most will appeal to men, perhaps, about these exhibitions and meetings is the feminine characteristic that "refreshments" are served. But instead of sandwiches and cakes, such as grace so many American tables during tea fights and bridge battles, there will be shakaresche, which is a kind of Armenian cookie, and paklava, which is a delicious Armenian sweet bread. There will be an Italian angel cake, to demonstrate that spaghetti isn't the only Italian contribution to the American dining room. There will be haggis, perhaps, and savory tortillas.

And the American-born women go home with recipes in their purses—recipes which will enrich and enliven future tea fights and bridge battles. And the foreign-born women go home, perhaps with new scrap books enlightening them in their study of American history, perhaps with English grammars clenched in their hands. And they all go back to be better Americans, and—which is even more important—they go back from an institution which is contributing to a better America.

It's time for Pabst—

When in Milwaukee, visit the famous Pabst Breweries. See the laboratories and scientific control that assure and maintain Pabst Blue Ribbon quality.



When your favorite batter steps up to the plate and wallops the ball over the fence—that's the high spot in the game. But not the only high spot—no, sir! It's a high spot when you grin up at the hot sun beating down on you and you reach for a cool, cheerful bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale.

Whether you are watching or playing—be it golf, tennis, swimming, or any other sport—you enjoy it more—if you refresh yourself with Pabst. You'll agree that there is no better hot weather relief than pure, wholesome, zestful Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale.

Pabst has been making friends for more than ninety years. Only proven quality can earn almost a century of preference. When you want the finest—IT'S TIME FOR PABST.

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale



© 1935, Premier-Pabst Corp., Chicago

A Break for the Army

(Continued from page 9)

the rest. A long-headed fellow, this "young" Chief of Staff. Two years ago he got appropriations out of the PWA funds for new buildings and the repair of ramshackle, leaky old ones.

Wouldn't fewer privates do? MacArthur had impressive reasons why they would not. He held out for the number he had set. Congress passed the bill. At last, the Army's as well as the Navy's turn had come.

But some old-timers of the Army, to whom seeing is believing, thought there must be some mistake in the figures as announced from Washington, one cipher too many at the end. Probably 4,625 was right, or maybe it was only 462 and one-half—462 men and a boy. No, there could be no doubt of it. Forty-six-thousand-two-hundred-and-fifty men was correct. After the Regulars got over blinking at the news they turned to the business of preparing for the accession.

RECRUITING sergeants who would do the picking found their blouses a little tight for their chests; drill-sergeants began polishing up their language and limbering up their throats for an increased output to meet the future demand. Higher-ups were working out organization. Each of the nine corps areas would recruit from its own area. Corps areas on the Coasts would receive the men destined for overseas stations.

How many men will apply? July first will tell. How many of those who apply will be accepted? Uncle Sam is very choosy about his soldiers these days. The 46,250 will find they belong to quite an exclusive club. Membership is not as easy as lining up at a ticket window for transportation to the nearest army post.

I will make my picture in the old army building in New York City because I visited that for first-hand information. There the process is the same as at old Plattsburg, old Fort Sheridan, or old Fort Sam Houston or old Vancouver Barracks. That old red brick army building is set low in the midst of the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan. Its ancient elevators in its open court are of the freight type, and make the same leisurely trips up and down as they did in General Grant's time. Old soldiers man them in a man's world, a strictly soldier world in its isolation in the throbbing center of business and finance.

Recruits who grew old in the service and fought in wars before the World War have crossed its portals. The recruiting offices are on the ground floor. And of late local candidates for the CCC have here received their once-over and been bussed out to the camps. For the Army's recruiting service was the obvious medium for that job. It did the job so well, the CCC has won such national esteem, that

on July first the numbers in the CCC are also to be doubled, their 300,000 expanded to 600,000.

So the Army has to deal with this rush at the same time as that of the aspirant rookies. It is evident that the recruiting force will not have July 5 as well as July 4 off. But the Army always gets there when it has to do a sprint, although maybe it would not on this occasion if the recruiting offices were not on the ground floor. The old elevator men are glad that the crowd will not have to ride up and down.

As I entered the hall—the same unchanged hall that I knew in my youth—a group of joyous young men were coming out on the way to an army bus. Now there were vacancies for this number who had been on the waiting list. They had passed their physical examination again and were to be sent to their posts.

On July first no acceptable applicant will be marking time on a waiting list. There will be no need of chalking up on the blackboard the present vacancies in the different branches. There will be 46,250 vacancies. I keep on repeating the number just to reassure myself that it is true. Some of the old-timers still wonder if they will not wake up to find they have been in a dream.

But the recruiting officers in their double part may find the huge accession to the CCC means competition in filling up the now wide open ranks of the Army. The CCC pay is thirty dollars a month; the Army's twenty-one. After having proved that you have no job and no home the CCC examination is easy to pass; that of the Army most rigorous.

The CCC camps have no military drill, you enlist for six months but may be discharged any time you can get private employment. In the Army you serve for three years, though prosperity returns with jobs seeking the man at high wages. You have to do the drill and routine of a Regular. But while the CCC man has to allot twenty-five dollars of his monthly pay the soldier has his twenty-one to do with as he pleases.

I was told of instances outside the old army building when the CCC's razed the rookie soldiers as boobs for going into the tough old Army. And communists have added their reviling and passed communist dodgers to the rookies as they departed in army buses.

ANYPHONY who thinks that he will have a lazy time on "twenty-one a month and found" in the Army had better not enter the reception room where the test begins. Unless he really wants to be in the Army he'd better not take that piece of paper the sergeant tells him to fill out.

We all knew the World War questionnaire. But then the Army needed fifty

soldiers in a hurry where it now needs one. At that time requirements were accordingly less exacting.

Uncle Sam admits no foreigners to his Army. Rejection is automatic if you are not an American citizen or have not taken out your first citizenship papers. You are out if you are under eighteen. Between eighteen and twenty-one you must have the consent of parent or guardian.

ANYPHONY over thirty-five is out unless he is a World War veteran. A former World War private is eligible up to forty, provided he passes the examinations. After forty he must have special permission from the Adjutant General, but that is not necessary for a former World War corporal or sergeant. But veterans who are interested had better apply to the nearest recruiting station for full details.

The first page of that four-page sheet, which will be your record in the files, has nineteen question-heads with from two to five questions under most of the heads. When you have answered them all the Army has a concrete story of your life. It knows whether you have ever been convicted of crime, what illnesses you have had, when you were last treated by a physician, whether you have ever had military service before. Should you get into the Army by false statements you are warned you may be tried by court-martial for fraudulent enlistment.

If the sergeant finds your answers unsatisfactory that is as far as you get. Once your naked record is approved your naked body gets its turn. We all know this form of personal entertainment, but it, too, is stiffer than in World War days.

After you have sworn to that first page and that you know the terms under which you are enlisting—so you will have no comeback at Uncle Sam—the surgeon has page two to fill in. He examines "your physique, skin, head, chest, abdomen, extremities, etc.," "general surgical and neuro-psychiatric conditions," "organs of locomotion" (so important if you are a doughboy), your eyes, teeth, mouth and gums, lungs, cardio-vascular system, ears, nose and throat and kidneys—and without going into more detail, I add another and so forth. Although you may still know something about yourself that the medico in the white jacket does not know he has added a lot of new information about you to the records. When he is through you do not have to sign the bottom of this page. He does the signing.

Physical rejections average about fifty percent. The main cause is flat feet. This may presuppose falling of the arches under the weight of a pack on the march. Those who have suffered that, as I have, wish that others may be spared it. Yet a man with flat feet may survive a strain that

cripples a man whose feet look all right. The weakness is most difficult to detect. But the Army is inclined to take no chances on flat feet.

Next to flat feet, in the list I saw, is defective vision. Then comes insufficient teeth. In this age of dentistry, tooth-brushes, and toothpaste it is surprising how many candidates lack the standard army chewing equipment. Once in the Army, dental as well as medical care are a part of the régime. No soldier has to pay doctor's or dentist's bills.

Rejection for under height is next in order. A man must be five feet, four inches. No one is rejected for being too tall. Recently a man of six feet five-and-one-half stood in line among the accepted with a man who was just tall enough to get by. The Carnera skyscraper was assigned to the Military Police where a long reach and ability to look over the heads of the other fellows may be some advantage. The Second Field Artillery now at Panama, being very snappy and proud, receives no one under five-feet-ten.

Heart disease comes next. After that is potential hernia, then overweight, then underweight—on the list I saw, which is mostly of city men. If a man is muscular and otherwise fully fit he often gets by. Gauntness from depression rations will be filled out by army peace rations. Many a rookie these days knows the rare experience of a square meal when he arrives at an army post.

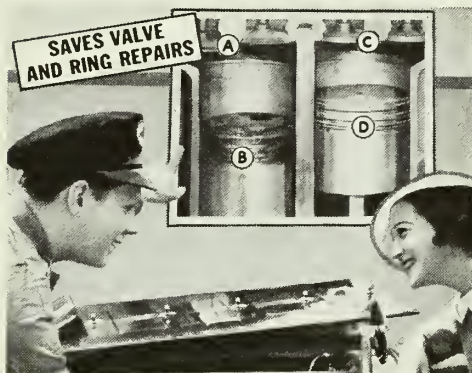
After passing the physical examination you are far enough along so that the Army wants a lot more of information about you on the side. The way you have filled out the first page gives some idea of your literacy. Eighth grade is ordinarily sufficient school education. But how intelligent are you? The Army does not want dumb soldiers.

So you are passed a "Vocabulary" sheet of 45 questions on a time limit of seven minutes. Water is to eat-catch-grab-drink or fog is light-murk-dark-sheen, and you are to run a pencil through the right corresponding word. Then you answer, for example, whether silk comes from a bird and copy such a sentence as "the man crosses the street" to show how accurate a penman you are.

This questionnaire may have jokers to search the memories of men who have had previous service in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps, but whose records were possibly not so good that they like to mention past incidents. It may be that they went AWOL and decided to remain so, but now, in want of a job, think better of soldiering.

Having survived this test your fingerprints are taken and you are told to wait until further notice. While you are on the anxious bench for a few days the sergeant is doing a little sleuthing. This further implies that even candidates who had not had previous service they failed to mention might have been forgetful of other items in their careers, even under their signatures; for example, one (Continued on page 46)

HOW MOTORISTS SAVE MONEY 3 WAYS WITH NEW KIND OF OIL



HERE'S HOW: Sludge from plain oil has formed on (A) valves (B) piston rings, causing them to stick and leak. Compare with clean valves (C) and clean piston rings (D) lubricated with New Pennzoil.



SERVICE MAN: "I certainly gave you the right advice on switching to New Pennzoil! You've cut your oil consumption over 50%—and you'll find you'll have less valve and piston ring trouble!"



MOTORIST: "How my gasoline mileage has improved since I started using New Pennzoil! Now I get 2 to 4 more miles per gallon—and a faster, more powerful, smoother-running car, too!"

HOW THIS NEW-TYPE PENNZOIL

1. Cuts oil consumption up to 50%
2. Saves up to 15% on gasoline
3. Cuts valve and piston ring troubles 75 to 90%

UNTIL now, even the most modern refining methods were unable to remove from ordinary oil the elements that caused *sludge*—that sticky, gummy substance that forms in *plain* oil after it has been run for a time. This collects on valves and piston rings and wastes power, oil and gas.

But now Pennzoil's revolutionary solvent process *removes* these sludge-forming elements. Result—valve and piston ring repairs are reduced 75 to 90%. There is no sludge to cause valves to stick or piston rings to leak. Then, too, with sludge eliminated, New Pennzoil's tough film is *tougher*—doesn't burn up—cuts oil consumption up to 50%. And, because valves and piston rings work freely, you save up to 15% on gasoline!

New Pennzoil costs nothing extra—from any bonded Pennzoil dealer. Ask for the correct grade for *your* car.

USES 55% LESS OIL TO DRIVE 500 MILES AT 102 MILES AN HOUR

Never before such amazing oil economy! With New Pennzoil in his crankcase, Deacon Litz, famous racing driver, not only drove 500 grueling miles over the Indianapolis Speedway course at 102 miles per hour...but he actually used 55% less New Pennzoil than any other motor oil he formerly used for this run.



THE PENNZOIL COMPANY
Executive Offices:
Oil City, Pa. • Los Angeles, Calif.
British-American Oil Co., Ltd., Canada

TOUGH-FILM
New **PENNZOIL**

THE OIL THAT GOES FARTHER...FASTER...SAFER
Copyright, 1935, The Pennzoil Co.



Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n Permit No. 2

A Break for the Army

(Continued from page 45)

might have been in jail or kept some pretty bad company.

The sergeant also gets the record of your birth from a bureau of vital statistics to make sure you have not understated or overstated it. If you have understated it there may be complaint from parents that a minor was enlisted. If you have had previous service the sergeant checks off your own statement with the files in Washington.

He makes sure a National Guardsman who wants to turn Regular has the permission of his commanding officer to enlist. He calls on the friends you have given as character references. But that is not enough for that canny old hand. You may have tipped the friends off to say a good word for you when he appears. He checks off what they have to say by inquiries among your neighbors.

Any candidate who has shown Red sympathies is out no matter if he has the physique of a champion heavy-weight and the education of a college professor. There is another test. It is in a size-up by the sergeant's shrewd and practiced eye as to whether the candidate will make a good soldier or not.

All conditions having been met it is time for the oath: "I solemnly swear to bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America; that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all enemies whomsoever; and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the officers appointed over me, according to the Rules and Articles of War."

At the bottom of the third page the new soldier makes his will, by giving the name of his nearest relative who is to be notified in the event of his death and the one who

is to be his beneficiary. The last page consists of instructions which the recruiting officers know by heart and which the recruits are expected to read carefully. The oath taken, "you're in the army now" for three years, and ready to embus.

But the recruiting officers are not going to sit at their desks in the main stations as reception committees for the next three months. They will reach out in all regions to get the best they can. Branch stations will be re-established; posters displayed at post offices; army wagons will bring in recruits, who have passed local examinations, for final examinations at headquarters.

If the present rule holds about one out of three candidates will pass. So to get the 46,250 probably 150,000 will be put through the elimination mill. They will be drawn from the widest range of types since the great citizen Army of 1917-18. Probably the college professor out of a job, who recently enlisted, will find more of his kind among the newcomers.

Each may make his choice of arms and of home or overseas service as long as room remains for him. Aviation has the big call, and will get its full complement first. Among other things the candidate has to sign a statement that no officer has promised him that he would be taught to fly if he enlisted. Aviation requires special mechanical knowledge, and so do engineering and ordnance.

The recruits are not sent to special training depots but to the posts where they are to serve. There they are put through no such intensive training as the men of 1917-18 knew when the desperate Allies were calling for soldiers in a hurry. A single trained man does not have to look after a hundred rookies in a camp which is not yet completely ready for business. They are

received into a going concern by the veteran sergeants and corporals.

In groups they are first taught the first principles, right face and left face, and then the manual of arms. They get their clothing allowances and are measured for one tailor-made uniform for parade. Off duty, they may wear civilian clothes or have at their own expense a blue uniform.

Once they are based in the fundamentals they are mixed into the ranks. In drill and barracks each will have an old hand on his right and left, as it were, to tell him what is done and what is not done in the Army, and how to do what is done. They eat at mess tables, with a soldier waiter to eight men, unless they are on campaign—when their lot is the rolling kitchen or field rations. They settle to the life; they have to though they at first do not like it—which is as it ever has been in the Army and ever will be. And one day they will be old hands who know how to put rookies right.

The army high-ups expect that all the 46,250 will be placed by fall. Then every one of the companies, however depleted it has been, will have 120 men, which will be the fruition of MacArthur's plan. Then the Army will be able to mobilize a decent-sized host at any given point in our domain without giving the War Department a headache as to how to get a full regiment together.

And then if Congress will re-equip them with modern in place of the obsolete World War weapons, we need not worry about the present defense of our own soil—with the aid of the National Guard. That is, we need not, unless we accept another invitation to defend the soil of other nations as we did in 1917-18. In that case we shall be calling for another huge citizen Army in a hurry.

A Vain Thing for Safety

(Continued from page 17)

Well, the first wave hit the first trench and a couple of lads fell into it, and some guy went roaming up and down yelling, "Come out of that! Come out of that!" Nobody came, so he heaved a grenade down a dugout, which grenade went up just as the second wave arrived. The second wave fell down by the numbers and opened out to the left to repel boarders. Some looney said to the grenadier, "Don't be a certain kind of a fool. Get up, you guys!" So the second wave got up and *they* fell into the trench, and scrambled out the other side, and out of sight. Thinks I, "Now the fun will begin."

I waited half an hour, but nothing happened. The sun was out bright by that time, and it looked like a beautiful day. So

I climbed to the roof and had a look at the battlefield.

Now, lady, I wouldn't tell you no lies, I seen this with my little eye! Mind you, this is all the blood and carnage of modern war, and you know the pictures you can buy by the book, that look as much like war as I do George Washington, well it ain't like it! This is what I saw. Just a flock of fields, with the sun coming up over them, and shining on the little pools of water everywhere. Over by the guns of my battery there was some kind of discussion going on; the gunners looked like boys on a baseball team standing around while someone debates a bum decision with the umpire. To the left, as far as I could see, were what they called whippet tanks.

Just standing there. Abandoned. No smoke, no noise, no carnage.

"Hey," said I to a doughboy that was going down to the road with two German souvenirs he'd found asleep in the woods somewhere. "What are all them tanks doin' in the field. They catch hell?"

"Naw," said he, "they're markers. We used them to line up on for the jump-off!"

Yeah? Well, well. I took another look around. I spotted a bend in what had been our front line trench. There were some French soldiers in it, and some machine gunners, and some Y.M.C.A. secretaries who had come up to see what war looked like from the front line. The frog gunner was letting one of them fire the gun. There were a lot of woods over beyond, where the

bullets could go zing, and no harm done.

Some staff officer came bumping down the road in a side car, and as he got to my wash house, an officer I hadn't seen stood up from the bushes and hailed him.

"Oh, major!" called the officer in the bushes. "Are you sure this is where the battle was going to be? I'm afraid we must have made a mistake!"

Hahahaha! laughs I. One of the first things a soldier should learn is not to laugh out loud. Below me I hear a bellow. It's my pal, Openshirt.

"Come off that roof," says he, "bless your eyes, and get on top of that horse and go find out what kind of a condemned rat dance is going on up there anyway. We've just seen a 'lengthen barrage' rocket, and the guns are at maximum elevation now. What the hen is this, anyhow, an illegitimate footrace of some kind?"

"I don't think this is the front line at all!" pipes the officer in the bushes. "I bet we jumped off five or six miles too soon. In the dark, and the rain, you know!"

"No, sir," said I, "I just saw two German prisoners go by."

"I'm brigade adjutant!" says the major in the side car, "I estimate the situation at a glance. The enemy have suffered a crushing defeat. Captain Openshirt, move up your guns immediately five miles!"

"With what, for patsake?" asks Openshirt. "All our horses are half way between here and Spain, in case the crush of the defeat was on the other foot! And how about this ammunition we've been burying for weeks and only shot off about fifty rounds of? How can we carry that?"

"I don't know," said the major, "but I suggest you take each and every shell—" well, never mind. I nearly fell off the roof.

"You!" bellows Openshirt at me. "Did you hear me tell you to ride forward and report? Do you refuse duty in action? Say yes, and I'll give you something will cure your cold, I ain't kiddin'. Get on that horse, if you don't want me to help you mount with a .45 slug! You cross-eyed child of shame, I'll teach you dis-siplin!"

Well, of course if he felt that way about it, I had to be going. So I mounted my horse, and rode forward.

You remember, lady, when I was deep in my first glass and the story about Chatter Theery, you asked me how I knew all the names of all the places, and I said I learned them by heart off a map? Well, in this so-called fight I hadn't even seen a map. Beyond that we were in France I had no idea of our position.

"Go find the war!" says Openshirt.

"Okay, captain!"

So I went to look for it. A guy can always find trouble if he looks for it earnestly, even on a battlefield where there ain't no battle. I could see some smoke away off to the north, so I went that way. The least it would mean would be a chow-gun, and I hadn't had any breakfast yet. But when we got beyond the wash house, and through the first belt of barbed wire, I could see there had been a war there, sure enough. (Continued on page 48)



LONG BEFORE THE CHICAGO FIRE

Schlitz was making Milwaukee famous



Back in 1871, so the story goes, Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over a lantern, and started the Chicago Fire. To make a brave new city rise from the ruins, thousands needed cheer. They got it! And Schlitz helped. For even that long ago Schlitz was the favorite of millions.

TODAY that same cheer can be yours. The stimulus, the relaxation that comes with a cool dewy bottle of Schlitz beer. No wonder it made Milwaukee famous! Schlitz has a mellow flavor that can't be imitated. It keeps the vitamins that give health and energy. And there is the digestibility that only Schlitz can claim. That's partly due to insistence on choicest grains, hops, malt, yeast. But it is due even more to Enzyme Control, the secret and precise process under which every drop of Schlitz Beer is brewed. When you're ordering beer on draught, or beer in bottles for your home, say Schlitz. Since 1849. Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Schlitz



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

A Vain Thing for Safety

(Continued from page 47)

The trenches were cleaner than ours, and much more comfortable looking. There were a lot of gray overcoats and blankets lying around, and a few odd kitchen chairs, and a busted accordion. Behind was a good hard road, with sentry boxes and places for a gas guard to get under if it rained.

THE road went to Montsec, because I could see the steeple in the little town under the mountain. No war that way. So we hit the horse a lick with a club I had, and away we went to look for it. Not much sign. There wasn't anything there but fields, woods, a swamp or two, or an abandoned tank. Gee, they certainly strewed those tanks around lavishly. Oh, yes, there'd been a fight in there. I passed some stretcher bearers and a couple of lads that looked as if they were trying to keep themselves from sitting down by holding their hips up, and here and there was a rifle sticking up out of the rushes butt end up, but nothing to write home about. Still no sign of action.

I got hold of some lads coiling up telephone wire, and because I was on a horse they thought I must be a staff-officer at least. They knew where they were, because they were taking down a telephone central that wasn't supposed to open until four o'clock that afternoon and was already archaic.

"This is a bunch of brush called the Quart of Reserve," said the sergeant. "Funny name, ain't it? Well, they can have it."

"Where's the advance?"

"I hear by the telephone," said the sergeant, "that they're at Nonsard a day ahead of time. That being the objective, they got to wait there until the general staff gets caught up with its figures. It must be hell for a bunch of high rankin' officers to find out a battle is all over in twenty minutes and them with no plans ready for the next one."

"Where's this Nonsard at?" I asked him.

"Over there!" he said. "Over there! In about two minutes yuh come to a battery of abandoned guns. Folly the path north from there."

Hi, jarhead! Giddap! We set hobnails to horse, and away we went at a spanking walk. Aw, that goat couldn't move one leg out of the way of the other except by slow motion! But we found the guns, just as he said, and came out on a big meadow, with a town on the far, far side of it. And there were my infantry. They were pitching shelter tents. Take distance, and even numbers put the peg between their heels, and all the rest of it. That was all I wanted to know.

So I turned rein, and went to carry the good news from Aix to Ghent, or rather to Openshirt, who was no gent, if I do say so.

I couldn't gallop, though, like the guys did in the poem. My horse wouldn't move faster than a walk. Those horses we had never got anything to eat, an' they were goats the French had condemned anyway, and were saving for glue, only we came along and paid race-track prices for them.

But I was going to tell Openshirt all about the battle, and wouldn't he be pleased that it had been such a victory! It had been, too. I got a little lost, in my hurry, and got onto the Saint Baussant road, and passed a column of prisoners half a mile long. Thinks I, the war is over. Maybe I'll be home for my birthday, which is the 28th of September!

I say I got lost. It was easy enough to go forward and find what might have been a battle, but to go back and find a battery among all the American Army was another thing. There were fifty little towns that all looked alike. Lahayville, Seicheprey, Richécourt, Marvoisin, Beaumont, and what have you. The place was boiling with Americans, all mad at being kept up all night and then no party. There were flocks of ambulances with no passengers, a field hospital with no patients, machine gunners with their guns on their shoulders, and the enemy ten miles away by now, field artillery that were outraged, and heavy artillery that couldn't go into position because the place was all cluttered up with the light guns.

In between was a light sprinkling of French, who thought it was certainly one hell of a way to behave, to go and finish up a battle in an hour that should have lasted anyway a couple of weeks. What crazies, these Americans! Did any of these guys hear of a town called Xivray? Nah! They had only heard of one place, and they told me to go there with great fervor.

I SAID I got lost. When I hit Beaumont, I did find someone that said Xivray was some miles to the north, that I'd come back too far, so I turned and went north again. I got out into some wild fields that looked like those I'd crossed that morning, and they looked just as lonesome, despite the fact that the place was beginning to swarm with Americans. Something wrong. I stood up in my stirrups to see if I couldn't find the old German front line or a landmark to guide myself by.

Wheeee! goes something by my ear. Hey, what was that? Lady, when a bullet cracks, it's gone by overhead, but when they hum, they're just about skull high! Bzzzzzz! goes another one. There were some woods over to the left, and some kraut in there that didn't know the battle was over was popping at me, all on horseback as I was. I took one look for a hole to get into, and spotted the wall of a ruined house about twenty yards away.

You should have seen me get off that

horse, get him between me and the boy with the rifle and the two of us make for that wall! The horse wouldn't be hurried, though. Not he. I kept wondering what the penetration was of a high powered bullet at say four or five hundred yards, and if it hit the horse would it go through him and into me. Then we got to the wall, and I jumped behind it.

But the goat balked. He heaved back on the reins. He wouldn't come in. Can you imagine that? Something whined just like a piano wire, and that horse came for me all feet in the air. I ducked and he disappeared. My unseen friend had creased him right across what he'd sit on if a horse sat, he had jumped over me and fallen down a trench, and there he lay, hoofs in air, his goofy old head in the mud, and all my new pazor, underwear, messkit, and Red Cross razor complete underneath him.

AND what would Captain Openshirt say if I came back without my horse? Also, being betwixt and between, I'd have to walk. Nah! We must get our horse out of there. But how? Lady, I cursed that poor animal until his mane nearly caught fire. He just didn't care. He lay there so comfortable and didn't even struggle. Ain't we got fun! The shades of night were falling by then, and that battlefield was getting lonesomer and lonesomer.

Phut! goes one into the ground by my foot. So we join the old goat in the bottom of the trench.

"Hey, guy, git your horse outta there, will you?"

I looked to see who this was, and there's a brave column of machine gunners, all loaded up with barrel and tripod, the other side of my reclinin' steed.

"Huh," said I, "whaddyuh want me to do? Whistle to him?"

"C'm on, git him outta there! There's a sniper in them woods we gotta stifle! We can't get by this horse!"

"Yuh think I laid him there on purpose? Jump up on the parapet and go around him!"

"An' git plugged? That kraut over there has kept this place clean all afternoon! He just shot a staff officer on horseback about five minutes ago! We're goin' after him!"

Then the gang behind in the trench began to yell and whistle and holler, "Let's go!" So with no further argument about five men took the old goat by the neck and turned him end for end, so that he got on his feet. It was so simple I couldn't have believed it. Then we lugged him down the trench away, to where one side of it was broken down.

They'd been firing a little while before—it was because they saw this guy shoot at me that they changed position—and they had a gun barrel that was hot. The guys that were carrying it with chain mittens

just applied it gently to goat, and he went out of that trench faster than he'd moved since he was born.

"Thanks a lot, boys," said I, and I went away for a fold in the ground. From there I got onto the Richcourt road, and then, suddenly, ran into the battery. They were in column, halted, out in the field. Oh, did I curve over to them!

"Sir," says I to Openshirt, "don't cross this field, it's under fire."

He stopped chewing his fingers and gave me a sour look. Just then we could faintly hear putputput!—my machine gunners tossing a burst or two into the woods.

"Where the hell have you been all day?" says he to me.

I told him, not forgetting the infantry pitching shelter camp on the front lines.

"That will be the 18th," said he, "north-east of the Bois Rate. We're moving up there, the Lord bless us, and all the men's packs, and the rolling kitchen, and the ration cart are God knows where!"

"But this field is under fire, sir!"

"T'ell with that, we haven't got any chow!" He bit his knuckles some more.

"Sergeant," said he, "we are now on what the map says is 227.9. We were to meet the wagon train here. These guns were due in Nonsard an hour ago, food or no food, ammunition or no ammunition. I'm going on with them. You stay and guide the ration wagon when it gets here!"

"Sir? Me?"

"Yeh, you! You may have to hunt around a whole lot to find them, but you've got a horse, so you won't mind it! Forward, ho-o-oh!"

"Guide the wagon train where, sir?"

"To Nonsard, where you saw the shelter tents!"

So they went by clanking, and not a one of them even gave me a look of sympathy.

"Hey, you birds, don't you know me?" I hollered at them. After all, that was my own outfit.

"You scruff!" said two or three at once. "Ridin' around on a horse all day!" And that was all the greeting they could give me.

At the tail of the column, straggling along on foot behind a spare caisson, were two very particular friends of mine.

"Hey!" I called to them. "What have I done to make this outfit sore? Is it because I got a horse? Anyone that wants him can have him, and welcome."

"Naw," said they, "it ain't you. We ain't had no chow! No breakfast, no dinner, and likely no supper. Who t'ell wouldn't be sore?"

Ah, no chow! I began to remember I hadn't had any myself. My old warhorse had been nearly jerking my arms out by the roots for the last hour every time we went by a piece of grass, reaching out his neck to bite for it, so he was taken care of, but what of me? Well, for once I was no worse off than the rest of the outfit. I had a horse and could wander about in search of a handout without taking my eye off the crossroads by way of which any wagons belonging to us (Continued on page 50)

Actually KILLS FLEAS

Instead of Merely Stupefying them



YOUR DOG OR CAT can be absolutely spared the tortures and tapeworm perils of fleas and lice if dusted twice a month with Pulvex Flea Powder. It not only kills all the fleas and lice present (none ever survive to reinfest) but *its deadly killing action continues for days*, destroying other fleas and lice that may attack.

Harmless, even if swallowed. Non-irritating. Odorless. Sold on a money-back guarantee to "kill them off—keep them off" by pet shops, drug and department stores, 50c, or William Cooper & Nephews, Inc., 1928 Clifton Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

OTHER PULVEX DOG PRODUCTS

• **PULVEX Combination Worm Capsules**
—2 capsules combined in 1; expel Tape, Round, and Hook Worms in a single dosing....75c

• **PULVEX 6-Use Dog Soap**
—the only soap that oils, tones, grooms, kills fleas, deodorizes, and cleans perfectly....50c

PULVEX FLEA POWDER



REGULATION WAR MEDALS

Victory Medal \$1.50. Battle Clasp \$.25 each. Campaign Bars \$.25 each. New ribbons for any U. S. medal \$.30. Any Foreign ribbon \$.50. New 28 page booklet contains complete illustrated information on all medals and insignia. SEND \$.10 in coin or stamps.

George W. Studley
159 Albemarle St., Rochester, N. Y.



HOLLYWOOD LEGION STADIUM

BOXING EVERY FRIDAY

Owned and Operated by Hollywood Post 43 American Legion.

Broadcast of Fights and Famous Post 43 Band Over Sta. K.N.X. (1050 Kilocycles), 9.45 Pacific Coast Time.



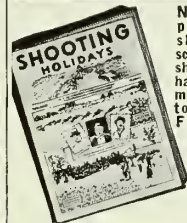
BEWARE of a clogged radiator. It overheats the motor . . . saps power . . . leads to costly repairs. It's much better to prevent a clogged radiator than to cure it. But Sani-Flush will do either. Just pour in Sani-Flush. Run the engine. Then drain. (Directions on the can.) Sani-Flush is perfectly safe. Cannot harm aluminum cylinder-heads, nor cooling-system. It is non-caustic. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a year. It costs only a few cents.

Most women keep Sani-Flush in the house to clean toilet bowls. But if you can't find it, buy a can at any grocery, drug, or hardware store—25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN—NON-CAUSTIC

SHOOTING HOLIDAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!



New pictures—135 sparkling photos; new inspiration; shooting celebrities; club scenes; rifle ranges, trap shooting and skeet fields; hand trap; pistol marksmanship; 24-page rotogravure tabloid, FREE!

MODEL 69
New .22 cal. Winchester Repeater—bolt action, box magazine, 6 shots.



MODEL 42
.410 bore Repeating Shotgun shoots the sensational 3-inch shell. Light. Quick handling. For shooters of all ages.

'round .22 repeating rifle for men, women, juniors. Or get yourself a racy, light Winchester Model 42 Repeating Shotgun. The .410 gun that has put SMALL-BORE shotgun shooting square in the middle of the spotlight. World record maker in Skeet. Light recoil. Little recoil. Powders hand-trap clay pigeons like a 12 gauge. THE FAMILY shotgun for shooting holidays.

See These Popular Winchester's
TODAY. Look them over . . . also the other famous Winchester Great Guns for shooting holidays. At your dealer's. For rotogravure tabloid and folders, send coupon below.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
Box 25-C NEW HAVEN, CONN., U. S. A.
Sure thing! Mail me FREE your 1935 "Shooting Holidays" and folders on Models 69 and 42.

NAME
ADDRESS

A Vain Thing for Safety

(Continued from page 49)

must pass provided they hadn't got lost.

Well, lady, Mother Hubbard's cupboard had nothing on that neck of the woods for being bare. A field hospital had moved in, and a bunch of colored pioneer troops were repairing the road. But no chow. It came dark, and the wind began to moan through the wire. The pioneers retired in column of bunches. I rode over to see if they had left any little article of food behind them, but they hadn't. One slat wagon of ours went by that I directed on its way. That was all.

Came the night, we staked out the horse with a picket line, and rolled up in the blankets and shelter half I'd carried on the saddle. Yeh, okay, except that horse was lonely, and wouldn't go away from me. He thought I was a trench, there, once. I woke up and rolled out of the way just in time.

Well, come day, an officer came back raging and gave me hark-from-the-tomb because there was nothing to eat at the battery. What fault was it of mine? The fourgon and the three caissons came along about then, and he went cursing away to guide them up to Nonsard. I wasn't getting anything to eat either. Then, in the shank of the morning, appears an officer on foot, all mud, and looking pretty well run out at the small end.

"Hey, trooper," says he to me, "what's your outfit?"

"Seventy-sixth Field," says I.

"Glory be, where are they?"

"At Nonsard, sir, about four miles from here."

He give a groan. "Oh, my God!" says he, "I'll never make it! I've walked on foot from Boucq, or somewhere. I had a motorcycle, but somebody buscared it. Sergeant, how's chances on the loan of that horse? The Seventy-sixth is my regiment, too."

Is it really, thinks I. And where do you see the diapers on me that make you think I was born yesterday?

"I'm sorry, sir," says I, "but I'm only

minding him for a minute. He belongs to Captain Openshirt."

"Listen," says the officer earnestly, "it's of the utmost importance that I get quickly to the regiment. I must have a horse. I'll commandeer him! By God, I order you to give him to me!"

"Sorry, sir," said I, "I'll have to refuse unless you give me a written order from Captain Openshirt."

Well, he stood first on one foot and then the other, and swore a little, and then went away, looking back from time to time and muttering.

"Huh!" thinks I, "I had one experience with lending horses to officers, that was enough!"

This so-called Battle of Saint Meeheel was pretty well over by then. They did keep digging a prisoner out of the woods here and there, but even that stopped after a while. Lady, but how the stomach did begin to complain! Then finally up came my rolling kitchen, with the goofy cooks all aghast, and the dumb mess sergeant trying to read the French sign at the cross roads. Believe me they were glad to see me when I rode over. No chow, though, they didn't have no chow. Nothing but day before yesterday's coffee. But the battery would have chow at Nonsard, and now they'd have the kitchen to cook it. I led them right away across the fields; I knew the shortest way to Nonsard.

We got good news, too. We passed a liaison messenger that we knew, and he told us the trucks had gotten through, and that all the battery was waiting for was the kitchen. Later we met a patrol from D Battery out looking for their kitchen, and we were pretty proud that we had *ours*. Then, after a time, we rode into Nonsard, and found the battery in an orchard. I rode out ahead of the kitchen, like Napoleon entering Moscow. Then appears to me Openshirt, with his teeth skun to the gums.

"Sir," said I, saluting, "I report the rolling kitchen safe and sound."

"To hell with the rolling kitchen," says he, "get off that horse before I drag you off! Did you see Captain Spicer? Why the umph didn't you lend him that goat when he asked for it?"

"I don't know Captain Spicer, sir," said I, "but if he's the officer that wanted to borrow this horse at the Narvoisin cross-roads, I wouldn't give it to him because I've had hard luck with loaning horses to officers before!"

"Well, you're going to have hard luck with not loaning this one," snarls Openshirt. "Captain Spicer is regimental supply officer. The chow trucks are only half full so as not to get mired in the bad going, and he announces that since A Battery won't lend him a horse, then he hasn't got enough chow to feed A Battery, that they can wait until tonight."

Oh, ain't that nice!

"I only obeyed orders, sir!" says I stoutly.

"I'm not going to punish you," says he. "Obey orders you did. But I'm going to tell the battery why they aren't going to have any chow and why the other two batteries are!"

He did, too. Can you imagine that, lady? They all wanted to beat me up from right to left. Ah, well, the only friend I had left was my old buddy that once had been a section chief, but had been busted to spare gunner.

"It all come because you had a horse," said he. "If yuh walked like the rest of us, it wouldn't 'a' happened."

"I'll never get on one again!" said I. And lady, I never did. But did I have a time in the Argonne keeping off of one!

A final chapter in the chronicle of Sergeant Nason's equestrian career will appear in an early issue.

As the Service Officer Sees It

(Continued from page 23)

service, and statements from physicians who examined you immediately after discharge. Your military and clinical records will be obtained from the Adjutant General's office, and then you will be called for examination by the Veterans Administration. If the examination reveals sufficient disabilities resulting from injuries or diseases shown in service, or if certain constitutional disabilities such as rheumatism, heart or kidney trouble can be shown within one year after discharge, you would be entitled to direct service connection."

"What is this presumptive service connection?"

"Certain disabilities, such as extreme

nervousness, insanity, active tuberculosis, amoebic dysentery, paralysis agitans, after-effects of spinal meningitis and sleeping sickness, are given direct service connection if shown to exist within one year after discharge, as is true of constitutional diseases," the S. O. explained. "But if any of the nervous, mental or tubercular disabilities can be shown to have existed at any definite time prior to January 1, 1925, they are presumed to have been incurred in service. In other words, you get credit for having had tuberculosis, nervousness, insanity, amoebic dysentery, paralysis agitans, meningitis or sleeping sickness in service if sufficient symptoms regarding

these disabilities prior to 1925 can be shown."

"That ought to be easy."

"Well, it isn't so easy, unless the service record reveals the disability."

"I got a gunshot wound in the arm," he said. "They pay a high rate for injuries, don't they?"

"No, I'm sorry to say the rate is comparatively low. We have gunshot wound cases who receive nothing. Before a ten percent degree of disability can be shown there must be limited motion of joints, loss of muscle and strength, or nerves tied up in the scar tissue."

"I was gassed," he continued. "Don't

they pay good compensation for such a disability?"

"No; the fact that you were gassed might be helpful in proving service connection for chronic bronchitis and pleurisy, provided that considerable lung trouble resulted."

"If they won't service connect me, can I sue them?"

"No; you cannot file a suit against the Government for any gratuity, but you can appeal your claim to the Veterans Board of Appeals in Washington. If The American Legion has power of attorney, representatives of the National Rehabilitation Committee of the Legion will appear before the Appeal Board, and make a sincere effort to establish your claim."

"Suppose I lose out there?"

"The only appeal left would be to the Administrator of Veterans Affairs, but you would have to have an unusual case to win by appeal."

As a general rule, your best chance to establish your claim is in your regional office, particularly if your claim is properly prepared in the beginning. We'll not cross that bridge until we get to it. Bring me all of the evidence first, since it is best to look for weak links in the chain of evidence rather than to attempt to strengthen a weak statement in the folder with additional statements from the same person. We will be notified about ten days before your case is decided, and see that you are represented before the board. Meanwhile you must mark time until scheduled for examination."

A DISABLED veteran entered, sat down, fidgeted. His hand trembled as he searched his pockets for a worn packet of letters.

"I've been drawing disability allowance and they cut me off," he stammered. "I want to get service connection."

Power of attorney was executed. Case history revealed that the veteran had drawn disability allowance for psychoneurosis neurasthenia, moderate, and high blood pressure, mild.

"What do they mean by neurasthenia?" he demanded.

"Extreme nervousness," replied the S.O. "It is a term used when a person seems to have everything wrong, without anything definite being revealed by medical tests. Some of the symptoms are inability to sleep or to work continuously, being irritable, easily excited, having crying spells, and an unusually fast heart."

"That's what I've got all right, and have had ever since the war."

"To establish service connection for nervousness, you must prove that some of the symptoms mentioned showed up prior to January 1, 1925. If this can be done, you will be given credit for having developed your nervous condition in service. The evidence in your file is rather vague regarding your nervousness."

"If you'll fix up the kind of evidence I need, I can get plenty of people to sign it."

"That would be the worst thing we could do," the S.O. explained. "What the Veterans Administration wants is the truth about your (Continued on page 52)



POOR FISH!

● This is a picture of an angler who has put one over on the fish. He may be no great shakes as a caster or a reeler, but when it comes to outfitting himself, he knows his groceries!

He knows his groceries in one word—Heinz—with 57 variations. You don't find him messing around with greasy bacon in a pan that never gets scoured. No, sir! He just opens a can of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, and lays into a dinner that would make any Down-East Bostonian cook green with envy!

Make a note of these delicious Heinz prepared foods that require only heating—and eating. Stock up your kit-bag with a generous supply. Then, if the fish don't bite, you'll eat royally anyhow!

- HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS
- HEINZ HOMESTYLE SOUPS
- HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI
- HEINZ COOKED MACARONI

And always keep a bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup near at hand. It's positive protection against the horrors of amateur open-fire cooking!



As the Service Officer Sees It

(Continued from page 51)

condition as observed by those who know most about it. Yours is the type of case where comrades and business associates might be of real service in connecting your claim. If you acted in an unusual manner, became excited over trifles, and had difficulty in getting along with others, it would be to your advantage to have those who knew most about these things state under oath when and where you did such things, and state the circumstances that show why the approximate date is recalled."

"I took a barber course, but was too nervous to work at the trade after I finished the course."

"When was that?"

"Sometime in 1923."

"Statements from the man you tried to work for as a barber, from the barber school proprietor, and customers who may have feared to have you shave them, would be helpful in indicating your nervous condition. We will have a contact representative from the Veterans Administration check up on all those who know about your nervousness. Sometimes these investigations result in establishing service connection."

"I've been in government hospitals, but they don't seem to do me any good."

"As a rule, hospitalization is not helpful for extreme nervousness; in fact, it often aggravates the condition. That doesn't mean that neurasthenia is not a serious disability. It is misunderstood by many physicians, and underestimated as a disability, I think. You seem to have a good case, and we'll do what we can to help you establish service connection."

"If I can't get service connection, do they pay for total disability not connected with service?"

"Yes, \$30 a month is paid to permanently and totally disabled veterans who had ninety days' service extending into the war period that began April 6, 1917, or extended after November 11, 1918."

"How much disability would I have to have?"

"You must be permanently and totally disabled, and be unable to carry on continuously in a given occupation. The government requirements are more rigid than is generally realized."

"Why can't they give me a total rating for nervousness?"

"Because the rating schedule that fixes the value of all disabilities only allows eighty percent for the most severe case of nervousness, with frequent hysterical seizures."

"What are some disabilities considered permanent and total?"

"Active tuberculosis, in the last stages, or with more than a year of continuous activity; severe heart disease, preventing

physical effort; total blindness; loss of arm and leg, or both hands, or both feet; some forms of cancer; severe organic diseases; insanity. Or some of these disabilities in combination might permit total rating. All misconduct disabilities, however, are barred from benefits of disability compensation or permanent and total pension."

"Are disabilities added together to make a total rating?"

"No, disabilities are not added, since a veteran cannot be more than one hundred percent disabled. For instance, if one disability is rated sixty percent, other disabilities would apply to the remaining forty percent. An additional fifty percent applied to the remaining forty percent would add twenty percent to the sixty percent and make eighty percent. With combined disabilities of eighty percent, the veteran's industrial history, showing repeated failures to hold down various jobs, would justify the board in making an award."

"I went to my doctor last week and he examined me and said I had high blood pressure."

"Have you got the doctor's examination report?"

The veteran produced a statement indicating blood pressure of 235-130.

"That is very high blood pressure, possibly enough to entitle you to permanent and total pension. We'll file your claim also for pension, as it will not interfere with your claim for service connection."

THE telephone rang. The Service Officer, receiver at ear, sat with pencil poised.

"Hello, yes, this is the Service Officer of The American Legion . . . Yes, treatment can be obtained in a government hospital for an honorably discharged veteran of any war or expedition . . . Well, he would be a World War veteran if he served honorably after having been accepted for service within the period between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918 . . . He must be an acute emergency case, or seriously in need of treatment . . . Read the dates on the discharge . . . June 8, 1917, to December 21, 1918 . . . He's eligible. What does the doctor say is wrong? . . . If the veteran has appendicitis, the doctor should make a blood count, check the pulse rate and amount of fever, and telephone to the medical officer in charge of the nearest hospital . . . No, don't move the veteran except on medical advice . . . Because the appendix might rupture . . . It's dangerous to move appendicitis, pneumonia and cerebral hemorrhage cases . . . Be governed by what the veteran's doctor and the hospital medical officer decide . . . If hospitalization is authorized, get receipts for railroad or bus fare, or for oil and gas, and for an attendant if authorized . . . No, they won't pay for an ambulance . . . We'll have the

eligibility checked and speed up admission . . . Good-bye."

A veteran painfully lowered himself into the office chair.

"They've been paying me compensation for the last ten years, and now they've cut me off without an examination," he began his recital.

The letter he offered stated that the reason for breaking service connection was the fact that the disability of chronic arthritis and kidney trouble had existed prior to enlistment, and had not been aggravated by military service of seventy-two days.

"Why is it they have been paying me all these years if I'm not entitled to it?"

"Under the 1924 veterans' law, any veteran was regarded as sound even though disabilities were overlooked at enlistment. When these veterans were awarded compensation, a notation was made that the disability existed prior to enlistment, not noted. The 1934 law provides that the presumption of soundness at enlistment no longer prevails and responsibility is fixed on the Government to show that the condition did not develop in service or become aggravated by service."

"NO, the Veterans Administration has to check up all of the medical facts in your case, and if the information obtained shows conclusively that your condition existed prior to enlistment, and there were no records to show aggravation during military service, then compensation would be discontinued. Obviously that has been done in your case."

"What can I do about it?"

"Since there is information in your file to show that you had the kidney trouble and rheumatism before you enlisted, it would be necessary for treatment to have been given in service to show aggravation, as credit for aggravation cannot be given for your condition after discharge."

"Well, I had rheumatism and kidney trouble, but they didn't bother me any until I entered the service, and they gave me an S.C.D. discharge. If I can't prove aggravation, is there any chance for permanent and total pension?"

"No, because your service was less than ninety days."

"Guess I'm just out of luck," he sighed.

"Frankly, your case looks unfavorable. I would like to encourage you, if it would help your case, but the time has come for veterans to be told the truth, and it looks as though service officers are the ones who have to break the bad news. Cases such as yours are required to comply with definite regulations; government officials really have little authority in deciding cases in the veteran's favor when the facts as shown in the folder do not justify such action."

"I never thought a thing like this could have happened."

"Do you belong to the Legion?"

"No."

"Did you pay your dues while you were receiving compensation?"

"I paid one year and then dropped out."

"Believe it or not, less than ten percent of the total membership of The American Legion are receiving pensions or disability compensation. It does seem that any veteran drawing as much as \$10 a month would be willing to spend 35 cents a month in membership dues to help protect his \$10."

"I'll pay up, and keep paid up after this," the veteran vowed. "Maybe if there had been two million of us in the Legion some of the benefits wouldn't have been taken away."

THE waiting veteran ignored the proffered seat.

"What I came for won't take much time," he announced. "I was in here about three months ago, and you filed a new claim and asked for complete clinical records."

The service officer started to make out a contact card.

"Yeah; you must have connected me, because I've been notified I'd get \$50 a month for arrested tuberculosis. I came in to thank you for helping me."

"To thank me?"

"Yeah," he drawled. "Unless I owe you something."

"No, you don't owe me anything," the service officer replied. "I'm not used to getting thanked, that's all."

"Well, I wouldn't have been service connected if it hadn't been for you, and I want you to know I appreciate it. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, there's nothing you can do for me, but you do owe a debt to The American Legion for what it has done to get compensations, funeral allowance, adjusted compensation, hospitalization, and so on."

"Okay, what do I owe the Legion?" He took out his purse.

"Your membership dues, for one thing."

"Okay." He paid his dues.

"What do you get for doing service work?" the veteran inquired curiously.

"Nothing."

"You mean to tell me that you give your time helping other veterans?"

"Yes."

"Are you drawing anything from the Government?"

"No; in fact, I feel that those of us who went through the war without a scratch owe a debt to those who were less fortunate. It is little enough to help them with their claims."

The veteran's face lighted.

"You know you've put this up to me in a way I never realized before. Nobody carried my pack in the service, but I've been letting fellows like you carry it since discharge. I want to do my part. I know a lot of buddies I can sign up. Give me whatever it takes to sign 'em, and I'll bring in their dues."

Beaming zealously, the Legionnaire started out in quest of members.

Whistling "Hinky Dinky Parley Voo," the service officer, reinforced with application blanks, left his office to round up AWOL comrades for The American Legion.

Claude A. Brown of Little Rock, Arkansas, is Director of the Arkansas Service Bureau, a State agency established as a result of the efforts of the Arkansas Department, The American Legion, to assist war veterans with their claims. Following his graduation from the University of Missouri School of Journalism in 1911, he held city editor desks on daily newspapers in Red Wing, Minnesota, and Muskogee, Oklahoma, then in San Antonio, Austin, and El Paso, Texas. He entered the Third Officers Training School at Camp Pike, was commissioned second lieutenant, infantry, and served as assistant camp personnel adjutant at Camp Lee, Virginia, and Camp Cody, New Mexico. Following discharge, he was elected Commander of Craig-Wheeler-Duzan Post of The American Legion in his home town, Rich Hill, Missouri, in 1920. He served as Adjutant, Arkansas Department, The American Legion, from 1921 to 1925, and founded the Arkansas Legionnaire, a successful State weekly publication which has been issued continuously since December 21, 1921.

In Auxiliary circles Mr. Brown is known as the husband of Ruth McCurry Brown, chairman of Arca C Child Welfare Committee and nationally known Auxiliary leader. They have two children—Mamie Ruth and Claudia Ann—both Auxiliaires. Mr. Brown's mother and three sisters also belong to the Auxiliary, which may constitute some sort of record.

Them Was the Bad Old Days

(Continued from page 31)

work. And then along came a third M.P.

"But I won't bother to amplify. The fact is that by the time we reached the Bastille there were literally thousands of M.P.'s in our wake, all immersed in their little books, and I don't know what would have happened if it hadn't started to rain, getting our eye sockets all wet and slippery so that the monocles fell out and we dis-

missed the regiment. That was the only parade I ever saw, and it wasn't much fun while it lasted. We never knew but what sooner or later they'd find something that would apply to our case listed under Grindstones or Ferris Wheels or something. You can't tell about the Army."

"I don't believe it," said the stout guy.

"Every word (Continued on page 54)

EXTRA RANGE FOR .22 RIFLES

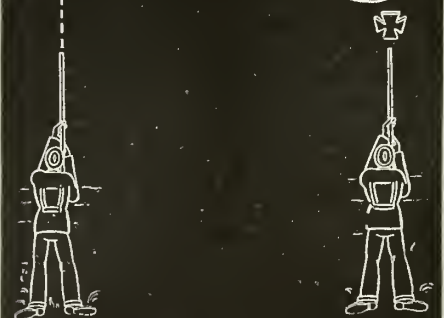
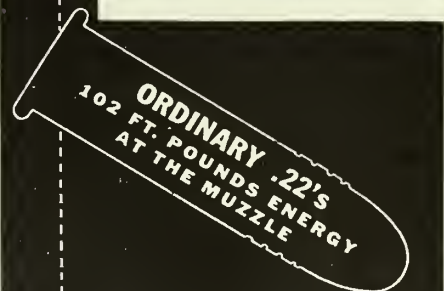


S MACKO! A Kleanbore Hi-Speed bullet strikes 100 yards from the gun. Instantly delicate instruments measure the striking force. 110 foot pounds of energy! More power than ordinary .22's develop at the muzzle!

Why do these Hi-Speed space sizzlers outshoot all others? Simply this: They're built like big game cartridges—solid brass case; extra-hard bullet, specially lubricated; Hi-Speed powder, and the one and only Kleanbore priming!

Test this amazing .22 ammunition yourself. We promise it will put new pep and power in any rifle. No increase in price. Buy and try a box today. Remington Arms Company, 138 Helen Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

Remington
DU PONT



KLEANBORE HI-SPEED .22's

Them Was the Bad Old Days

(Continued from page 53)

of it's true. Or at least, some of them. Stop opening your mouth as if you were trying to say something. I know what it's going to be. That in those dear old days in France there was no such thing as speak-easies. Well, there were, and plenty. I thought I told you to keep quiet. Please see that you do.

"You remember that in those wartime days all the cafes had to close up at nine p.m. bells or some such unholy hour, just when a civilized person was getting rid of his beauty sleep. Well, we discovered a place called, or we'll call it, the Tivoli, because that wasn't its real name, and I'm no undercover agent, that had no puritanical ideas on the subject. I was in there with Sid Jarvis and John Moller and a couple more defenders of democracy. It was hotter than ten toes off a boiled salamander and we all had our jackets off and our shirts unbuttoned and so on and so forth. It got to be about eleven o'clock or three—I don't exactly remember which—and we were waxing merry out of the stuff they were dumping out of fountain pens and serving over the bar when a couple of M.P. captains came in.

"Keep quiet. I'm still talking. One of

these captains appeared to be a nice lad, but the other was very you-know. Well, Captain A, as we'll call the good guy, just wrote down our names and organizations the way we gave them, and remarked that they were probably phony, and we reassured him that he was entirely correct, and he was all for letting us go on our own recognizance with the promise that we'd show up to be shot at sunrise, when Captain B busted into the conversation. I don't know why two captains should be running around together, but, for that matter, what's the sense to Siamese Twins?"

"I have two aunts who are twins out in Des Moines," the fat man said.

"Des Moines isn't in Siam, and don't get me off the track. The other captain—the nasty one—suddenly discovered that we were out of uniform, technically, and I suppose we were, unless you count issue underwear and hobnailed shoes as complete regimentals. 'Captain A,' said Captain B, 'I demand that these men be arrested. They're out of uniform.' 'Oh, let it slide for once,' Captain A said. 'After all, the war's over.' 'I will not let it slide,' Captain B announced, and even I, who am always willing and ready to believe the best

of all men, even captains, could see that he was aggravated, although why I don't know, unless it was that this Moller object had tried to pour some red ink down the back of his neck. 'I will certainly not let it slide. Section 28,091 provides—'

"At this point Sid Jarvis, who had been made a corporal two days before and who was working on his biography for Who's Who in case of an overwhelming public demand for same, butted in. He'd noticed that one of Captain B's pockets was on the verge of becoming unbuttoned, so with a deft motion of his elbow that he learned in a Child's restaurant flipping flapjacks, he completed the operation. Then he pointed to the completely unbuttoned pocket.

"'Out of uniform?' says Sid in a shocked voice and blushing right down to the roots of his undershirt. 'Why, captain, sir, might I point out that the captain's out of uniform himself?'

"And while Captain B was figuring on a snappy retort, which was a hard job under the circumstances, Captain A intimated to us in a low but firm voice that it might be just as well if we got out before we got the hell dragged out. We got out. Now what was it you were going to say?"

The Battle of Capitol Hill

(Continued from page 13)

Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., who came here to Washington on January 14th, and, canceling speaking engagements throughout the country, remained here practically all the time for more than three months, right up on the firing line, fighting day and night to win this battle for three and a half million veterans.

On January 30, 1935, Mr. Patman made this statement: "The bill which was introduced, H.R. 1, provides that United States notes shall be issued to pay the certificates. It provides further that in event there is danger of undue expansion of the currency or unbridled inflation, the Secretary of the Treasury may cause to be withdrawn Federal Reserve notes. This is what I said before the convention, and the bill—H.R. 1—carries out the mandate of the convention, and the bill introduced by my good friend, the gentleman from Kentucky, Mr. Vinson, does not comply with the mandate of the convention."

Now, Mr. Patman should have known that this was a positive misstatement of fact. In the same speech he stated it was his honest belief that if the Legion bill had not been introduced a hearing would have already been held and the bill already passed in the House; although he knew when he made this statement there was no Ways and Means Committee until January 14th and that that committee had im-

mediately taken up the Social Security Bill; and further that the chairman, Mr. Doughton of North Carolina, had assured the House that as soon as the hearings were concluded on that bill, immediately hearings would be held on bonus legislation. And this is exactly what the Ways and Means Committee did. When convened, on March 4th, it gave Mr. Patman the opportunity to be the first witness to speak on the subject. In opening his remarks, Mr. Patman made this statement: "Before these present hearings, sometime in January, we organized a steering committee that had for its purpose the successful passage of this legislation. They are as follows: Mr. Sabath, Illinois; Mr. Scrugham, Nevada; Mr. Greenwood, Indiana; Mr. Colmer, Mississippi; Mr. Randolph, West Virginia; Mr. Cannon, Missouri; Mr. Connery, Massachusetts; Mr. Berlin, Pennsylvania; Mr. Hancock, North Carolina; Mr. Johnson, Oklahoma; Mr. Ayres, Montana; Mr. Richards, South Carolina; Mr. Boileau, Wisconsin; Mr. May, Kentucky; Mr. Hildebrandt, South Dakota; Mr. Smith, Washington; Mr. Dies, Texas; Mr. Miller, Arkansas; Mr. Dondero, Michigan; Mr. Kvale, Minnesota; Mr. Patman, Texas, Chairman, and Mr. Murdock, of Utah, Secretary."

Although H.R. 1—the Patman Bill—upon which he was testifying specifically

set forth that it was for "controlled expansion of the currency" and, as presented by him to the Congress the previous session, it was to be cited as the "Controlled Expansion Act 1933," before the Committee he made this definite statement: "So under the terms of this law, I submit to you, there is no danger of inflation. It is not an inflationary bill." In spite of this statement the witnesses who followed, speaking in favor of H.R. 1 devoted their remarks almost exclusively to the currency expansion features of this bill. One of them speaking for the National Farmers Union testified he was in favor of "the issuance of Treasury notes up to \$9,800,000,000." One of the Congressmen stated: "True it is that this is a method to install a new currency system." Another said: "True it is that this will change the orthodox monetary system."

It was indeed very interesting to hear these gentlemen, members of Congress, who have been constantly for the past two years and even longer arguing upon the floor of Congress for "inflation of the currency" now coming before the Ways and Means Committee to protest loudly that this was not inflation of the currency. It was interesting also to hear the Commander of one of the smaller veterans' organizations, in his endorsement of this bill, devote most of his time to criticizing a state-

ment of the President of the United States, who, in the final analysis, would have the opportunity either to approve or to disapprove any legislation which might be passed. It was with deep regret that veterans attending the hearings were obliged to listen to this type of testimony.

The case of the Legion was presented before that committee by the National Commander and by the members of the National Legislative Committee. We informed the committee that we were not appearing as "monetary experts;" nor did we intend to discuss either the merits or demerits of inflation of the currency, or expansion of the currency; that what we were interested in was the immediate payment in full of the Adjusted Service Certificates, with cancelation of interest on loans which had been made; and that H.R. 3896—the Vinson-American Legion Bill—carried this purpose out in full.

I stated: "The American Legion does not want its legislation calling for the immediate payment of the Adjusted Compensation Certificates in full attached to any other kite. I do not want a stone tied around that particular legislative proposal that will sink it. What The American Legion is interested in, is most desirous of and insistent on, if you please, is that the Adjusted Compensation Certificates be paid in full at this time. The point is we do not want this legislation dragged down to defeat by the inclusion of any change in the monetary system of our Government, either by inflation, by expansion of the currency, or by any other method, call it what you will. Why attach such a proposal to the proposal of immediate payment of the Adjusted Service Certificates? Let the members of the House vote upon that question, and let the members of the Senate vote upon that question. We believe, and justly so, that the Vinson Bill shall become law. Why tie around the neck of the Adjusted Compensation Bill a proposal that dooms it to defeat. Speaking for The American Legion, we ask you gentlemen to divorce all such proposals from this bill and we ask you to present to the Congress the Vinson Bill, which confines itself specifically to the question before you."

National Commander Belgrano, before the committee for more than an hour and a half, set forth clearly and specifically our determination to see this legislation enacted into law. Vilas H. Whaley, Chairman of the National Legislative Committee, emphasized our position, and Raymond J. Kelly, former chairman, was examined by the committee on the procedure which took place at Miami, where he was chairman of the convention committee on legislation. And in order that the members of the Ways and Means Committee might understand clearly that the question of inflation or expansion of the currency was not considered at Miami, he presented a statement, signed by the following eight members of the subcommittee which drafted the resolution, and of which Mr. Patman was the ninth member: Harry

Colmery of Kansas; Lionel Thorsness, of Illinois; Walter Kress, of Pennsylvania; J. Monroe Johnson, of South Carolina; Samuel Reynolds, of Nebraska; S. B. Corr, of Wisconsin; Harry Benoit, of Idaho; and Edward N. Scheiberling, of New York. The statement was:

"There has been called to our attention a statement issued by the Honorable Wright Patman, a member of the convention legislative committee of The American Legion which met in Miami and drafted the resolution relative to the immediate payment of the Adjusted Compensation Certificates. This statement was also made in the form of a speech delivered by Congressman Patman from the floor of the House on Wednesday, January 30th, in which the Congressman makes a statement that that portion of this resolution in the following language, 'Whereas the payment of said certificates will not create any additional debt but will discharge and retire an acknowledged contract obligation of the Government,' is in fact an endorsement of his bill, H.R. 1.

"This is a positive misstatement of fact, as Congressman Patman is fully aware of the purpose of writing this language into the resolution. The fact of the matter is that the method of financing the payment of this obligation or the endorsement of any specific way to effectuate this purpose was never at any time discussed by the committee.

"The sole purpose of the use of this language, as Mr. Patman well knows, was to draw a distinction between the expenditure of Government money, thereby creating a new debt in the various forms of relief which had been carried on during the previous year and which it was expected would be continued during the coming year and which would not discharge any existing obligation of the Government, as against the payment in full of the Adjusted Compensation Certificates, which was, and is, an acknowledged debt of the Government.

"Mr. Patman approved the use of this language, knowing full well its intent and purpose, and his efforts and action now to read into it a construction which he personally knows was never contemplated by the members of the committee which approved it in our opinion is a deliberate attempt to mislead the members of Congress and to misinterpret the specific mandate of the Miami Convention.

"The sole and only purpose of the resolution adopted at Miami was to express the will of the convention calling for the immediate payment of the Adjusted Compensation Certificates."

Then followed Fred M. Vinson, author of H.R. 3896. This Legionnaire, in reviewing the history of the various Patman Bills, asked of the committee: "Why handicap cash payment of the bonus? The Patman Bill both at that time and now has two objectives. One objective, paying the bonus; the other objective is inflation. There is no difference between inflation and expansion of (Continued on page 56)

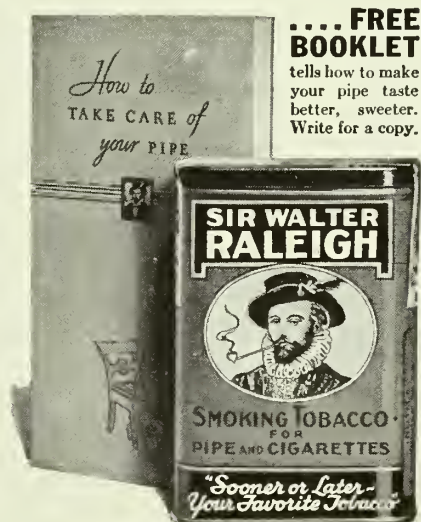
VIVA EL BULLDOZER!



HE never used his sword. He didn't have to. But he did produce his stewy old briar, loaded it with El Terrifico tobacco—and blew some the bull's way. Curtain.

Even a bull can't stand the charge of a dirty pipe. But even a baby enjoys the fragrance of a mild tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh smoked in a respectably clean briar. It's an unusual mixture of gentle Kentucky Burleys—well-aged, slow-burning, easy on the tongue. It's a kind tobacco; your kind. Try a tin and see why Sir Walter has become a national favorite. (Kept fresh in heavy gold foil.)

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. A-57



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

The Battle of Capitol Hill

(Continued from page 55)

the currency. If there is any virtue in expansion of the currency it comes through inflation. I could hardly keep from smiling when some folks had the temerity to say that there is no inflation in H.R. 1. If there is not, why have that part of H.R. 1? If it is inflation there is a divergence of opinion as to the advisability of such policy.

"I say to you, and I ask you to bear me witness that my statement is correct, that I have never been able to find in the entire history of this Government any law upon the books passed by any Congress in which the monetary system of the United States was changed in this manner to provide currency with which to pay a debt. That is what the Patman Bill does. It changes the monetary system of the United States.

"In my opinion the House will pass any reasonable bonus bill upon which they have an opportunity to vote. You pass the Patman Bill, and you have sounded the death knell of the cash payment of the Adjusted Service Certificates for this Congress. If you pass the Vinson Bill you have an opportunity to enact cash payment into law. Those who place inflation first, of course, should support the Patman Bill. There is no inflation in the Vinson Bill, not a particle of inflation in the Vinson Bill.

"We have a committee on banking and currency that has jurisdiction of the changing of the monetary system. I submit to you that a change in the monetary system should stand upon its own legs and should be tried on its own merits, rather than to hook it up with and use the power of those of us who want to do justice by veterans."

ON March 10th, in addressing the House, Mr. Vinson made these further remarks:

"In my service here, the Legion has always been in forefront in the cause of veterans. The terms 'Legion' and 'soldiers' are almost synonymous.

"In spite of all attacks, it should be remembered that the voice of The American Legion is the voice of the American ex-soldier. This organization represents in its highest and best sense, the finest type of Americanism . . . At Miami they approved the immediate payment of the bonus with the least possible expense to the country. I have demonstrated that H.R. 3896 is the best and most reasonably accomplishes the purpose of the Legion and the ex-soldier. This is the only plan before you which accomplishes this plain objective. This is the first bill which gives you the opportunity to vote for the soldier and the soldier alone.

"Now, I had some persuasion with reference to my position in this present Congress. It came from my friend, Wright Patman, himself. In August, 1934, he said:

"I have been thinking for quite a long time that the proposal to pay the Adjusted Service Certificates should be changed, if

possible, so that our advocacy of it will not be in conflict with Administration policies.

"Although we favor pure money expansion, the Administration is opposed to it at this time, and the veterans are much divided on it; so is the country. If the bill can be changed so as to eliminate the possibility of inflation, it occurs to me that we will strengthen our cause solely from the standpoint of paying the veterans. We can then endeavor to persuade the Administration to expand the currency in another way. In the meantime, we will have the inflation issue divorced from the proposal to pay the Adjusted Service Certificates."

"At times some people might think that he was an inflationist first, but I am not saying that . . . However, in the last Congress, in H.R. 1, controlled expansion was given first place in the title, and when you come down to the conclusion of the bill, which is the citation section, it was to be cited as the 'Controlled Expansion Act of 1933.' It may have been so treated as a matter of strategy. But the fact remains that the bill under consideration, H.R. 1, differs very little from the H.R. 1 in the last Congress. If it were an expansion bill, then we can well argue H.R. 1 today is inflationary."

And so on March 5th the hearings were concluded, and on March 7th by a vote of 23 to 1 the committee favorably reported H.R. 3896, the Vinson-American Legion Bill. At the same time the chairman of the committee was instructed to request a rule from the rules committee which would provide for its immediate consideration by the House, otherwise it would go upon the calendar and stay there for many weeks before being called up for a vote.

Intense activity now takes place behind the scenes in the House of Representatives. On March 18th the rule was reported. Debate began the following day. The rule proposed to set aside the rules of the House and permit any other Adjusted Compensation measure, including the Patman Bill, to be offered as an amendment. But bear this in mind: The American Legion bill was the first bill calling for full and immediate cash payment of the certificates ever favorably reported to the House.

GENERAL debate was set at ten hours after which the bill was open to amendment under the five-minute rule. During the debate those interested in inflation of the currency devoted little time to the cause of the World War veterans. When they were not talking about changes in the monetary system, they were busy denouncing The American Legion and hurling insults at its national officers, in contradistinction to the industry and loyalty of Legionnaire members of the House of Representatives who steadfastly strove to fulfill and promote Legion ideals and principles in this unusual contest.

First and foremost, of course, was Fred M. Vinson, Kentucky Legionnaire. Closely following is Jere Cooper of Tennessee, former Department Commander; Bill Boehne of Indiana; Alfred Bulwinkle, of North Carolina; Lister Hill and Joe Starnes, of Alabama; Scott Lucas, of Illinois; Bud Gearhart, of California; Dewey Short, of Missouri; Leo E. Allen, of Illinois; Charles A. Halleck of Indiana and Bill Ekwall of Oregon. These Legionnaire members all rendered conspicuous service in behalf of the Legion. And there were others who rendered similar service. Take Louis Ludlow of Indiana, who during the debate in the House spoke as follows:

"NOW, in regard to the prospects of the Patman Bill . . . I know that the inflationists never had a better friend than he is. He is one of the ablest members of this House, and he is as able an advocate of inflation as he is of the bonus. He has brought in a bill by which he undertakes to put over what he regards as two excellent things at one stroke—the bonus and inflation. I agree that his bill is for controlled inflation, and personally I believe it provides a real control, but still the public considers it an inflationary measure.

"Inflation should never be hooked up with the bonus in the same bill. They are two distinct propositions.

"Now, what are the practical aspects of this matter? If the House passes the Patman Bill, the Senate will kill it. That is my positive opinion, based on the past. But suppose the Senate does let it get by. Then the President will shoot it to death with a double-barreled veto. One barrel of the President's gun will be aimed at the bonus and the other barrel at inflation. The barrel aimed at inflation will be the higher powered and more deadly barrel of the two. The President will go on the radio and in that ingratiating and convincing way of his he will warn the country of the perils of embarking on inflation, and it will be 'good night' for the Patman Bill. If we pass the Vinson Bill, we are providing the President with a one-barreled gun instead of a two-barreled gun to shoot it with. The bill we pass might be shot with one barrel and live to become a law over the veto, but it can never stand the charge of both barrels.

"If the House approves the Patman Bill instead of the Vinson Bill, some of us who are for the Vinson Bill will vote for the Patman Bill on final passage in the hope that the Senate will substitute the principle of the Vinson Bill, knowing that whatever else may happen, the Patman Bill is dead as a dodo. I only wish that Mr. Patman, in harmony with his fine and splendid attitude toward the veterans, would withdraw his bill and permit us to pass a bill that has a better chance, to become a law."

After three days' debate the bill was open to amendment; and the Patman Bill was

offered as a substitute for the Vinson-American Legion measure. The vote was 183 to 142 which apparently showed a majority of 41 for the Patman Bill. Whereupon a teller vote was called for so that each member was counted as he voted. This vote showed 180 to 157, so that the majority was reduced to 23. A roll call was now demanded and on this the vote was 202 to 191, a difference of 11. In these three votes the majority had been cut from 41 to 11.

That night National Commander Belgrano remained on the telephone until 4:30 in the morning, communicating directly with Department officials in each State so that the following day, when a roll call vote was had on the motion to recommit the bill, it was 205 for the Vinson Bill and 204 for the Patman Bill. And at this moment, three members, Mr. Oliver, of Alabama, who had voted for the Vinson Bill, Mr. Sumners of Texas, and Mr. Cox of Georgia, who had voted "present," arose from their seats. Mr. Sumners and Mr. Cox changed their votes to "No" and Mr. Oliver changed his vote from "Aye" to "No," making this statement: "Mr. Speaker, I am opposed to both bills. I do not want to be misunderstood. For that reason I change my vote from 'Aye' to 'No.'" This changed the final vote to 207 for the Patman Bill to 204 for the Vinson Bill.

Immediately the final roll call was had on the Patman Bill, whereupon Messrs. Oliver, Sumners and Cox voted against it.

A similar situation later developed in the Senate when Administration Senators voted for the Patman Bill after the Vinson Bill had carried, and then immediately voted against final passage of the bill.

Upon call of the National Commander, the National Executive Committee met in Indianapolis on April 2d, expressed its full approval of the efforts and action taken by National Commander Belgrano and the National Legislative Committee, and passed the following resolution:

"That the National Executive Committee of The American Legion in special session duly assembled at National Headquarters in the City of Indianapolis, Indiana, on this second day of April, 1935, does hereby express its full approval of the effort extended and action taken by National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., and the National Legislative Committee in support of and in endeavoring to carry out the mandates of the Miami Convention and particularly that relating to the payment of the Adjusted Service Compensation Certificates.

"1. That all World War veterans have a right to expect that their Adjusted Service Certificates will be paid in full at this time at face value and with cancellation of interest accrued and refund of interest paid.

"2. This organization is not concerned with the merits or demerits of inflation or in any other controversial question that is not within the scope of the activities of The American Legion.

"3. Believing that the only bill which is

reasonably assured of final passage is one which includes no other question than the immediate payment of the Adjusted Service Certificates, the National Commander and National Legislative Committee are directed to diligently pursue such a course as should ultimately effect the passage of this type of bill at this session of Congress."

Passed in the House on March 22d, the Patman Bill was sent to the Senate and referred to the Finance Committee where hearings were held April 22-24. In the meantime, on April 17th, Senator Harrison, chairman of that Committee, had introduced S. 2605, which called for an exchange by the veteran of his Adjusted Compensation Certificate for a negotiable bond of the present maturity value, which gave to the average veteran who had borrowed on his certificate, \$180 instead of the \$500 which he believed he had coming to him.

Congressman Patman appeared before the Finance Committee to explain the monetary features of his bill, followed by the commander of one of the smaller veterans' organizations, who gave full endorsement to what had been said and announced they were "standing 'pat' with Patman!"

In presenting the National Commander, Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., to the committee I again pointed out the previous tragic history of the Patman Bill; that it had been defeated in the Senate June 17, 1932, by a vote of 62 to 18; that it had been unfavorably reported by the very committee before which hearings were now being held; and that on four different occasions—every time it had been presented to the Senate—it had been rejected, the highest vote it ever received having been 31.

On April 25th, by a vote of 13 to 4, the committee struck out the provisions of the Patman Bill and substituted the original Vinson Bill. The bill was then further amended on motion of Senator Harrison by a vote of 12 to 8, substituting the Harrison Bill provisions, and in this form it was reported to the Senate.

Debate began on May 2d. Senator Bennett C. Clark, Past National Commander of The American Legion, carried the fight for the Vinson Bill; and on May 7th on the floor of the Senate it was substituted for the Harrison Bill by a vote of 54 to 30. Immediately those interested in that portion of the Patman Bill calling for expansion of the currency proceeded to present their arguments against the Vinson Bill and for substitution of the Patman Bill. At the conclusion of this, Senator Clark addressed the Senate as follows:

"After many parliamentary tribulations an issue has finally been drawn between those Senators who favor full payment of the bonus and those Senators who are primarily interested in the price of money and inflation, with the bonus as a secondary consideration.

"I listened with great interest, as I always do and have ever since I have been in the Senate, to the instructive speech of the Senator from Oklahoma [Mr. Thomas] on the question of (Continued on page 58)



mix the "makings" with one of the popular, refreshing Kist beverages. Try Kist Pale Dry Ginger Ale, with the flavor that comes only with mellow age—or the delightful Lime Rickey, made from the finest Mexican limes. These nationally known drinks come to you *economically* through your local bottler holding the Kist franchise.

CITRUS PRODUCTS CO., Chicago



Kist
MIXERS
BY THE MAKERS OF ORANGE KIST

A complete line, also including Kist Lemon-Lime Rickey • Kist Club Soda • Kist Sparkling Water • Kist Sparkling Lemon • Kist Grape Fruit • Kist Lemon Sour and others.

The Battle of Capitol Hill

(Continued from page 57)

inflation. I listened with very great interest to the newer contribution to this subject of the distinguished former Secretary of the Treasury, the present Senator from California, [Mr. McAdoo].

"Let me say, on behalf of the proponents of full payment of the bonus without any strings attached, that I do not now desire to express any opinion whatever as to the merits of the contention of the Senator from Oklahoma [Mr. Thomas] or the Senator from California [Mr. McAdoo] on the question of inflation as exemplified by printing-press money. All I say is that this is a naked issue between those who favor the authorization by Congress of the full payment of the bonus and those who favor tying up the proposition of the payment of the bonus with an entirely separate, distinct, different, and highly controversial subject.

"It is my understanding that if the bill to be passed by this Congress should be vetoed by the President of the United States, on the question of passing the bill over his veto the Vinson Bill would be at least 6 to 8 votes stronger in this body than the so-called Patman Bill.

"To my mind, if Senators are in favor of the payment of the bonus in full at this time, that should be done without any strings attached to it, and without the injection into the subject of any other controversial issue which may lose votes in the crucial test. Therefore, I agree with the parliamentary suggestion made by the Senator from Oklahoma that, on this roll call, Senators who are in favor of the payment of the bonus without any strings attached should, when their names are called, vote for the Vinson Bill, and, therefore, vote 'yea;' and the Senators who are in favor of inflation primarily, with the payment of the bonus in full as a secondary issue, and who are willing to subject that issue to the hazards which will necessarily follow, should vote for the so-called 'Patman-Coughlin bill,' and vote 'nay'."

It was interesting to see the Administration leaders, now that the Harrison Bill had been disposed of and knowing full well

their ability to defeat the Patman Bill when vetoed, immediately turn in and vote for the Patman Bill. Thirteen Senators first supported the Administration-Harrison Bill against the Vinson Bill and lost. They then voted for the Patman Bill against the Vinson Bill, and of course their votes were the determining feature in the Vinson Bill defeat. For, had they continued to support the Vinson Bill, it would have won 48 to 39. Now having defeated the Vinson Bill, on final passage of the Patman Bill they voted against it.

Exactly two months later, on May 22d, the President appeared before a Joint Session of the House and the Senate to deliver his veto message, striking at the Patman inflationary provisions. He said:

"It is easy to see the ultimate result of meeting the recurring demands by the issuance of Treasury notes. It invites an ultimate reckoning in uncontrollable prices and in the destruction of the value of savings, that will strike most cruelly those like the veterans who seem to be temporarily benefited. The first person injured by skyrocketing prices is the man on a fixed income. Every disabled veteran on pension or allowance is on fixed income. Every country, every nation throughout history, that has attempted the form of meeting its obligation which is hereby provided has suffered disastrous consequences.

"In the majority of cases printing press money has not been retired through taxation. Because of increased costs, caused by inflated prices, new issue has followed new issue, ending in the ultimate wiping out of the currency of the afflicted country."

Immediately upon the passage of the Patman Bill in the Senate, the National Commander issued a call to the Legion and to the Auxiliary throughout the country calling attention to his statement of January 16th, that the Legion would abide by the decision of Congress. And, in inviting the support of the citizens of America in this cause, he called upon the Legion to "wire the President not to veto and to wire the Congressmen and Senators if the bill is vetoed to vote to override the veto."

On May 17th your National Legislative Committee directed all Department and Auxiliary officials to wire their Senators to vote to override the threatened veto. And on May 21st, it again called upon all officials to have wires reach both Senators.

The Legion did everything in its power to have Congress accept the Vinson Bill. We knew that it could be enacted into law even over a veto. But the combination of Inflationists, the Expansionists, one of the smaller veterans' organizations, and the strategy of the Administration leaders—who knew they could beat the Patman Bill—was too much to be overcome.

The Congress, however, having decided on the Patman Bill, the National Commander marshalled the forces of the Legion to see if it could be put through over the veto. The vote in the Senate on May 23d, as you know, was 54 to 40. The veto was sustained. On that date Senator Gore on the floor of the Senate made this statement:

"The Patman Bill has thrown the bonus question into the shade and has made inflation the storm center of the pending controversy. Inflation is a perennial apple of discord . . . I join you in regretting the legislative dilemma in which the measure has been trapped and defeated. It has taken the one course, perhaps the only course, that would have insured defeat. I do not say this has been engineered."

And, so, on May 23d the statement in Patman's Appeal to veterans, "Let Us Kill Two Birds With One Stone," became a reality. But unfortunately "one bird" was the immediate payment of the Adjusted Service Certificates to three and one-half million veterans, many of whom are in need. Tied up with the Patman "expansion of the currency" it was doomed to defeat from the very start. The press of the country and official observers in Washington predicted that the Vinson-American Legion Bill would have been enacted into law over a veto.

I believe that every veteran in the country knows exactly who is responsible for the defeat of the bonus in May, 1935.

THE American Legion Monthly has been receiving many requests for reproductions of its cover paintings in a form suitable for framing. Arrangements have been made to supply them. You may obtain a reproduction of the cover ap-



pearing on this issue by sending ten cents in stamps or coin to the Cover Print Department, The American Legion Monthly, Indianapolis, Indiana. The print is in full color and of the same size as the cover design, but is without lettering.

Next Stop—St. Louis

(Continued from page 29)

Department Adjutant, it said, and Dr. Louis H. Renfrow, chairman of the registration committee of the corporation, gave a lot of reasons to back up this advice.

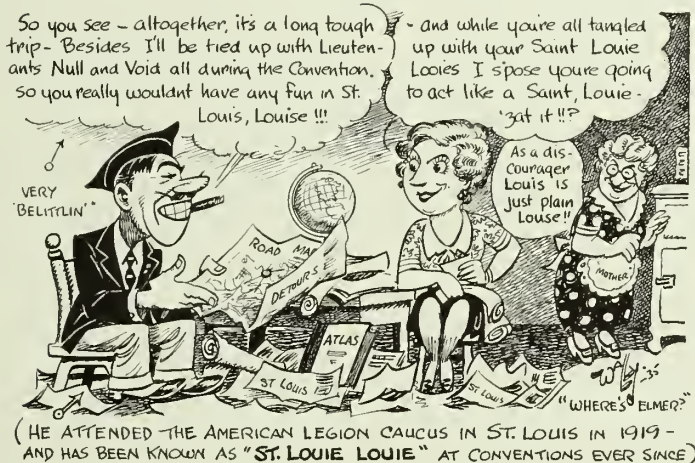
"The price of the registration ticket is only two dollars," wrote Dr. Renfrow. "Peculiarly enough that also is the exact price of admission to the great military and naval ball. Your registration ticket entitles you and the Missus to admission to this.

"Furthermore, the ticket is a mighty good thing to have to insure a place to stay. Perhaps you'll be one of the fortunate twenty thousand accommodated in our hotels. Or you may be planning to live in our Pullman City. Maybe you'll find comfort in a furnished apartment. It looks now as though 40,000 Legionnaires will quickly exhaust all those facilities. Then what? A

Roll Call

HARVEY DUNN, who made the cover design for this issue, is a member of DeWitt Coleman Post of Tenafly, New Jersey . . . Karl Detzer is a member of Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan, and J. W. Schlaikjer, artist, of Winner (South Dakota) Post . . . Frederick Palmer is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City.

Watson B. Miller is chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, and Charles Phelps Cushing, who made one of the photographs with Mr. Miller's article, is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City. The airplane view of the Veterans Administration Facility at Lyons, New Jersey, with the same article,



private home. If you are registered, you will be assigned to a private home which has been inspected and certified to for comfort and cleanliness, at a maximum rental of two dollars a day.

"You'll find at least two score items of entertainment going with registration. Only a limited number of persons can pass through Jefferson Memorial each day to see the Lindbergh trophies. Your ticket will make sure you won't lose out. Perhaps your children are looking forward to an elephant ride in St. Louis's famous zoo.

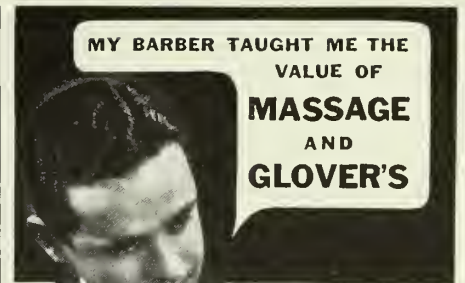
"Let me enumerate the other things registration brings to you. First, upon receipt of your check you will get by return mail a special automobile tag in Legion blue and gold. St. Louis traffic cops have been instructed to keep an eye out for such tags. It will help you get where you're going. Then upon arrival at St. Louis you'll get the handsomest badge ever devised for registered Legionnaires. With that badge goes a pass—not individual tickets—inclosed in a fine leather card case. With it you can go everywhere, see everything. In other words, with our registration pass, you can cut your costs to transportation, shelter and food. Register now!"

JULY, 1935

was obtained through extraordinary American Legion co-operation. When the Somerset (New Jersey) County Executive Committee learned that an airplane view of the hospital was desired, it voted to meet the expense of having such a picture made. But when County Commander Owen McKee enlisted Kenneth Unger, World War ace, who has a flying school at Hadley Field, Mr. Unger used his own plane and camera and refused payment. Enlargements were made gratis by Legionnaire D'Aukachea of the hospital staff.

John Thomas Taylor is vice-chairman of the National Legislative Committee . . . Leonard Nason is a member of Crosscup-Pishon Post of Boston, Massachusetts . . . James S. Hurley is Commander of Advertising Men's Post of New York City . . . Claude A. Brown is a member of M. M. Eberts Post of Little Rock, Arkansas . . . Abian A. Wallgren is Commander of Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania . . . Dan Sowers belongs to Greenville (Kentucky) Post . . . Tip Bliss is a member of Harvey W. Seeds Post of Miami, Florida, and A. B. Butler, Jr., artist, is a member of Tulsa (Oklahoma) Post.

PHILIP VON BLON



More and more men are learning the value of GLOVER'S for promoting vigorous scalp health and luxuriant hair growth. Barbers more and more are advocating it. This manipulative and medicinal treatment consists of Glover's System of Massage, an application of Glover's Mange Medicine (the famous Veterinary Medicine with the clean pine tar odor), followed by a Shampoo.

Remember this about the Glover System—its value lies in the regularity with which it is followed. Scalp hygiene, like all body hygiene, depends on consistent care. Make Glover treatments a fixed habit. They will stop excessive Falling Hair, Itching Scalp and Dandruff and make you proud of your hair. Get Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap at your druggist's and start using it today, or have your Barber give you this treatment regularly.

Illustrated booklet explaining the Glover System free. Address, GLOVER'S, Dept. 73-H, 462-468 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE
FOR THE HAIR AND SCALP

New Dog Book FREE

Most complete book on the Care, Training and Feeding of your pet. With human interest illustrations. Contains symptom chart and explains causes and treatment of diseases. Write for it now to

GLOVER'S
Dept. 73, 462 Fourth Ave., New York

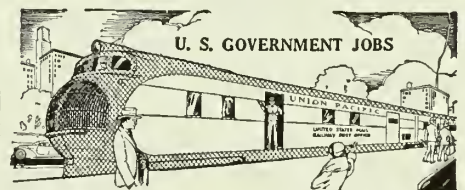


UNIFORMS

For Drum and Bugle Corps, Bands, Firing Squads, Legionnaires. Fine catalog and samples. Write us. State your needs and about when you will buy.
DeMoulin Bros. & Co., 1004 South Fourth St., Greenville, Illinois.

STUCCO SPRAYING MACHINE

New Process—Fuses a plastic, waterproof mixture on any surface. Renews old buildings with a permanent overcoat in any thickness desired and in 30 colors. Proven over six years actual use in practically every climate.
BIG EARNINGS OFFERED—Operators report profits of 10c to 30c per sq. yd. covered. Machine capacity 40 sq. yds. surface per hour. One job often pays for machine. Enjoy the profits connected with big government renovating campaign. Machine furnished on free trial, easy payments. Write today for complete details.
COLORCRETE INDUSTRIES, INC.
350 Ottawa Ave., Holland, Mich.



START \$158.00 Month

Railway Postal Clerks

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. T 183, Rochester, N. Y.

Many Early government examinations expected Ex-Service Men Get Preference

Sirs: Rush without charge, (1) 32-page book describing U. S. Government jobs. (2) Send list of Government jobs. (3) Tell about preference to Ex-Service Men.

Name
Address

There Are Only a Few of Them Left

(Continued from page 21)

operating for the duration of the fighting.

A total of 247 men went into the service from both leagues. From the American League went 144 of them; from the National, 103. Of those who so served and subsequently resumed their places in the national pastime less than fifteen are in the big leagues today, most of them as coaches. Active players are a mere handful.

From the National League went Hank Gowdy, Grover Cleveland Alexander, John T. (Chief) Myers, Christy Mathewson, Dick (Rube) Marquard, George Kelley, Burleigh Grimes, Clarence Mitchell, Dutch Reuther, Frank Snyder, Leon Cadore, Sheery Smith, Rabbit Maranville and Casey Stengel, to name only a few of those who have left their impress in baseball.

At least two National Leaguers died in their country's service, the immortal Captain Eddie Grant of the Giants, killed in action in France, and the equally immortal but lesser known Marcus Mulligan of Pittsburgh, killed in a motorcycle accident in this country.

Eddie Grant's service to his nation in the dark days of '17-'18 was as signal an instance of devotion to the common cause as ever was given by an American. A fine player at Harvard, he was a good baseball man because he was a good student. Entering Plattsburg he completed the course with distinction, emerging as a captain of Infantry. He died commanding a battalion of the 307th Infantry after its major was wounded and while he led his reduced and battered forces to the aid of the "Lost Battalion."

No more patriotic words ever were uttered or penned than those of the Giants' third baseman to a friend shortly after he entered Plattsburg. They are worthy of inscription in the most treasured archives of the brave.

"I am going to try to be an officer," he said. "I don't know how much of a success I shall make at it. I had determined from the start to be in this war if it came to us, and if I am not successful as an officer I shall enlist as a private for I believe there is no greater duty that I owe for being that which I am—an American citizen."

In that message there was a high appraisal of the value of citizenship; one that can bear much repetition today. Grant didn't forget what others had guaranteed to him through sacrifices. And the New York Giants have guaranteed that no fan who enters the Polo Grounds in New York will forget their heroic third baseman as long as that athletic stadium stands. Looking out to center field no one can miss the bronze-embossed, granite monument erected in his memory. Every Memorial Day it is the goal of competing teams in their pre-game services in commemoration of the day.

Of that group of 103 National League players who answered their country's call in 1917 little more than a handful are in the game today, all but one of them coaches or managers. Hank Gowdy and Walter (Rabbit) Maranville are coaches with the Braves. Gowdy, who drilled in military fashion with the Yanks and Braves in their trek north in 1917, and who was the first

player to enlist, quitting the team in Cincinnati to go to his home in Columbus on the Braves' first Western invasion to join the colors, and Maranville, who was put out of active play by a training camp injury last season. Among the others still in the ranks are George Kelley, now coach of the Cincinnati Reds who was in aviation during the war, Frank Snyder, Giant coach, who did his bit in the Army, Casey Stengel, present manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, a sailorman during the war, and Glenn Myatt, catcher of the New York Giants.

The American League, which inaugurated military training in its camps during 1917, sent many into the service, some of whom saw action in France, Belgium and Italy. They included such outstanding names in baseball as Ty Cobb, Eddie Collins, Harold (Muddy) Ruel, Bill Wambsganss, Jack Bentley, Herb Pennock, Gabby Street, George Pipgras and many others.

Of all of those who served, the American League has four ex-servicemen active today—Dykes and Ruel of the White Sox, and George Pipgras and Bing Miller of the Red Sox.

There are others from both leagues who wore their country's uniform in the World War who are still in the game today, but with minor league teams, mostly as coaches or officials. But in major leagues or in minor circuits, there are only a few of them left—just a few of the 247 who saw their duty and "went and done it" back in 1917 and 1918 and thereby wrote into our national pastime another of its brilliant pages.

Who's Calling?

(Continued from page 1)

In a second Harper, whose bunk was nearest the window, had poked his head and a stretch of neck out into the moonlight. Dinkins was beside him.

"Tain't a soul," whispered Harper. Then, in a flash of inspiration: "Say, I bet it's somebody on the roof."

This led to discussion. Some swore the voice came from below-stairs, others that it had originated in the company street. Scouts went up the wooden fire-escape ladder to the roof, and returned to report no one perched thereon. A searching party rushed downstairs and outside, and began systematic combing of the grounds. Others, arming themselves with buckets, made for the wash-room; they would bring back water for dousing the suspected taunters on the lower floor. But before reprisals could be effected, the Top arrived.

"If I hear any more of this business," he said, "I'll put every one of you babies on

K. P. for a month and I don't mean maybe."

When lights went out that fourth night, we were nervous. But we had determined on our tactics.

"If that feller calls Dinkins," Harper had counseled, "don't pay no attention to him. He'll shut up if we leave him alone." We had respect for Harper's wisdom. The best buck-and-wing dancer, yodeler and juggler in the company, he had formerly, according to rumor, been an entertainer on the Keith vaudeville circuit.

Five minutes after Taps, the calls for Dinkins set up. We snickered. We guardedly mumbled wisecracks.

"Hey, Dink, the company ghost's paging you . . . Al, you're wanted on the ouiji board . . . Grace's daddy's here, Dinkins. to make you marry the gal . . ." and so on.

We remained seemingly unresponsive, and the spirit grew restive. Suddenly it deserted Dinkins and began calling the man

in the bunk alongside him. Rapidly then it passed on to the next man, and the next, halfway around the room.

"Mi-i-iller, I want Mi-i-iller," it cried. "He's the guy been telling all those lies about that jane on—"

The sentence remained unfinished, for Miller in an instant had thrown off his covers and poked himself out the window.

"Here I am, you damn so-and-so," he shouted. "Here I am, and what the hell you going to do about it, huh?"

Before the question was spoken, thirty-two men had crowded into the space beside the window, sixty-four eyes had tried to peer out into the company street.

A man in a nightgown opened the door below and ran out into the open yelling to us to pipe down. Before we could answer the Top rounded the opposite barracks on the run.

"Well, well, well," he commented, as he

climbed the steps to our quarters, switched on the lights, and surveyed us sardonically for a moment. "The sperits is after mam-ma's babies again, eh? Well, well, well. Ain't that too bad? Now go back to bed like little dears, and the sergeant'll stay here and sing you songs."

To answer, we knew, would be fatal. Sulkily we crept back to our bunks. The Top stood immovable by the switch, until the last man of us had tucked himself in. Then he extinguished the lights, pulled a box over to the window through which our mysterious calls had come, and sat down. For an hour he stayed there, noiseless save for the scratch of match on box as he lit fresh cigarettes. Not an eye in the quarters closed while he remained.

Finally, confident the night's terrors had passed, he quietly arose and made toward the stairs. Ten feet away he stopped abruptly; for the company ghost had summoned him.

"Sergeant," it wailed, "Sergeant Groo-oo-oom!"

He did not move. The voice resumed: "What the hell, Sergeant Groom, are you doing in that room?"

The remarkable feature of this last query was not its metrical form, but the sudden break in its tone. Its first few words had the sound that had now become familiar to us; but the final part of the question, "doing in that room?" issued in deeper and more natural pitch, and squarely from the cot of Private Harper.

The sergeant's "Well, I'll be damned!" echoed from thirty-one throats. And as Groom bounded toward Harper's cot, thirty-one other soldiers leaped from their cots and made toward the same point.

Someone turned on the lights.

"I'm sorry as hell, fellers," said Harper sitting up. "I couldn't help laughing and that made my voice crack. It's a God-a-mighty shame." And then, as we amazedly watched the corner of his mouth twitch, the ventriloquial voice came to us again from the nearby window:

"Harper had a hell of a good time while it lasted, didn't he, Dinkins?"

Purely as a matter of routine, someone gave the sergeant the razzberry as he went down the steps. Groom did not mind. He was intent on loftier projects.

They Had Mud in Siberia Too

(Continued from page 34)

might have been lost from one of the transports that sailed around the north of Ireland and docked at Liverpool. It might well have floated down the Irish Sea and the island, eventually been washed up on the shores of

At any rate, Mr. Meagher tells us, when the packet was sent back to Bauer & Black in Chicago it was opened and its contents were just as fresh and usable as when it left the factory.

NATIONAL convention outfit reunions at St. Louis, September 23d to 26th,

"I guess that means a year in the jug," moaned Harper; and somehow we felt the punishment was merited. "Say, somebody'll have to keep my date on Saturday."

ON OUR way to the canteen Saturday morning, we saw Harper. He was not alone. His companion carried a rifle and wore a tasteful red brassard. We felt sorry for the fellow now, because he'd be in the brig for a long time. But he wasn't.

That afternoon Harper bounded up the steps and made for his bunk. I was the only one in the barracks.

"What the what?" I asked. "How'd you get out?"

"Close your trap," he answered. "I gotta meet a gal at 3 o'clock."

"What happened?" I insisted. "How'd you get off?"

"Shut up, will you? Hell, who's got my shaving cream?"

"I'll lend you mine," I volunteered, "if you tell me what happened."

"Anything to close your jaw," he answered as he stepped over to my bunk. "I'm over on the parade grounds, see? I and this fellow whoozis?—Tupper, who's guarding me. We're opposite headquarters block, when Gardner, officer of the day, comes out on the piazza for a sunning. I happen to look up and see him over there—I guess a hundred and fifty yards off from us. And then I hear him call Tupper.

"Tupper hears it too. He salutes and yells back, 'Yes, sir.' Gardner looks at both of us like he thinks we're crazy, but we can't make out his features plain because he's so far off. Then Gardner hollers in a faint voice, 'You let Harper report back to his company. He's been punished enough.' And Tupper yells back, 'All right, sir,' and salutes again and turns to me.

"You heard him," Tupper tells me. 'Beat it.'

"And here I am. I reckon Tupper's glad to get rid of me, too. Now gimme that shaving cream."

I held on for a final instant.

"Did Gardner's lips move when he was hollering at Tupper?" I asked.

Harper grinned.

"Couldn't see from where we were standing," he said. "But I doubt if they did."

are growing in number. If you want to stage a reunion there, get busy as there are only two issues of the Monthly—August and September—after this one, in which announcements may appear. So arrange your plans now and report your reunion to John Sweeney, Chairman of Reunions Committee, Legion Convention Corporation, 1300 Clark Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri, and to the Company Clerk of the Monthly so that proper publicity may be given it.

Details of the (Continued on page 62)

You're Just the Right Age To Enjoy A Retirement Income

If you are old enough to retire, you can enjoy the safety and permanency of an annuity income, guaranteed for life. If you are young enough to prepare for it through a John Hancock retirement plan, you can enjoy the anticipation which, from our observation, is as satisfying as the achievement.

Why not learn about the various retirement plans now? Clip the coupon below for information.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

JOHN HANCOCK INQUIRY BUREAU
197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send me your booklet describing retirement plans.

Date of Birth.....

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....State.....

A.L.M. 7-35

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

A Good Position Will Be Ready For You UPON COMPLETION of our short, home-study course, we will place you as a Railway and Bus Passenger Traffic Inspector, at up to \$135 per month, plus expenses, to start, or refund tuition. Advancement is rapid with experienced men earning more. Active Men—19 to 50—eligible. Healthful, fascinating work. Free Booklet describes our 16-year record. Standard Business Training Institute, Div. 2407, Buffalo, N. Y.

SUMMER RASH

ITCHING STOPPED QUICKLY

Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, athlete's foot, eczema, and many other skin afflictions quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops itching instantly. A 35¢ trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. Prescription



BE A WAGON MAN

BIG STOCK SENT ON TRIAL

WANTED honest and ambitious men to accept a big opportunity for a steady cash income now offered by a large, successful, progressive, 46-year-old Company. You can start at once in a permanent, pleasant and profitable business which you own and control yourself.

WE FURNISH CAPITAL, TOO

Big stock of almost 200 guaranteed products, including finest foods and groceries, toilet goods and household necessities for farm and city homes, sent on trial. Bargain combination deals, premiums, advertising matter, and special values furnished for quick sales and profits.

Excellent opportunity for good living and extra money to save each week, regardless of previous experience. Those who write at once assured first consideration. Write TODAY! No obligation. Confidential. Write McConnon & Co., "The House of Friendly Service", Desk 130-AG, Winona, Minnesota.

How To Secure A Government Position

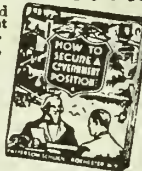
Why worry about strikes, layoffs, hard times? Train now for a Government Job. Many examinations expected. Increased salaries, steady work, travel, good pay. Open to citizens 18 to 50. Let me help you become a Railway Postal Clerk, Post Office Clerk, City Mail Carrier, Rural Carrier—or help you get into any other Government job you want. I was a Secretary Examiner of Civil Service Commission for 8 years. Have helped thousands.

Now FREE My 32-page book tells how I help to qualify you to get one. Send the coupon for your copy today.

A. R. PATTERSON, Civil Service Expert, PATTERSON SCHOOL, 637 Case Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, without obligation, your free book, "How to Secure a Government Position."

Name.....
Address.....



TURN JUNK INTO CASH

Make springy, long-wearing Rubber Mats out of old auto tires. Any length or width. BIG sale to schools, factories, stores, homes.

5c Tire Makes \$200 Mat

Think of the profit. Brand new business, fully patented. Field untouched. Reasonable investment and simple hand machine starts your local plant. Write quick for free information. Don't lose a minute—this is BIG!

FABRIX, Inc., Dept. 257, 325 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

GOV'T. JOBS

SALARY TO START \$105 to \$175 MONTHLY
MEN
WOMEN
Age Range 18 to 50

Ex-Service Men Get Preference

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ry. Mail Clerk | <input type="checkbox"/> POSTMASTER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> P. O. Laborer | <input type="checkbox"/> Seamstress |
| <input type="checkbox"/> R. F. D. Carrier | <input type="checkbox"/> Auditor |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Special Agent | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Customs Inspector | <input type="checkbox"/> U. S. Border Patrol |
| <input type="checkbox"/> City Mail Carrier | <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Opt. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> P. O. Clerk | <input type="checkbox"/> Watchman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Matron | <input type="checkbox"/> Meat Inspector |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Immigrant Inspector | <input type="checkbox"/> Statistical Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Typist | <input type="checkbox"/> File Clerk |

INSTRUCTION BUREAU, Dept. 110, St. Louis, Mo.

Send me FREE particulars "How to Qualify for Government Positions" marked "X". Salaries, locations, opportunities, etc. ALL SENT FREE.

Name.....
Address.....

Rain Insurance

Many Legion Posts, Churches, Lodges and Promoters of Public Events now carry "Rain Insurance" indemnifying against loss of income or expense.

AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY
INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA
SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY

Applications must be filed seven days prior to event. See Local Agent in your town, or address Rain Department, 209 W. Jackson St., Chicago, Illinois.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION

April 30, 1935

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$	97,204.96
Notes and accounts receivable.....		15,546.48
Inventory of emblem merchandise....		38,111.80
Invested funds.....		594,633.73
Permanent investments:		
Legion Publishing Corporation.....	\$589,395.24	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	181,614.19	771,009.43
Improved real estate, office building, Washington, D. C.....		131,637.65
Furniture and fixtures, less depreciation.....		33,225.39
Deferred charges.....		14,232.74
		\$1,695,602.18

Liabilities

Current liabilities.....	\$	46,181.58
Funds restricted as to use.....		15,221.58
Permanent trust:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	181,614.19	
Reserve for investment valuation....	66,326.67	
		\$ 309,344.02
Net Worth:		
Restricted capital....	\$724,632.73	
Unrestricted capital:		
Capital surplus	\$188,556.86	
Investment valuation surplus	\$473,068.57	\$661,625.43
		\$1,386,258.16
		\$1,695,602.18

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

They Had Mud in Siberia Too

(Continued from page 61)

following St. Louis national convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names and addresses are given:

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES—Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Lauretta Burke, natl. secy., 138 Mt. Vernon st., Roxbury, Mass.

THE NATIONAL YEOMEN F—Tenth annual reunion and meeting. Miss Helen Wienhausen, natl. adjt., 7 May st., New Haven, Conn.

EX-SERVICE WOMEN—Reunion and banquet. Mrs. Clara Heintz, Missouri Women's Memorial Post, A. L., 4458 Penrose av., St. Louis.

1st Div.—Convention reunion. Newly organized Midwest Branch. C. D. Mitchell, adjt., Quentin Roosevelt Post, 5234 Chippewa st., St. Louis.

2nd Div., A. E. F.—Convention reunion. Official headquarters, Statler Hotel. John Milford, chmn., Pierce bldg., St. Louis.

4TH Div.—National reunion. Election of officers and banquet, Elks Club, St. Louis, Sept. 23. Send stamped envelope and outfit for copy of *Ivy Leaves* with reunion program, to Dr. Nelson J. Hawley, chmn., 456 Florence av., Webster Groves, Mo.

90TH Div.—Reunion of all veterans. R. W. Anderson, care of The Boss Mfg. Co., Kewanee, Ill.

52nd INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. Paul J. Osman, Westboro, Mass.

349TH INF., 88TH Div.—Veterans interested in convention reunion, address James H. McKinley, 2449 Adams av., Overland, Mo.

354TH INF., Co. D—Proposed reunion. W. J. Donnelly, 5504 Charlotte, Kansas City, Mo.

128TH F. A., 35TH Div.—Reunion. Alonzo R. Keifer, secy., City Hall, St. Louis, or James K. Monteith, pres., 6801 Delmar blvd., St. Louis.

334TH F. A. BAND—Proposed reunion. Leland T. Bugg, Fulton, Ky.

340TH F. A., 89TH Div., A. E. F.—Proposed reunion and banquet. Daniel Bartlett, 506 Olive st., St. Louis.

5TH FIELD SIG. BN.—Reunion. H. C. Billingsley, Prairie du Rocher, Ill.

313TH F. S. BN.—Proposed reunion headquarters at national convention. Chas. L. Jones, M. D., Gilmore City, Iowa.

12TH ENGRS.—Home-coming reunion. John J. Barada, secy., 514 Holly Hills av., St. Louis.

14TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Convention reunion. Carroll E. Scott, 54 College av., Medford, Mass., for particulars and copy regimental directory and the News.

21ST ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—15th annual reunion. F. G. Webster, secy.-treas., 6819-a Prairie av., Chicago.

23d ENGRS. ASSOC.—National reunion. Benny H. Benson, secy., 518 N. Cuyler av., Oak Park, Ill.

26TH ENGRS.—Reunion. Write Capt. John Pritchard, 4903 Delmar blvd., St. Louis.

31ST RY. ENGRS.—7th annual reunion, F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 104 1/2 First st., S.W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

60TH RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—4th annual reunion. L. H. Foord, 3318 Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.

314TH ENGRS.—Reunion. Bob Walker, secy., 2720 Ann av., St. Louis.

AMER. R. R. TRANSP. CORPS A. E. F. VETS.—Annual convention. Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1132 Bryn Mawr st., Scranton, Pa.

1ST SEP. BRGDE., C. A. C. VETS. ASSOC.—Proposed reunion banquet and reorganization of men who served in Camps Mailly and Haussmann. William S. Kuenzel, 24 Gilman st., Holyoke, Mass.

MOTOR TRANSP. Co. 725—Proposed reunion, Sept. 23. Carl R. Haupt, 5801 Pershing av., St. Louis.

NATL. TANK CORPS VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion. Clark Hudson, natl. comdr., 100 N. Broadway bldg., St. Louis.

52nd TEL. BN., Co. D., S. C.—Reunion. Jas. H. West, 4622 Tennessee av., St. Louis.

416TH R. R. TEL. BN.—Proposed reunion. Lloyd W. Miles, Room 303, LaSalle St. Station, Chicago, or Walter G. Stansel, Room 900, Central Station, Chicago.

419TH TEL. BN.—Proposed reunion. H. T. Madden, secy., 984 Hatch st., Cincinnati, Ohio.

3d CORPS ART. PARK, Co. D—Proposed reunion. L. G. Carpenter, 908 W. 3d st., Waterloo, Iowa.

7TH SUP. TRN., Co. A—Reunion. Fred J. Reed, Archbold, Ohio.

85TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Send address to Louis A. Booker, 1650 S. Spring st., St. Louis.

154TH AERO SQDRN.—Vets. interested in reunion, report to Rolfe P. Kennard, P. O. Box 445, Rome, Ga.

SQDRN. D, SCOTT FIELD, ILL., and A. G. S. DET. LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Proposed reunion. J. E. Jennings, 1208 S. 3d st., Louisville, Ky.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion. Harry S. Resing, comdg. offer, 233 S. Milwood st., Wichita, Kans., or Carl D. McCarthy, personnel offer, Kempton, Ind.

MED. DET., 306TH AMMUN. TRN.—Proposed reunion. Dr. R. E. Owens, 205 University Club bldg., St. Louis.

U. S. NAV. AIR STA., KILLINGHOLME, ENG.—Officers and men interested in convention reunion, report to David O. Gran, 2224 Kimball av., Chicago, Ill.

U. S. NAV. AIR STA., PORTO CORNICI, ITALY—Proposed convention reunion. Roy L. Anderson, 527 S. Wells st., Chicago, Ill.

U. S. A. CANAL ZONE VETS. ASSOC.—Annual re-

union. Louis J. Gilbert, pres., Passaic, N. J., or A. F. Goodwin, secy., Gloversville, N. Y.

1ST REGT. MARINES—Proposed reunion of men who served in Philadelphia and Cuba. E. G. MacDonald, 518 Security Bank bldg., Sheboygan, Mich.

NAVAL BASE, CARDIFF, WALES—Reunion of all sailors and marines on this station. Dr. Roy D. Gullett, ex-bugler, Base 29, Booneville, Miss.

U. S. S. Brooklyn and Asiatic Sta.—Proposed reunion of former shipmates. Herman Rave Hutt, 315 Virginia av., Jeffersonville, Ind.

U. S. S. DELAWARE ASSOC.—Reunion. Jack Goldberg, secy., 111 Ellington st., Dorchester, Mass.

U. S. S. North Carolina—Proposed reunion. U. S. S. No. Carolina Assoc., 223 Citizens bldg., Louisville, Ky.

U. S. S. St. Louis—Proposed reunion and banquet. Robert S. Kelly, chief yeoman, U. S. N., Naval War College Newport, R. I.

U. S. S. West Pool and Artemus—Reunion. Frank Noelke, 658 Ledyard st., Detroit, Mich.

PRISONERS OF WAR AT CASSEL, GERMANY—Proposed reunion banquet. Paul Miller, Star City, Ark.

BASE HOSP. 136, A. E. F.—Annual reunion. Elmer V. McCarthy, M.D., secy., 108 N. State st., Chicago.

BASE HOSP., 34TH Div., CAMP COBY, N. M.—Vets. interested in reunion, notify Jack Dunn, 230 N. 2d st., Springfield, Ill.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS POST HOSP. ASSOC.—Seventh annual reunion during Legion national convention. Roy M. Speier, secy., 3861 Shaw av., St. Louis.

CHRISTIAN ORPHANS HOME, ST. LOUIS—Reunion dinner for all World War veterans (and their families) who were formerly in the Home. Theodore D. Kautz, 4430 Meldrum av., Detroit, Mich.

Announcements of reunions and activities at other times and places follow:

2d Div., A. E. F.—17th annual reunion, Netherland Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio, July 11-13. G. B. Clarkson, secy., 607 Ingalls bldg., Cincinnati.

3rd Div. VETS.—Annual national convention, The Southern Hotel, Baltimore, Md., July 11-14. James C. Hunt, secy., 408 Municipal bldg., Baltimore.

5TH Div. Soc.—National reunion, Newark, N. J., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Lloyd A. Rader, 514 Linden av., Elizabeth, N. J.

5TH Div. Soc., N. Y. CAMP—Regular monthly meeting second Thursday every month. Next meeting on July 11. V. Ralph Scaglione, 353 W. 85th st., New York City.

6TH Div., A. E. F., LOS ANGELES SECTOR—Annual reunion banquet, Sat., Aug. 10, at Fresno, Calif. F. C. Wilke, secy., 5473-4th av., Los Angeles.

26TH Div.—Yankee Div. Vets. Assoc. 10th annual reunion-convention, New Haven, Conn., June 28-30. Report to Leo Maloney, Box 1536, New Haven, for copy of *The Connecticut Yankee*.

27TH Div. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual convention, Utica, N. Y., Oct. 10-12.

29TH Div. Assoc.—Reunion of all units of Blue and Gray, Cape May, N. J., July 26-28. H. J. Lepper, natl. secy., 343 High st., Newark, N. J.

33d (PRAIRIE) Div. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—9th annual reunion, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., June 29-30. William E. Keith, secy., Room 1022, 127 N. Dearborn st., Chicago.

35TH Div.—Annual reunion, Emporia, Kans., Sept. 27-29. Frank Barr, pres., care of Kansas Gas and Electric Co., Wichita, Kans.

36TH Div. Assoc.—Reunion, Ft. Worth, Tex., Oct. 5-6. P. Wright Armstrong, secy., 715 Pine st., New Orleans, La.

37TH Div. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—17th annual convention, Youngstown, Ohio, Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Report to Jim Sterner, 1101 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

42d (RAINBOW) Div. VETS.—Annual national reunion-convention, Washington, D. C., July 12-14. Headquarters at Willard Hotel. For program and for free copy of *Rainbow Reville*, report to Harold B. Rodier, editor, 717 Sixth st., N. W., Washington.

77TH Div.—Reunion, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 29-31, in conjunction with Legion Dept. convention. Fred Rupp, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

78TH (LIGHTNING) Div.—Annual reunion at Camp Dix, N. J., Aug. 9-11. Report to Richard T. Stanton, billing office, 1070 Anderson av., Bronx, New York.

80TH Div.—National reunion, Wheeling, W. Va., Aug. 1-4. E. P. Carney, exec. secy., Wheeling.

353d (ALL-KANSAS) INF.—Annual reunion at Lawrence, Kans., Aug. 31—Sept. 2. Memorial services and banquet. Special entertainment being arranged by bandmen. Herbert J. Rinkel, M.D., pres., 927 Argyle bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

110TH INF., Co. H—3d annual reunion, Washington, Pa., July 14. Calvin C. Conley, Washington.

131ST INF., M. G. Co.—Reunion, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., June 29-30. Pat Felker, secy., care of Dept. of Ill., A. L., 127 N. Dearborn st., Chicago.

168TH INF., Co. I—Annual reunion, Glenwood, Iowa, Sun., July 28. Phillip E. Minner, secy., 630 Oakland av., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

35TH INF., Co. M—Annual reunion in the Forest Reserve near Lawton, Okla., July 28-29. Jude Fullerton, secy., 122 E. Main, Oklahoma City.

50TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Monroe, N. C., Aug. 8. L. F. Hart, secy., Monroe.

313TH M. G. BN., 80TH Div.—16th annual reunion at "Pulaskos on the lake," Erie, Pa., Sun., Aug. 4. L.

E. Welk, 210 Commerce bldg., Erie, Pennsylvania.
11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Newark, N. J., Aug. 31—Sept. 2. R. C. Dickieson, secy., 6140 Saunders st., Elmhurst, N. Y.

80TH F. A., 7TH DIV.—Reunion with Legion Dept. convention, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 29-31. Louis Palladino, 128 Wente Terrace, Syracuse, N. Y.

309TH F. A.—7th annual reunion, Camp Benoissey, Florence Bridge, Illinois River, Aug. 25. Evan L. Searcy, secy., 229½ S. 6th st., Springfield, Ill.

309TH AMMUN. TRN.—Annual encampment, Shakamak State Park, 25 miles south of Brazil, Ind., Sun., Sept. 1. Harold Stearley, 403 N. Mer., Brazil.

313TH F. S. BN.—Annual reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 5. Dr. Chas. L. Jones, Gilmore City, Iowa. 2nd, 3d & 4th O. T. C., CAMP DODGE—To complete roster, report to James J. Holland, 12 Quincy Terrace, East Lynn, Mass.

14TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion during Legion Dept. convention, Lowell, Mass., Aug. 22-24. Carroll E. Scott, pres., 54 College av., Medford, Mass.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, basket picnic, Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sun., Sept. 1. Hq. at Gibbons Hotel.

George Remple, secy., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

103D ENGRS., Cos. C, D, Hq. & SAN. DETS., also 103D ENGR. TRN.—Annual reunion at Dr. Jos. T. Murphy's farm near Pottsville, Pa., Sun., Aug. 11.

E. T. Wachter, secy., P. O. Box 477, Pottsville.

107TH ENGRS., 32D DIV.—17th annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 9.

Joe Hrdlick, secy., 2209 N. 41st st., Milwaukee.

308TH ENGRS. VET. ASSOC.—15th annual reunion, Canton, Ohio, Aug. 3-4.

Lee W. Staffler, Write to 1406 Campbell street, Sandusky, Ohio.

319TH ENGRS.—Reunion, Fresno, Calif., Aug. 11, with Legion Dept. convention. James A. Buchanan, 414 Central Bank bldg., Oakland.

3D CAV.—2nd annual reunion, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 31—Sept. 2. Ike E. Shoemaker, adjt., Higley bldg., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

BASE HOSP. 45 VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion. To complete roster, report to Juliet Montgomery Winans, adjt., 4024 Patterson av., Richmond, Va.

BASE HOSP., CAMP SEVIER, S. C.—4th annual reunion next fall of entire personnel. Wm. F. Alexander, Jr., 359 Elm st., Kearny, N. J.

AMB. CO. 35 VETS. ASSOC.—4th annual reunion, Lawrence Hotel, Erie, Pa., Sun., Sept. 1. Harry E. Blake, Box 153 Parnassus Sta., New Kensington, Pa.

U. S. S. Zealandia—Reunion, Hotel Eggleston, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 29-31, with Legion Dept. convention. L. W. Wittman, 415 Parsells av., Rochester, N. Y.

SIBERIAN VETS., A. E. F.—Dinner-reunion, Fresno, Calif., Aug. 13, with Legion Dept. convention. Claude P. Deal, 134 State Capitol, Sacramento, California.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE—Annual national convention, Newark, N. J., Aug. 23-25. Oliver Kelly, State comdr., 123 Broad st., Newark.

CANADIAN AND BRITISH VETS.—Reunion at the Oregon Legion Dept. convention, The Dalles, Oregon, Aug. 15-17. A. F. Proctor, 309 1st Natl. Bank bldg., The Dalles.

W HILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 1608 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The committee wants information from veterans who know of the following cases:

HOSP. No. 35, WINCHESTER, ENGLAND, and HOSP. IN GLASGOW, SCOTLAND—Cooks Nova L. Cook and Bonnie W. Lytle, Pvts. Nels JORGENSEN and Charley W. RANDOLPH who were fellow patients of Jim R. BRADFORD in either hospital and who recall BRADFORD being treated for flat feet and for neurasthenia between Feb., 1918, and April, 1919.

9TH CONSTR. CO., AIR SQDRN.—2d Lt. John J. CALLAHAN, Cpl. John A. JONES, Pvts. John J. KELLY, Allen E. JONES, James P. HUNT and Harry SANDBERG who recall James A. CARLIE suffering back injury at

Southampton, England, May-July, 1918, and taken to hospital.

126TH INF., Co. I, 32D DIV.—Lt. in charge, Sgt. who took him to hosp. near Nevres, France, and others who recall back injury suffered by Edward CARLSON, Nov., 1918.

FIELD HOSP., 89TH DIV., MANONVILLE, FRANCE—Med. officers, attendants and others who recall William L. CALVERT, 82d Co., 6th Marines, being patient account gassed, Sept. 12, 1918; also Lt. James T. ERVIN, 12th Engrs., who put CALVERT to work on ammun. trn. and again sent him to hosp., Sept. 18th.

19TH AMB. CO., 4TH DIV.—Lt. MC CONOLE, Lionel F. HARRISON and others who recall Henry H. DEVIN suffering stomach trouble and pains in shoulders, spring of 1919.

15TH CO., 2D REGT. AIR SERV. MECH., LE BOURGET, FRANCE—Maj. Harry O. PAYNE to assist Francis DOOLING.

21ST INF., Co. G—Former comrades who recall Ramon GARCIA being treated at Base Hosp., Camp Kearney, 1918, for eye disability.

60TH INF., Co. K, 5TH DIV.—Mail orderly Joseph HANNON (N. Y.) and others who recall Allen D. GIFFORD being gassed several times during St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives and in latter engagement being struck on head by piece of shell, Nov. 6-7, 1918, causing concussion of eye and head wound.

Eye removed in 1925 and he is also suffering from high-blood pressure.

25TH WAGONER CO., 1ST CAV., FT. BLISS—Capt. TIMMINS, Sgt. Lewis J. KLOHE, Cpl. Carl TRANSEBERG and others who recall injury suffered by Pvt. Edmund C.

GANDERTON, between the years 1922 and 1925.

153D INF., Co. L, 39TH DIV.—1st Lt. James R. MURRAY who recalls T. C. HAFFORD, cook, being ill with ptomaine poisoning at Massay, France, Aug. Sept., 1918; also Penrose WILLIAMS, cook, who remembers HAFFORD being ill with flu and rheumatism at St. Florent, France, Dec., 1918, to Feb., 1919.

110TH F. A., CAMP WHEELER, GA.—Capt. Ralph Andrew STURGEON and others who recall injury to feet and impaired hearing suffered by Fontelle R. HAM during 1918.

U. S. S. Utah—Philip John PARKER, Robert William NOBLE, William Elliott GREGORY and others of 2d Div. of this ship to assist Ernest C. HUFF.

311TH INF., Co. K, 78TH DIV.—Former comrades who recall Robert J. KIRKWOOD, Jr. (now deceased) being seriously ill with influenza in Red Cross Hosp. No. 2, Paris, France, Dec., 1918, and later relapse and throat and bronchial trouble after leaving hosp. To assist widow.

26TH ENGRS., Co. C—Former comrades who recall Scott KOONS suffering with trench mouth and influenza while hosp. was being built on Count de Castellane estate at Remicourt (2), France, Apr.-May, 1918. Also Lt. S. J. BENEDICT with whom he served later at Joue-les-Tours.

MURRE, Charles F., age 38, 6 ft. tall, 165 lbs., served as Sgt. with 11th F. A., Mexican Border and in Arizona. Last heard from in Los Angeles in 1932. Aged parents want information regarding him.

83D F. A., BTRY. D, 8TH DIV.—Thomas R. DE SWARTE, Frank MORY, DANYAL and others of Btry. D; also Charles GRACALONE and others of Base Hosp., Ft. Sill, to assist Giovanbattista PASSENTINO.

30TH INF., Co. M, 3D DIV.—Capt. LOGAN, comdr., Capt. Charles D. MASON, M. C., and others who recall John W. RICKLES receiving treatment for eyes at Mayn, Germany, in Occupied Area.

SAPOS, Paul, 5 ft. 7 in., 160 lbs., brown eyes and hair, Greek, served at Camp Sherman, Ohio. Last heard from on June 6, 1930. Wife wants information in connection with claiming compensation, etc.

439TH MOTOR SUP. TRN., Co. D—Former comrades who recall John W. STEEL, Jr., cpl., suffering with stomach trouble during service. STEEL died in 1921 and widow and children need aid in establishing claim.

VOYLES, Richard T., about 5 ft. 8 in., 130 lbs., black hair streaked with gray, blue eyes, bad hearing. AWOL from Vets. Adm. Hosp. at Augusta, Ga. Mother wants information.

357TH INF., Co. B, 90TH DIV., and CAS. CO., 7TH DIV.—Capt. Ben W. WISEMAN, 1st Lt. Woodie R. GILBERT and others who recall William J. WAUGH suffering with rheumatism and varicose veins in Camp Travis, Apr.-June, 1918.

SIG. CORPS, BLOIS, FRANCE—Sgts. LEPORTIVAN and JONES, telegraph operators, who recall James O. WISE, Co. H, 26th Inf., being hospitalized for tuberculosis in A. E. F.

NO GENIUS NEEDED TO WRITE!

95% of all big pay writing jobs and profitable free lance writing work require no rare literary ability. Ordinary command of English and easily developed writing technique plus your own natural writing style may yield rich rewards. Many cub writers earning immediate money in spare time! Write today for big free book describing a new Simplified Training Course and Writing Clinic covering every branch of writing, short story, book, play, radio, news reporting, feature articles, advertising, publicity. Intelligent, friendly personal instruction and criticism. Costs less than average month at college. Deferred payments if desired. Also free scientific Aptitude Test which actually measures your writing ability. Send for both today. No obligation. No salesmen will call. Write now.

U. S. SCHOOL OF WRITING, Dept. G-45
20 W. 60th St. New York, N. Y.



SELL SHOES Make Big Money

Men selling Dura-Tex earn a steady income. Your friends will buy this low-priced leader with Gro-cord Safety Soles. Sold to Gas Stations, Garages, etc. Commissions are biggest paid. Write for free sample and catalog showing complete line of work, sport and dress shoes from \$3.95 to \$6.95. Make big money every week.

FREE SAMPLE
Member
Post 35
Louis C. Vanderstreet, Pres.,
DURA-TEX SHOE COMPANY

**70 Centre Street
BROCKTON, MASS.**

PATENTS

HAVE YOU AN IDEA?

OTHER MEN have read and profited by our free books, "Patent Protection" and "Selling an Invention." Fully explain many interesting points to inventors and illustrate important mechanical principles. With books we also send free "Evidence of Invention" form. Prompt service, reasonable fees, deferred payments. Write immediately to: Victor J. Evans & Co., Registered Patent Attorneys, 536-H, Victor Building, Washington, D. C.

LAW

STUDY AT HOME

Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are needed by men with legal training. Earn

\$3,000 to \$10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Successful graduates in every section of the United States. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them NOW

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 7361-L Chicago

HAVE YOU SOME SPARE ROOM

a basement or garage where you can do light work? We can offer you a profitable proposition casting Ashtlays, 5 and 10c Novelties, Toy Automobiles, etc., as Branch Manufacturer for a firm of many years standing. No experience necessary and small outlay starts you so if you mean strictly business and are interested in devoting your spare or full time to profitable work write at once for full details.

CAST METAL CO., Dept. 9
1696 Boston Road New York, N. Y.



Sell to Stores

HANDLER REGULAR ROUTE

placing world's greatest line of Counter Card Merchandise with stores, Aspirin, Razor Blades, Dime-Lax, Promo-Fizz Confections. 100 fast selling displays. Over 100% profit for you and merchants. Steady repeat orders. No experience or investment needed to start. Big catalog FREE.

WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 7813 Spencer, Ind.

UNIFORMS!

WELCOME TO MISSOURI NATIONAL CONVENTION
SEPT. 23 to 26, 1935

Home State of Craddock Uniforms, the favorite of Prize Winning Corps.

Write for Complete Illustrated Catalog.

CRADDOCK UNIFORMS
CRADDOCK BLDG. KANSAS CITY MO.
UNION MADE



SNAP OUT OF IT!!



You know what he wants. You want one yourself—only you keep on putting it off.

Why wait till it's too late? Send for one today.

WALLY'S CARTOONS OF THE A. E. F.

[All the Wallgren cartoons reprinted from *The Stars and Stripes*, the famous A. E. F. newspaper, bound in one handy volume. With forewords by John T. Winterich & Alexander Woollcott.]

At any rate don't cheat the kiddies any longer.

Fill out and mail today.

COUPON

LEGION BOOK SERVICE
The American Legion Monthly
Indianapolis, Ind.

Please send me one book of **WALLY'S CARTOONS** for the \$1.50 enclosed.

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN..... STATE.....

NEWS OF VETERAN INTEREST

CONGRESSMAN John E. Rankin of Mississippi, Legionnaire and chairman of the House Committee on World War Veterans' Legislation, told the spring meeting of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee in Washington at the end of April that the Government has untapped sources of revenue which should insure full discharge of the nation's obligations to the disabled service man and dependents.

"I was happy to note," he said, "that the Secretary of the Treasury, for the first time, admitted before the Finance Committee of the Senate that we could raise \$600,000,000 a year by raising the inheritance taxes. Let's see what other countries have done. A table was worked out by an expert a year ago. At that time if a man died in this country and left \$100,000, the federal tax would be \$1,500. In England the tax on that amount would be \$9,000, and in France \$36,000. If he died leaving a million dollars, he would have paid \$117,500 in this country, \$270,000 in England and \$504,000 in France.

"In this land of ours, and I offer this as justification of whatever expenditures we may call for to take care of disabled veterans and their dependents, in the richest land in all the world, less than 10 percent of the people own 90 percent of our wealth. In 1914, the year the war broke out, there were 61 persons in the United States with an income of a million dollars a year. In 1929 there were 513. They had invested their money in tax exempt securities—bonds floated to pay the expenses of the World War. There is but one way of reaching them, by raising inheritance taxes."

STATUTORY AWARDS REVIVED

REVIVAL of statutory awards governing certain classes of disabled veterans was recently announced by the Veterans Administration. Included were these:

"Under Section 202 (2), a rating of temporary total disability for a period of six months following discharge from hospital after treatment therein for a period of one year for a tubercular disease of a compensable degree and after a condition of complete arrest has been reached.

"Under Section 202 (3), a temporary total rating for a period of three years following discharge from a hospital after treatment therein for a tubercular disease of a compensable degree for a period of one year and after it has been determined that a condition of arrest will not be reached by further hospitalization.

"The additional compensation of \$25 a month, independent of any other compensation, for the specified conditions set forth, such as the loss of use of a creative organ or the loss, or loss of use, of one or more feet or hands.

"Under Section 202 (5), an allowance of not exceeding \$50 a month for a nurse or attendant.

"Under Section 202 (7), the grant of not less than \$50 a month to a person shown to have had an active tubercular disease of a compensable degree which has reached a complete arrest; and the minimum rating of 25 per centum for arrested or apparently cured tuberculosis."

"The compensation payable under the foregoing will be awarded, if otherwise in order, in accordance with the criteria established under Section 202 of the World War Veterans Act, 1924, as amended, regardless of whether these benefits were in course of payment on March 19, 1933. In those instances where the above statutory allowances are predicated upon diseases or injuries service-connected by statutory presumption, the monthly amounts will be determined in accordance with instructions specified by the Veterans Administration."

MORE VETERANS FOR CCC

Under additional appropriations by Congress, the World War veterans' contingent of the Civilian Conservation Corps will be increased from previous authorized strength of 30,800 men to 55,000 by August 15th. To existing 154 companies of 200 men each will be added 114 new companies. The increase will permit enrolment of many service men not accepted when they applied earlier. Any service man wishing to enrol may obtain application blanks from any Facility of the Veterans Administration or service officer of The American Legion. Preference will be given unemployed veterans with dependents who agree to allot three-fourths of their monthly cash allowance to their dependents.

SERVICE MEN'S PREFERENCE

THE National Executive Committee of The American Legion at its May meeting requested National Commander Belgano to make an investigation of the fact that service men are not given preference in employment under the new \$4,800,000,000 Work Relief Act although they were accorded this preference on projects under the Government's previous depression relief acts.

In federal relief employment under earlier acts, veterans' placements numbered 1,095,464 out of 1,196,872 registrations, while for citizens generally registrations were 13,730,140 and placements 7,508,427. Placements for veterans have been conducted by Veterans' Placement Representatives of the United States Employment Service, one in each State.

John Thomas Taylor, vice-chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee, suggested to the conference that additional efforts be made to provide suitable employment for disabled men whose disabilities limit them to certain types of work. He advocated allocation of jobs that should be distinctly jobs for veterans.

"UNIFORM" QUALITY . . . by *Wally-*



It's the taste
that makes it
America's
Favorite!

Yes, sir, this Crown Whiskey is the real thing.

Smooth—it's like velvet.

Mellow—like a fine old pipe—
somethin' you get used to and
really like.

You can *depend* on Seagram's
every time. When they say blended
they mean *carefully blended*.

Blended the *Seagram* way.

That's why it's so warm and
mellow. That's why everybody's
using it. That's why it's the larg-
est selling whiskey in America.

Just remember this about
Seagram's: *the difference in price*
is slight—the difference in taste is
great.

Say Seagram's and be Sure

Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857
Seagram's Crown



Blended Whiskies



And you will enjoy SEAGRAM'S "V.O.".. SEAGRAM'S "83".. SEAGRAM'S "ANCIENT BOTTLE"
RYE . . SEAGRAM'S BOURBON . . Bottled in Bond under Canadian Government Supervision

CLEAN WHITE CIGARETTE

PAPER FOR CHESTERFIELDS . .

“poured”
like milk
and just
as pure . .

To make

Chesterfield cigarette paper,
the linen pulp of the flax plant is washed
over and over again in water as pure as a
mountain stream.

So thin is this crisp white paper that an
18-inch reel contains enough for 55,000
Chesterfields—actually over 2 miles of paper

*Chesterfield paper must be pure
Chesterfield paper must burn right
It must have no taste or odor*

Liquid paper in
“beating” machines
of the Champagne
Paper Co.



—the cigarette that's Milder
—the cigarette that Tastes Better